THE

BRITISH TOURISTS;

OR

TRAVELLER'S

POCKET COMPANION,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Comprehending the most

CELEBRATED TOURS

IN THE

British Islands.

——————My genius spreads her wing,
And flies where *Britain* courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn *Arcadian* pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd *Hydaspis* glide.

Goldsmith's Traveller.

BY WILLIAM MAVOR, LL.D.

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TOUR

OF THE

ISLE OF WIGHT,

By Mr. J. HASSELL,

PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1789.

THE object of this tour was avowedly to enable Mr. Haſſell to diſplay his abilities, as a draughtſman. The route he took was well calculated to furniſh a profuſion of pictureſque beauties, and the moſt prominent features of the brilliant landſcapes which continually fell under the eye, were not only preſerved in deſcription, but delineated by the pencil. We have no objection to this mode of publication, in the light of a manufacture, which employs more numerous hands, and occaſions more money to circulate, that gives free range to deſcriptive taſte, or affords ſcope to the embelliſhments of deſign; but we truſt, it will not be deemed invidious to obſerve, that where the ſhewy is preferred to the uſeful, and luxuries and provocatives are neceſſary to rouſe the jaded appetite to the ſtudy of books, then the ſimple reliſh of ſolid learning is haſtening to decay, and a natural taſte for acquiring knowledge is evidently obtruded by vicious indulgences.

12

Under this impreſſion, we have ſeen and read many a modern work, of high repute and great expence. Whether the taſte for embelliſhment will continue till books are no longer read, but only looked at, we cannot pretend to determine; but, for the ſake of thoſe who have not the happineſs to be born to patrician fortunes, for the ſake of literature itſelf, we cannot help expreſſing our wiſh to ſee a ſimple ſtyle of publication again introduced into books of real utility, information, or entertainment; or that there might be one edition for the rich and another for the poor.

Theſe reflections have by no means a particular reference to Mr. Haſſell's tour, but quite the reverſe. The ſcenes he delineated are worthy of his pencil, and the execution does honour to it; the deſcriptions are in general faithful, though ſometimes too much detailed; and the obſervations on places and facts diſplay conſiderable reading and attention. Whoever viſits the Iſle of Wight, ought to take our author for his guide; and the view we have ſtudied to give of his work in the following pages, will, we truſt, make it ſtill better known, and not leſs eſteemed *.

Leaving London, on their intended tour to the Iſle of Wight, paſſed through Egham and a part of Windſor Foreſt, to Bagſhot. The heath of this name is ſo dreary, and the gloom which overſpreads it ſo deep, that even the lively month of June can ſcarcely relieve its diſagreeable appearance. It ſeems perfectly adapted for the depredations that are frequently committed here, and, from its deſolateneſs, to afford a temptation.

* Occaſionally we have conſulted Mr. Warner, the hiſtorian of the Iſle of Wight.

The

The whole track, from Egham to within a few miles of Farnham, exhibits a ſcene of ſterility and deſolation.

Farnham lies in a pleaſant, well-watered valley. The hop grounds in the environs are uncommonly rich, and are uſually let from 10l. to 20l. per acre. The hops produced here are eſteemed the beſt in England.

The Biſhop of Wincheſter's palace, ſtanding on a riſing ground, is the principal object of attraction. It was built by Henry de Blois, biſhop of this dioceſe; but has been much metamorphoſed by the different dioceſans. The old caſtle, however, ſtill remains, and its top, nearly an acre of ground, has been converted into a garden.

The top of this ſtructure affords moſt extenſive views over Suſſex, Hampſhire, and Berks; while that delightful ſpot, Moor Park, belonging to Mr. Bacon, furniſhes a very agreeable near view.

The country from Farnham to Alton is picturesque and pleaſant. The woods belonging to Lord Stawell form a variety of ſide ſcreens for a picture. The old Roman road, that led from Venta Belgarum, or Wincheſter, to London, is ſtill diſcernible as far as Alton.

A tedious ſameneſs of landſcape reigns from Alton to Alresford. About a mile beyond the laſt-mentioned place, a delightful valley preſents itſelf, ſylvan and irriguous; while here and there a ſtraggling cottage, emboſomed in trees, gives an animation to the ſcene.

They now entered on Wincheſter Downs, and ſoon reach the city, lying in a ſweet vale, through which the river Itchin winds its courſe, and is navigable up to this place. In a meadow adjacent

jacent to it, the famous Guy, earl of Warwick, is ſaid to have encountered and vanquiſhed Colbrand, the Daniſh giant.

The hiſtory and antiquities of Wincheſter have been already detailed*. We ſhall, therefore, only ſlightly advert to what particularly engaged our preſent touriſt's attention.

In the county-hall, they examined the famous round table of King Arthur, compoſed of a ſolid piece of wood, eighteen feet in diameter. They next viſited the unfiniſhed palace, built on the ſite of the ancient caſtle, which is magnificent even in decay and neglect. "Had the whole of the plan," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "been executed, it would have been a palace worthy of the gay and expenſive monarch who planned it; but his death happening before it was completed, the farther proſecution of it was laid aſide; and the only uſe to which it has ſince been applied, is to confine French and Spaniſh priſoners, taken during our late wars."

The cathedral next attracted their attention, a large and venerable pile, dedicated to St. Swithin, which was founded in 1070, but has received many ſucceſſive improvements. Within its conſecrated walls repoſe the duſt and aſhes of ſeveral kings, both of the Saxon and Norman line. Their bones were piouſly collected by Biſhop Fox, and depoſited in ſix gilded cheſts, placed on a wall on the ſouth ſide of the choir.

During the civil wars, the monuments, and other rich ornaments of this cathedral, received irreparable damage and defalcation. The mag-

* See Shaw's tour for a deſcription of ſeveral places which are only curſorily noticed on this occaſion.

nificent

nificent tomb, however, of William of Wykeham was happily ſaved by the grateful zeal of one Cuff, an officer in Waller's army, who had formerly been a ſtudent of the college.

On a monument on the ſouth ſide of the choir, is the ſubſequent, curious inſcription:

"Hic jacet Gulielmus de Baſing, quondam prior hujus eccleſiæ, cujus animæ propitietur Deus; et qui pro anima ejus oraverit, tres annos et quinquaginta dies indulgentiæ precipit."

Thus Engliſhed:

"Here lies William of Baſing, formerly prior of this church, on whoſe ſoul may God have mercy; and whoever ſhall pray for its welfare, ſhall obtain an indulgence of three hundred and fifty days."

In the college here, founded by William of Wykeham, is an emblematical painting, repreſenting a faithful ſervant. "The device," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "conſiſts of the figure of an aſs, with human hands, and a ſtag's feet; a padlock faſtened to his ſnout, with a ſword by his ſide, and bearing in his left hand ſome implements of induſtry. This whimſical repreſentation is intended to denote patience, ſwiftneſs, courage, ſecrecy, and labour; the needful qualities of a good ſervant."

In the High Street ſtands the croſs, a moſt elegant Gothic pile, forty-three feet high. In one of the niches ſtands the figure of St. John, in the act of preaching; but this, like all the other ſculptures, is ſhamefully defaced by a wretched attempt at beautifying, which now and then ſeizes corporate bodies.

The hoſpital and church of St. Croſs deſerve notice for their architecture, as well as for the ſingularity of the inſtitution. Every traveller

who knocks at the door of this hoſpital, in his way, may claim a manchet of white bread and a cup of beer, of which conſiderable quantities are daily ſet apart for the purpoſe of the charity.

Soon after leaving Wincheſter, they were overtaken by a violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning, which obliged them to return for the night. "For a place of ſuch conſequence," obſerves our author, "we were ſurpriſed at its mean appearance; the ſtreets are narrow and inconvenient, and the houſes low and inelegant." Yet the pleaſantneſs of its ſituation, from the extenſive plains and downs with which it is ſurrounded, invites many perſons of fortune and reſpectability to fix their reſidence in the vicinity.

There is little to attract notice near the road they took from Wincheſter, till they came to the pleaſant village of Hurſley, five miles diſtant. On the right of this ſtands the ſeat of Sir William Heathcote, emboſomed in venerable trees, of the moſt verdant and luxuriant foliage.

A mile beyond Hurſley, caught the firſt view of the ſea from Southampton Common. Unfortunately the weather was hazy, and ill calculated for a diſplay of picturesque effect.

Reach Southampton, a town poſſeſſing many local advantages, and long known and noted in hiſtory. It ſtands twelve miles from Wincheſter, in an elevated ſituation, and is waſhed by the tide.

The merchants of this port were, during ſome centuries, next to thoſe of London, the greateſt importers of wine. The privileges with which they had been inveſted for this purpoſe, by the favour of ſeveral ſovereigns, were ſo extenſive, that the merchants of the weſt and ſouth coaſts of England were obliged to land their wines here,

here, and, after having paid the duties, to reſhip and carry them to their own ports.

The corporation, however, diſpoſed, ſome years ago, of a part of thoſe privileges to the city of Briſtol, which, in the opinion of our author, has fixed an indelible ſtigma upon them *. "Nor are thoſe of the preſent day," continues he, undeſerving of cenſure, for ſuffering the river, near the quay, to remain in its preſent ſtate. The mud is ſo deep near the landing-place, that, at low water, a boat can ſcarcely approach, to the very great inconvenience, in particular, of paſſengers to and from the Iſle of Wight.

Some parts of the ancient walls of Southampton ſtill remain. They are compoſed of very large ſtones, full of ſmall, white ſhells, and have many lunettes and towers.

The ſalubrity of the air, and the reſpectable accommodations of this place, prove ſufficient inducements to valetudinarians to reſort hither. The country ſeats in the environs render the walks at once agreeable and pleaſant; "but after having trod every rural walk and pleaſant path that Southampton has to boaſt, Netley Abbey," ſays our author, "will be found to enjoy the pre-eminence,"

Paſſing Itchin Ferry, and the charmingly-ſituated reſidence of Mr. Dance, at Woolſon, they approach the abbey. It is ſituated in a ſmall dell, by the ſide of a wood. Time has brought this venerable pile, conſidered as a pictureſque

* Our opinion of their conduct, in this reſpect, is very different. They deſerve credit for their liberality; and had they acted otherwiſe, they richly deſerved to have their abſurd privileges taken from them. The intereſt of the whole community ſhould never be ſacrificed to that of a part.

ruin, to its higheſt perfection. A ſmall, but pleaſing group of trees encircles it, and the ivy claſps it, while a maſs of overgrown nettles, riſing boldly at every avenue, forms an agreeable relief to its mouldering ſides.

It is impoſſible to view this romantic ſpot, without indulging in contemplations ſuggeſted by its ancient or preſent ſtate. A thouſand ſoothing ideas ruſh into the heart of ſenſibility, and the ſpectator is loſt in the tumult of emotions.

Netley Abbey is the property of Mr. Dance, who, much to his credit, endeavours to preſerve it from farther demolition. A married ſervant reſides near the place, to attend viſiters, or to furniſh them with refreſhments.

The founder of this abbey is not known with certainty, though it is generally aſcribed to Henry III. The monks were of the Ciſtercian order, and, at the diſſolution, the revenues amounted to 100l. 12s. 8d. per annum.

A place devoted to the purpoſes of ſuperſtition, naturally gives birth to ſuperſtition itſelf. The following ſtories, which are as well authenticated as ſuch relations generally are, will corroborate this poſition.

A taylor of Southampton, whoſe deſcendants are ſtill reſident in the place, bought this abbey, with a view of making a profit by the ſale of the materials. His wife, however, it ſeems was warned, in a dream, for ſeveral nights ſucceſſively, that the moment he attempted to diſlodge a ſingle ſtone, the whole fabric would tumble on his head. He deſpiſed the admonition of his ſpouſe, and ſet about his unhallowed dilapidation; but no ſooner had he begun, than the large window and part of the ceiling fell on his head,

and

and fractured his ſcull. We are farther informed, that before he ceaſed to breathe, he acknowledged to thoſe about him, that he had been warned by ſeveral apparitions of the fatal conſequences of his ſacrilege; but that he fell a martyr to his ſcepticiſm.

A circumſtance, of a more recent date, is likewiſe ſtrongly credited in the neighbourhood. A labouring man, for ſeveral nights dreamt, that a cheſt of money lay hid in a certain part of the ruins. He at laſt was tempted to try the truth of the dream, and found a cheſt of ancient coins, of conſiderable value. Not having policy enough, however, to conceal his treaſure, his maſter, who had *never* dreamed of its exiſtence, inſiſted on his delivering it up; which, we are told, the poor fellow was obliged to do, to avoid a menaced law-ſuit.

The entrance of the abbey, or fountain court, is a ſquare, incloſed by lofty walls. On the right is the grand hall leading to the chapel, whoſe venerable ſides ſtill boaſt a flight of ſteps, that range round part of the building. The grandeur and elegance of the internal is far ſuperior to the external views. The chapel, built in the form of a croſs, with ſeveral receſſes communicating with the abbey, and continued groups of trees, delightfully harmonize and vary the ſcene.

Theſe ruins have received additional beauties from the elegant pen of Mr. Keate.

I hail, at laſt, theſe ſhades, this well-known wood,
That ſkirts with verdant ſlope the barren ſtrand,
Where Netley's ruins, bordering on the flood,
Forlorn, in melancholy greatneſs ſtand.

How chang'd, alas! from that rever'd abode,
Grac'd by proud majeſty in ancient days,
When monks recluſe theſe ſacred pavements trod,
And taught th' unletter'd world its Maker's praiſe.

Now ſunk, deſerted, and with weeds o'ergrown,
Yon proſtrate walls their harder fate bewail:
Low on the ground their topmoſt ſpires are thrown,
Once friendly marks to guide the wand'ring ſail.

The ivy now, with rude luxuriance, bends
Its 'tangled foliage through the cloiſter'd ſpace,
O'er the green window's mould'ring height aſcends,
And fondly claſps it with a laſt embrace.

Yon parted roof, that nods aloft in air,
The threat'ning battlement, the rifted tow'r,
The choir's looſe fragments ſcatter'd round, declare,
Inſulting Time! the triumphs of thy pow'r!

Towards the river the abbey was fronted with a caſtle, now alſo in ruins. It commands a very extenſive reach of the water. The whole environs are beautifully picturesque, and the walk to this ſequeſtered ſpot as delightful as can be conceived.

The priory of St. Denis, for Black Canons, next invited their attention. It is ſituated on the verdant banks of the Itchin, about four miles from Southampton, and exhibits a pile of ruins, rapidly haſtening to decay. What little remains of its former ſplendor is ſo little guarded from farther demolition, that ſome ages hence, its very ſite may be diſputable, if more attention is not paid to its preſervation.

In the road to this ſmall, but pleaſant ſpot, is the ſeat of General Stibbert, an elegant building, commanding very extenſive views of the oppoſite ſhore; the New Foreſt, Southampton River,

Calſhot

Calſhot Caſtle, and the Iſle of Wight. Several other neat villas ſkirt the road, and embelliſh the circumjacent country.

As it fell in with their plan to viſit parts of the New Foreſt, they began their route from Southampton to Lymington, paſſing through Millbrook and Totten to the verge of the foreſt.

Its entrance at this point is not very ſtriking; but having gained the firſt ſummit, the ſylvan ſcenery begins to diſplay itſelf. In the midſt of a plantation of oaks ſtands Irons Hill, a lodge for one of the keepers, and, in theſe precincts, Nature ſtrews her favours with a moſt liberal hand.

Charmed with this romantic ſcene, they turned to the left, and ſtruck into the Lyndhurſt road, through a continued ſhade of pendent woods. The evening being fine, they were tempted to make a digreſſion to ſee one of the foreſters brouſing the deer; and were not a little pleaſed to behold ſome hundreds of beautiful animals, bounding towards him at his well-known call, and following him to freſher paſture, or to participate in the tender branches of the trees he had cut for their uſe.

The farmers in this part of the foreſt are often ſubject to the depredations of its wild inhabitants. No ſooner do the deer ſcent the ripening corn, than they bound over every obſtacle, to reach it, and the nightly watch is often placed in vain.

Lyndhurſt, ten miles from Southampton, ſtands on the declivity of a hill, near the heart of the foreſt. It is a pleaſant, agreeable village, and receives diſtinction from the ſeat of the Duke of Glouceſter, lord chief warden and ranger of the foreſt. The houſe itſelf is a plain, old-fa-

ſhioned,

ſhioned, brick building; but its local advantages are many and great. Its views are highly picturesque, and finely varied, over a great extent of country, and an expanſe of ſea.

"In the village of Lyndhurſt," obſerves Mr. Haſſell, "conſtant preparations are made for the accommodation of gentlemen, who come to hunt in the foreſt. Nor can any place be better ſuited for the ſport, as there are few farms in the vicinity, nor many impediments, from fences or ditches, to obſtruct their courſe."

Within the precincts of New Foreſt, which is, at leaſt, fifty miles in circumference, originally ſtood ſeveral towns, numerous villages, and thirty-ſix pariſh churches. The ſavage Conqueror, it is well known, drove the inhabitants from their houſes and eſtates, that he might purſue the pleaſures of the chace without interruption. The wanton diſtreſs, however, which he entailed on his ſubjects, was, in ſome meaſure, retaliated on his own family. Two of his ſons and his grandſon here paid the forfeit of their lives.

Proceeding to Lymington, they paſſed Fox Leaſe, the agreeable ſeat of Lady Jennings Clerke; Burleigh Lodge; and Cuffnels, with ſeveral other inferior manſions, which occupy the moſt charming ſituations. To deſcribe every romantic ſpot, every picturesque landſcape, in this track, would be impoſſible. The village of Brokenhurſt is one of thoſe ſequeſtered retreats, where the lovers of rural life would find their higheſt gratification. It lies at an agreeable diſtance both from Lymington and Southampton, and the environs are ſtudded with ſeats, among which that belonging to Edward Morant, eſq.

occupies

occupies one of the moſt delightful and ſelect ſituations in the whole foreſt.

Lymington is a ſmall, but very convenient port. Part of the town ſtands on an eminence, deſcending to the quays, which are ſpacious and convenient. Oppoſite to the mouth of the river are thoſe pictureſque rocks, called the Needles.

Lymington is an ancient corporation, conſiſting of a mayor, aldermen, and burgeſſes. The Portſmouth family take their ſecond title from this place.

On leaving this town, they coaſted the ſhore, and turned up to the village of Boldre, a delightful ſpot, the reſidence of the Reverend Mr. Gilpin, whoſe elegant productions are ſo well known.

From hence they paſſed to Beaulieu Heath, at one corner of which ſtands the houſe and park of Sir John D'Oyley, which ſerves to relieve the uniformity of the ſcene. A little beyond this, they ſaw the iron-mills, which once carried on a conſiderable manufacture, but, owing to diſſentions among the proprietors, have been totally neglected. The ſalt-works along this coaſt ſtill furniſh no inconſiderable branch of traffic.

From the mills they proceeded to Beaulieu, but a ſtorm coming on, they were haſtening with all ſpeed acroſs the heath, when ſome peaſants warned them of a bog, into which they would ſpeedily have plunged.

At St. Leonard's, or Beaulieu manor, they met with a welcome retreat from the ſtorm at a homely, but hoſpitable farm-houſe. The principal veſtiges of the abbey of St. Leonard conſiſt of two high walls, that now form the ends of a modern, thatched barn. Other fragments are loſt

in

in a pig-ſty. In ſhort, not a ſingle beauty of this religious houſe remains, to mark its former deſign.

The ſky again becoming clear, they purſued their courſe to Beaulieu, through the ſouth-eaſt part of the New Foreſt; and through the avenues, which here and there admit a view of the Iſle of Wight, the eye receives gratification at every curve.

Near the mouth of Beaulieu River are ſeveral ſalt-works, which employ a number of hands. The village is agreeably diſpoſed in one ſtreet, at the foot of ſeveral eminences, which ſkirt the banks of the river with the moſt vivid verdure.

Of the abbey at this place there are few perfect remains. Part of the old chapel is applied to the purpoſes of a cork warehouſe. It is ſituated near the walls, which encompaſs the joint ſeat of the Duke of Montague and Lord Beaulieu. This ancient manſion was erected in the reign of King John, and appears to be little injured by the lapſe of ſo many years. It poſſeſſes little external beauty, however, nor is the inſide more ſtriking. The flooring, the ſtaircaſes, and the wainſcotting, are wholly of oak. A ditch ſurrounds it, over which are four drawbridges, that communicate with the park. In the church-yard, anciently belonging to the monaſtery, are ſome very old, but almoſt obliterated, monumental inſcriptions.

From Beaulieu paſs another bend of the river, towards Fawley, and ſoon aſcend the ſummit of a hill, that again enters the New Foreſt. "For nobleneſs, as a burſt of landſcape," ſays our author, "the view from this hill is, perhaps, as pleaſing as it is uncommon; and the only deficiency we could perceive, was the want of ſome bold

bold promontory on the left, inſtead of a dreary heath."

The road to Fawley is directly oppoſite to the gate, that limits the boundary of the foreſt. The heath is covered with furze, and full of moraſſes; but having paſſed this, the Iſle of Wight now bounded their view on the weſt, and appeared in all its beauty, while the ſhores preſſed cloſe on their firſt diſtance, and the acceſs of Cowes road was finely relieved by the hills near St. Catharine's.

Leaving Fawley on the left, they proceeded along the brow of a frowning heath to Eagle Hurſt, the ſeat of Lord Carhampton; or, as it is generally named by the inhabitants of the coaſt, Luttrell's Folly. This building ſtands cloſe by the ſhore, and forms an excellent landmark. The ſtyle of architecture is whimſical, but the external appearance is elegant. The inſide is commodious, and handſome in the extreme. The ground floor has two parlours, the firſt floor a ſpacious and beautiful drawing-room, with a bed-room adjoining. The next contains a dreſſing-room and bed-chamber, and above this is a round tower, which affords the moſt extenſive views.

Several ſubterraneous paſſages lead to a number of marquees, in which are ſeveral beds, and alſo a kitchen. The houſe being ſmall, theſe are not only agreeable, but uſeful appendages. They are backed by a yew hedge, which ſhelters them from the ſeverity of the northerly winds.

Calſhot Caſtle, ſtanding on the ſame neck of land, is of a circular form, with a drawbridge, and a few buildings for the invalids, who garriſon

riſon it. This ſtructure appears neither very ſtrong nor beautiful.

Returned to Fawley, a ſmall, but pleaſant town, near which are ſeveral ſalt-works. About a mile diſtant, is a ſeat of Mr. Drummond, from the back front of which are very extenſive views up and down the river. The apartments are ſpacious and elegant, and are decorated with a few paintings. One is a capital landſcape, ſuppoſed to be by Rubens.

The idea of convenience ſeems to have diffuſed itſelf over the whole manſion; and the grounds are taſtefully diſpoſed.

From this villa they regained the turnpike-road, and purſued their route to Hythe, by a delightful road, the foreſt, in many places, ſweeping to the water's edge. At Hythe they gained a new perſpective of Southampton, as varied as it was picturesque.

This is a ſmall fiſhing-town, chiefly dependent on Southampton. A few ſmall ſhips are built here; but a continual bed of mud, which extends a conſiderable way, renders landing very diſagreeable, and ſometimes almoſt impoſſible.

Turning into the Redbridge road, they purſued their route through a moſt luxuriant continuance of oaks and aſhes; but being deſirous to view the ſhores of Southampton River by water, they ſent back their horſes, and proceeded from the mouth of the river Beſt, along the ſouthern bank. This aquatic excurſion was leſs deſirable than they expected, from the continual ſhoals of mud, that obliged them to confine themſelves almoſt to mid-channel.

Eling ſpire, from the water, has a pleaſant appearance, amidſt its ſylvan honours. A beauti-

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ful vegetation ſpreads itſelf along the ſhore to Hythe; but the ſun was not in that point of the heavens, to ſhew the tints to effect.

From the water, this town has a pleaſant appearance; but little novelty of ſcenery is perceptible, till they reached Calſhot Caſtle, from whence Hampton appears very diminutive, and Cowes alone is ſhewn to advantage.

Stretching over to the oppoſite ſhore, Governor Hornby's houſe was the only object that broke the view, till they reached the mouth of Hamble River. The church of that name agreeably relieves the ſight. The ſort of Netley Abbey makes no capital figure from the water. Itchin River was their next principal object, and this they ferried up, delighted with the ſcenery and occaſional views of gentlemen's ſeats.

Returning down the oppoſite banks, they paſſed the point, and landed at Southampton Quay.

Their next excurſion was to Broadlands, the ſeat of Lord Palmerſton. The plantations are very extenſive. Several walks interſect the park, and the grounds are laid out to advantage. The lodge is ſimply elegant; and the ſame taſte is perceptible through the whole of the accompaniments.

The houſe is a ſquare building, with a porch ſupported by five ſtately pillars. In the hall are ſome ſtatues, caſts from the antique. The pictures are not numerous, but ſelect; and every apartment has its appropriate beauties or conveniences.

The views are pleaſing and pictureſque. From the library they entered the back grounds and gardens. The river Beſt, paſſing through the park, adds to the luſtre of the ſcene. Over this

a new, ſtone bridge is thrown. The gardens are equally attractive with the manſion and other accompaniments; and, for a combination of elegance and taſte, Broadlands may vie with any reſidence in this part of the kingdom.

Evening cloſing in, they proceeded to Redbridge to ſleep, and next morning purſued the road through Longford to White Pariſh Hill. Here they ſtruck into the foreſt of Totten, and explored its northern boundaries. Except the occaſional view of a ſeat, an unvarying ſameneſs continued the greateſt part of the way, till they reached Poulton, the reſidence of Lord Mendip. This manſion is ſurrounded by beautiful and extenſive lawns, through which a river ſerpentinizes.

Purſuing the right-hand road from this place, they ſoon entered on a new and more barren ſcene, devoid of thoſe beautiful fore-grounds the foreſt ſo frequently ſupplies. The ſtiffneſs of the artificial plantations of pines, ſerved only as a foil to the ſublimity of the voluntary effuſions of Nature, and diſguſted rather than pleaſed. Sometimes, however, the picture became more inviting, and was enlivened by rural imagery.

Longford, which they now reached, is ſituated in a pleaſant, healthy part of the foreſt, on the ſloping cavity of a hill, ſurrounded by foliage. The ſeat of Mr. Eyre, at this place, is remarkable for its extenſive views over that part of Hampſhire which confines on Wilts.

Having gained the ſummit of White Pariſh Hill, they were quite enraptured. Saliſbury ſpire preſents itſelf in the diſtance, and Lord Radnor's caſtle forms a conſpicuous object from this wonderful aſcent. The ſide views are high-

ly picturesque, and the whole landscape is eminently beautiful as well as extensive.

Having received every possible gratification from this lovely scene, they returned towards Rumsey. From this sweep of beauty they descended to a long lane, bounded by hedge-rows; and having passed the heath on their right, they saw Milch Wood, the delightful residence of Colonel Osborne. The house appears to advantage from the road, and the grounds are spacious, but little embellished. A little farther, on the left, stands Mr. Lockhart's, a modern, brick building.

Ascending Dunmore Hill, the magnificent scenery of the New Forest again began to display itself. The rugged heath, which they had passed the preceding day, now appeared foreshortened, and gave additional altitude to the chain of hills that joined Wiltshire.

"The wonderful boldness and majesty with which those hills rose," says Mr. Hassell, "afforded us greater pleasure than we had yet received. The lines were gracefully irregular, and all that a painter could desire. No formal hedge-rows appeared to disgust the sight, and even the barren heath now added vivacity to the landscape."

Dunmore Hill is raised in the middle of a spacious amphitheatre, and commands the whole surrounding country, with the sea and the Isle of Wight.

At its foot lies a perfect garden, while the river Best, breaking from the hills on the left, contributes towards the beauty and harmony of the other parts. Rumsey church adds to the picture, and, in itself, is truly picturesque.

The town of Rumsey is very ancient. Its church is a fine, Gothic, cruciform pile, chiefly

conſtructed of ſtone of a very durable texture. The external appearance carries an air of grandeur, and the inſide is neat and appropriate. In the chapels are a few curious monuments. Near the large window, in the ſouth tranſept, is a large figure, in baſſo relievo, repreſenting our Saviour. In this church the celebrated Sir William Petty lies buried, with only his name inſcribed on the ſtone.

A monaſtery of Benedictine nuns was founded here by King Edgar, who were afterwards removed. A daughter of King Stephen was once abbeſs; but her marriage with Matthew of Alſace ſo provoked the bigoted clergy, that they offered large rewards for taking him, dead or alive.

According to Dr. Stukely, this was a Roman ſtation. The charming ſeat of Lord Palmerſton, already deſcribed, lies a little to the left of it.

From this place, taking the left-hand road to Southampton, to enjoy a greater variety of ſcenery, they arrived there in the evening, highly delighted with their excurſion.

Next morning they ſet out with the ſun for Biſhop's Waltham, croſſing the Itchin Ferry. The heath, enlivened by the pearly drops of dew, ſhone in a multiplicity of colours, and the oppoſite ſhores of Fawley now appeared with all their attractions.

Inclining to the left, they entered the road near Botley, a neat town, tenanted by ſome genteel families. At the lower end of this place are ſome large mills.

Again ſtriking over the downs, freſh ſcenes at every inſtant arreſted their attention, and brought

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the following lines from Dr. Goldſmith's Traveller to their recollection :

Her uplands ſloping, deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mouldering top between,
With venerable grandeur, marks the ſcene.

Botley Common leads to the lower extremity of Wykeham Foreſt, which is chiefly planted with oaks of great majeſty, with very little underwood.

Biſhop's Waltham, which they now reached, even in its ruins, ſhews that it was once a place of ſome conſequence. Only one tower remains, and that in a ſhattered condition. The walls are overgrown with ivy, and make a very pictureſque appearance. The inſide of the priory is converted to a farm-yard, and barns and hovels are patched out with its remains.

The town of Biſhop's Waltham, ſo denominated from its being formerly a reſidence of the Biſhop of Wincheſter, is ſmall and diſagreeable. Some years ago, part of the inhabitants retired to a ſequeſtered dell in the foreſt, inacceſſible by any other way than a ſubterraneous paſſage. From this lurking-place they iſſued out nightly to plunder; and in this licentious ſtate they remained a conſiderable time, till at laſt they were diſperſed by the activity of the neighbouring gentlemen.

Croſſed the foreſt to Wykeham, ſituated on a pleaſant, healthy ſpot; but is chiefly noticeable for being the birth-place of that munificent patron of learning, William of Wykeham, who roſe to the higheſt honours in the church and ſtate, and diſpoſed of the wealth he had accu-

mulated in ſuch a manner, as will eternize his memory.

They now ſtruck over the heath to Southwick, and, by the way, obſerved the ſeat of Mr. Garnier, pleaſantly ſurrounded with a park and gardens.

At the entrance of Southwick is a ſmall rivulet, which, ruſhing over a few pebbles, gives ſome animation to the ſcene. The place itſelf is not very remarkable. Near its extremity is a large houſe belonging to Mr. Thiſtlewaite, which appears deſerted.

From Southwick to Portſdown Hill, the road is flinty and unpleaſant: but having reached the ſummit, juſt before the ſun ſunk beneath the weſtern horizon, they enjoyed ſeveral landſcapes that were noble and extenſive beyond deſcription. From this ſpot the Iſle of Wight, with its ſloping hills and ouzy ſhore, is ſeen to every advantage; the men of war, at Spithead, appear only like ſmall ſpots on the water; while, in other directions, the proſpect, over hills and dales very remote, is almoſt unrivalled.

Deſcending from this hill, they entered the outworks of Portſmouth, and paſſed ſeveral drawbridges; but the evening being cloſed in, the view of objects became indiſtinct.

Next day, having ſurveyed this famous barrier of the eaſtern coaſt, and its appendages*, they made an aquatic excurſion up to Fareham, a town about ſeven miles diſtant. As they went up, they left Porcheſter Caſtle on the right, while the hills of Portſdown cloſed the view.

* For farther particulars of Portſmouth, ſee Shaw's Tour.

Fareham

Fareham is a pleaſant fiſhing town, but as they made but a ſhort ſtay here, they had no opportunity of making particular obſervations relative to it.

They returned to Portſmouth by a different channel; and having ſhipped their horſes, embarked for the Iſle of Wight, the primary object of their tour.

Scarcely had they paſſed Monkton Fort, before the heavens frowned, and a violent ſtorm threatened, which rather pleaſed than diſmayed them, that they might ſee the grand effect it would produce.

The ſea ſoon began to roll in with a heavy ſwell, and the waves caſting their light on the ſurface of the ebbing tide, were caught by the rays of the ſetting ſun, darted through a cloud, while ſeveral tranſits of light, from the ſame ſource, tinged the flowing ſails of the numerous barks that ſurrounded them.

The wind abating, the remainder of the evening proved clear and agreeable; but when the ſignal gun of nine was fired at Portſmouth, they were ſtill upwards of a league from Cowes, which they reached about ten o'clock, after a tedious paſſage of ſeven hours.

With a brief, general deſcription of this charming iſle, we ſhall preface the detail of its particular beauties.

The Iſle of Wight is divided from the coaſt of Hampſhire, to which it is appendant, by a channel, varying in breadth from two to ſeven miles. Its greateſt length, from eaſt to weſt, is rather more than twenty miles; its breadth, from north to ſouth, about thirteen, and its whole circumference ſeventy. The form is a kind of irregular oval.

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The air, in general, is ſalubrious, and the ſoil fertile. The ridge of the mountains which run through its centre, feeds a great number of ſheep, whoſe wool is remarkable for its fineneſs. Among the natural products of this iſland is a milk-white pipe-clay, and likewiſe a fine white ſand, which forms the baſis of drinking glaſſes, and other ſimilar articles.

From the fertility of the ſoil, and the amenity of the ſituation, it has obtained the appellation of the Garden of England; and more numerous parties of pleaſure are made to it, than almoſt to any other part of the Britiſh dominions.

The cliffs and rocks which environ this iſland, form a natural fortification, particularly on the ſouth ſide; while Sandown Fort protects the only part expoſed by nature to hoſtile invaſion.

The river Medina ſeparates it into two hundreds, called, according to their ſituation, Eaſt and Weſt Medina. In the whole iſland are three market-towns, fifty-ſeven pariſhes, and about twenty thouſand inhabitants.

The firſt object that attracted their attention, next morning, after they landed, was Cowes Caſtle, a ſmall, ſtone fort, with a ſemi-circular battery, on the weſt ſide of the Medina. Oppoſite to it was formerly another fortreſs, of which not a veſtige is now left.

The caſtle, at Weſt Cowes, was originally built by Henry VIII. but has recently been ſtrengthened by additional works. The town, of the ſame name, ſtands on an elevation, at the efflux of the Medina, and is a pleaſant and not inelegant place. It owes its origin and increaſe to its excellent harbour, where ſhips are not only well ſheltered from ſtorms, but enabled to ſail with almoſt any wind.

wind. It is populous, and carries on a conſiderable trade in the proviſion line, eſpecially in times of war. The inhabitants, from their conſtant intercourſe with ſtrangers, poſſeſs a marked urbanity of manners. Many naval officers have ſeats in the vicinity.

Eaſt Cowes, which lies on the oppoſite point of land, poſſeſſes equal beauties with its rival; but has not, in every reſpect, equal advantages of ſituation, particularly as a bathing-place.

The market here is well ſupplied; and, on the whole, the accommodations at Cowes are not inferior to thoſe of moſt watering-places; nor are the charges exorbitant. The town, in conſequence, is enlarging, and annually attracts new viſiters.

From the cottage of Mr. Lynn, at the top of the hill, is a charming, extenſive proſpect.

Cowes lies in a bird's eye view, with the full diſplay of the veſſels in its road, and the oppoſite woody point. The hills of Portſdown are alſo diſtinctly ſeen in the diſtance.

Proceeded to Newport, by an excellent road, but ſo bounded by hedge-rows, as to intercept the view. Paſs the village of Northwood, on the left of which ſtands Midham, the ſeat of Mr. Green.

Beyond this the Foreſt of Alvington, or King's Foreſt, opens very picturcſquely. A bold range of hills, crowned by St. Catharine's, binds the diſtance with charmingly irregular ſweeps. On the left is a bend of the river, caſting its reflection on the neighbouring ſhores. To the right, the hills gradually diminiſh, and at length merge in the promontories of the foreſt.

About

About half a mile from Newport ſtands the general hoſpital of the iſland, in a moſt eligible ſituation, both for health and convenience.

Newport is one of the moſt pleaſant towns in this part of the kingdom. The buildings are neat, the ſtreets uniform, and in general paved. The church makes a reſpectable appearance, yet it is only a chapel of eaſe annexed to the little village of Cariſbrook.

In Newport are two aſſembly-rooms, a neat new theatre, and a large grammar-ſchool. It has two weekly markets, where large quantities of grain and proviſions are ſold, not only for domeſtic conſumption, but alſo for the ſhipping.

"When I mention the market," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "I muſt not forget to notice alſo the farmers' daughters, who reſort to it with the produce of the dairy or yard, and at once grace it with the charms of their perſons, and the winning affability of their behaviour. There is not," continues he, "perhaps in the kingdom, a place where ſo many lovely girls attend the market, as at Newport; and, at the ſame time, they are dreſſed with a degree of elegance far beyond what is uſually obſervable in perſons of their rank. The appearance of thoſe charming girls not only excited our wonder and admiration, but we found they were the objects of envy to all the farmers' daughters on the neighbouring coaſt."

This town is ſo nearly centrical, that it is alike convenient to every port in the circumference. It was incorporated by James I. and is governed by a mayor, recorder, and twelve aldermen.

Few places afford better accommodations for perſons of condition who may viſit this iſland, either for pleaſure or health, than Newport. At

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the inns the entertainment is not only good, but the treatment is perfectly civil; a circumstance that weighs more with the casual guest than any other gratification.

Crossed the island towards Newtown. In the track they pursued, entered the Forest of Alvington, and, at intervals, were pleased with some woodland scenery, or attracted by distant landscapes. The hills which intersect the island, now became distinct. They seem to rise near Carisbrook Castle, and sweeping to the south-west, terminate their range a little beyond Calborne. Other inferior eminences lie in their direction, separated by vales.

Alvington Forest contains few trees of any consequence, except on its borders, where, indeed, the oak luxuriously intermixes with the ash and elm.

From its name, they expected to have found Newtown a place of some consequence; and they were astonished to see that it consisted of no more than six or seven houses; though there is great reason for supposing, that it was formerly of more consideration. It was burnt by the French, in the reign of Richard II.

Though so small a place, it boasts of a corporation, consisting of a mayor and twelve burgesses, and sends two members to parliament. The town-hall is more noticeable for its situation, than the elegance of its architecture. The mayoralty chair and table, however, have at least the merit of being ancient.

Newtown Bay, or Shalfleet Lake, as it is sometimes called, makes its entrance about half a mile below the houses, but wood and rock are wanting to render its opening grand. The banks are insipidly

insipidly tame; but the view, in other directions, is sufficiently captivating.

On the side of a woody hill stands the town of Shalfleet, which contains few attractions. The church has a respectable appearance, but has been despoiled of its antique windows, and beautified, as the term is, with modern casements. It is astonishing what havoc and devastation a false taste for improvement is making in many of our most beautiful religious edifices.

Crossed the Yarmouth road, and bent their course towards Hamsted Woods, over numerous inclosures, the soil principally clay and marl, but very productive.

About Newtown, and to some distance from it, the greatest part of the landed property belongs to Sir Richard Worsley. This tract is not deficient in woody screens towards the north-west; but they are too thinly scattered for picturesque effect; nor is the stiff appearance of the near hedge-rows, which encircle the corn-fields, by any means grateful to the eye of taste.

From Hamsted, they had a full view of Gurnet Point to the north-east, and of the town of Yarmouth and Hurst Castle, to the south-west; while Lymington, to the north-west, gave a finish to the scene.

Re-entered the Yarmouth road at Linwood Green, near which lies Mr. Barrington's pleasant, sylvan seat. At the entrance of the common, they had one of the finest bursts they had yet seen. The hills rose in majesty, the valley produced a lake, with a copse to vary its shores; while the Downs of Afton falling to the more stately sweep of Freshwater Cliffs, close behind Freshwater church.

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The valley was animated with cattle, and painted in all the colours of voluptuous nature. The ſpire of Freſhwater caught the roving eye, and gave additional charms to the diſtance.

From the appearance of Yarmouth, a ſmall way off, they had conceived an idea that it was a very mean place; but they were agreeably diſappointed, to find the buildings in general neat, though low. The caſtle at this place, however, poſſeſſes little ſtrength or beauty.

The paſſage from hence to Lymington is only about five or ſix miles, and a boat, with proper accommodations, daily croſſes this channel. The ſhores here are replete with a great variety of ſhells, and ſoles and other flat-fiſh are caught in ſuch abundance, that they materially contribute to the comfort of the poor.

Yarmouth is a corporate town, ranks as the third in the iſland, and ſends two members to parliament. The charter directs that, when a mayor is to be elected, the ten common councilmen, and two commoners, who are to chuſe him, ſhall be ſhut up in the town-hall, without proviſions, till nine out of the twelve are unanimous,*

This town lies ten miles diſtant from Newport, in which ſpace, our author obſerves, there are not fewer than fifty-two gates to be opened, a circumſtance that can by no means render travelling very pleaſurable.

* When diſſentions break out in corporations, we would warmly recommend the adoption of the Yarmouth plan. The dread of ſtarvation will always occaſion prompt unanimity among ſuch gentlemen; but we think the proſpect of a dinner might be added, with advantage, to haſten their deciſion.

The river Yar preſents a beautiful entrance, and takes a double courſe. The oppoſite ſhores of Norton are pleaſingly diverſified with broken grounds and groups of trees, among which ſome cottages interpoſe their humble roofs.

Proceeded the ſame evening to Freſhwater, over a tract not deſtitute of picturesque features. Paſſed through the ſmall villages of Thorley and Wilmingham; and, from Afton, had a view of the Cliff of Freſhwater Gate, and other objects, which they had ſeen before in a different perſpective.

Aſcending Afton Down, they had an uninterrupted proſpect of the ſea, whoſe ſurface was unruffled with a gale. On the right lay the ſpot, called Freſhwater Gate, where ſtands a ſolitary, but commodious, public houſe.

The cliffs that bound Freſhwater Bay are very lofty, and excite awful ſenſations in the mind of the ſpectator from above. Many parts, however, unable to reſiſt the conſtant impulſe of the waves, have tumbled down, and ſtrewed the beach with picturesque ruins.

From this ſpot, St. Catharine's appears the moſt ſouthern boundary of this iſland, and from the chalky cliffs, which, about half way up its ſides, exhibit a platform of green, is frequently taken for ſome ancient caſtle.

The cave at Freſhwater gives an impreſſive idea of the effects of the raging billows. Theſe cliffs are nearly ſix hundred feet high, and at the bottom are two natural arches, which can only be entered at low water. The inſide of the cavity is overgrown with moſs and weeds, and at half tide ſome pieces of the rock, which have fallen from above, block up the paſſage.

Stakes

Stakes are faſtened to the rocks, and along the ſhore, to which ropes are fixed, to prevent the boats, belonging to the place, from being carried out to ſea, or beat to pieces by the ſurf. The bottom is a fine ſand, and a bathing machine might very properly be eſtabliſhed at this place.

On this ſhore are a variety of foſſils, mixed with the rocky ſubſtance of the cliffs; copperas ſtones are frequently thrown on the beach, and pieces of iron-ore are ſtrewed along the ſhore. Veins of rock run into the ſea to an indeterminable diſtance. Their ſhape is very ſingular, and they ſeem to be of a ferruginous quality.

Several other curioſities appear in the rocks, towards the Needles, but none of them pervious to any diſtance.

Having ſatisfied their curioſity here, and night creeping on, they returned to the village, and, charmed with the country, forgot the humble accommodations of their inn.

"Wiſhing," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "to view a ſunriſe on theſe hills, we were up by break of day; but ſo different are the morning and evening ſcenes of the iſland, from thoſe of the oppoſite ſhore, that it is ſcarcely to be credited, by thoſe who do not narrowly watch every operation of nature. As the morning advanced, a thick, condenſed cloud roſe from the ſouth-eaſt, which ſoon enveloped all the hills in a gloomy ſhade. We were diſappointed in ſeeing the ſun gild the tops of the mountains, with all its brilliance, and break with grandeur on the neighbouring copſe. In the courſe of the day, the rain frequently deſcended on our heads in torrents."

Their next route was to Allum Bay, and in their way they met an artiſt of their acquaint-

ance, who was, like themſelves, engaged in viewing the pictureſque beauties of the iſle.

The mountainous cliffs that form Allum Bay, are terrific in the extreme. A large angle of rock, ſhelving over head, is the conſtant accompaniment of the heights, many of which are ſeven hundred feet above the level of the beach.

Theſe rocks are compoſed of a regular gradation of ſtrata, from a watery clay, to a perfect petrifaction. The winter blaſts, and the inceſſant heaving of the waves, occaſionally hurl fragments of earth from the heights to the ſtrand below; and theſe, by degrees, are cruſted over with ſhells, foſſils, and pieces of flint, till they become a ſolid maſs.

The fine white ſand, mentioned before, as a production of the iſland, is found about a hundred feet above the level of the beach, between two ſtrata of clay. It is ſaid to be the only ſort, in theſe kingdoms, adapted for the manufacture of white glaſs, or the finer porcelain. It is dug out in conſiderable quantities, and appears to be inexhauſtible. The proprietor makes a conſiderable annual income from its exportation. Here too the fine tobacco-pipe clay is found.

The workmen, who are employed in the ſand-pits, ſeldom can continue their operations longer than October. In winter, the agitated ſea frequenty breaks into the pits, and undermining the neighbouring heights, occaſions the fall of ſome heavy maſſes, the craſh of which may be heard at a conſiderable diſtance.

The torrents likewiſe carry all before them from the heights, leaving their impregnations on the ſurface of the earth. Large maſſes of a

green

green colour, appear on the points, which indicate the preſence of vitriol.

Nor are theſe cliffs deſtitute of iron. Several ſprings, that iſſue from their ſides, leave a ſediment in their paſſage, ſtrongly tinctured with it. A great quantity of the ore likewiſe lies on the beach.

Paſſing along the ſhore, ſtill nearer to the white confines of the Needles, new objects arreſted their attention. Two ſtupendous aſcents, one of a perfect pink colour, the other of a bright ochre, exhibited an appearance as wonderful as it was novel.

The point, that extends to the Needles, is about a quarter of mile in length. From its ſides flow ſeveral ſmall ſtreams, impregnated with iron, and, perhaps, an admixture of copperas.

The only inhabitants of this dreadful promontory, the terror of mariners, are gulls and puffins, which reſort to it about May, for the purpoſe of incubation, and leave it about September. The peaſants are very dexterous in ſecuring the eggs, which they procure by means of an iron bar fixed into the ground, on the top of the cliff, from which they lower themſelves down by a rope. A ſimilar method is purſued by the collectors of ſamphire, from the ſide of Dover Cliff.

> Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers ſamphire;—dreadful trade!
> Methinks, he ſeems not bigger than his head.
>
> SHAKESPEARE'S *Lear*.

As ſoon as the men are thus ſuſpended, they ſhout, which frightens the birds from their holes,

and their eggs become an eaſy prey to the plunderers. Strangers frequently buy theſe ovarious ſpoils out of curioſity; but they are ſeldom eaten by any, ſave the country people. The birds are likewiſe frequently deſtroyed for the ſake of their feathers; and many gentlemen reſort to the cliffs for the amuſement of ſhooting.

The ſingular effects which time has wrought on the beach of theſe celebrated rocks, next engaged their attention. The pebbles and flints, lying on the ſurface, are perfectly ſmooth, from the repeated friction of the waves, and their colliſion with each other.

Dulſe and tangle (of the fucus genus) flouriſh in abundance on theſe rocks, which are likewiſe ſuperbly touched with a bright yellow moſs. Here alum is found, though neither remarkable for its quantity nor quality; but it has given name to the bay.

Having received inexpreſſible pleaſure from the tremendous grandeur of this place, they left it, not without regret; and mounting their horſes, ſet out with a deſign of aſcending the Downs of Freſhwater; but, miſſing their road, they had ſome difficulty in regaining it.

After regaling at Freſhwater, they mounted Afton Downs. The ſummits of the eminences they found generally barren; but the vales are abundantly fertile, and even the ſides of the hills are cultivated far up. Even the moſt ſteril ſpots afford a ſweet and rich paſture for ſheep. Theſe are generally of the Dorſetſhire breed, tall and well fleeced; and the mutton is reckoned equal to any in Great Britain.

Anxious to keep near the ſhore, they made for Compton Chine, but met with nothing intereſt-

ing,

ing, till they came to the ſmall village of Brook, which lies in a receſs between two hills.

The Chine of Brook has a wider opening than that of Compton, but neither was very grand. A chine, it ſhould be obſerved, is a break, or chaſm in the cliff, apparently originating from the inroads of the ocean.

From Brook, they croſſed to Mottiſton, over a ſand perfectly red. The variation, indeed, in the ſoil of this iſland is prodigious. It may be truly ſaid, that nature here plays her vagaries with unbounded freedom. "Every year," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "to an obſervant and frequent viſiter of the iſland, ſhe preſents ſomething new; and in every alteration ſhe ſeems to be more luxuriant. To-day we find her thruſting out ſome bold promontory into the ſea; to-morrow, unmindful of the magnificence of her former work, ſhe hurls the foaming waves againſt its ſtately ſide, and levels it with the humbler ſhore."

As they proceeded to Mottiſton, the hills of Yarmouth were no longer viſible, being intercepted by thoſe of Brixton. The village of Mottiſton is an enchanting ſpot, and commands ſome charming marine views. The church is antique, but its venerable beauties have been ſpoiled by offenſive and injudicious beautifications.

About half a mile from this place, is a ſcene that ſtruck them with admiration. The village behind them, emboſomed in trees, diſplayed only ſome of its moſt picturesque objects, while the diſtant cliffs of Freſhwater, Main Bench, and Scratchel's Bay, cloſed on the verdure of the wood, and gave it prominence. The ſea lay in ſhadow at a diſtance, and ſeveral veſſels on its ſurface finiſhed the view.

Brixton Downs on their left, often afforded fine back-grounds. A number of rocks ſtart from the brows of the hills, moſt charmingly tinted with moſs and graſs, while the ſheep that graze on their ſummits appear like dots of white. The Hill of St. Catharine and Appledurcombe terminated the landſcape.

Leaving Pitt Place and Chilton Chine to the right, they paſſed on to Brixton. This is one of the largeſt villages in this part of the iſland, and certainly one of the moſt pleaſant. The church ſtands towards the ſkirts of it, and a ſtream paſſes through the place, and empties itſelf into the ſea at Jackman's Chine.

Here is a boat-houſe, where ſome ſmall veſſels are kept in readineſs to aſſiſt the unfortunate mariners, in caſe of ſhipwreck; which is not unfrequent on this boiſterous coaſt. A ſtrong ſurf continually breaks on the ſhore, which, though it heightens the picture to an indifferent ſpectator, increaſes the danger to thoſe who plough the deep.

Sweeping round the Bay of Brixton, on their left they obſerved Black Down to open, and preſent a view of Culver Cliffs, at the eaſtern extremity of the iſland. The valleys throughout the iſland frequently form a curve round the foot of ſome precipice, and lead the eye to the moſt intereſting ſcenes. One of theſe now fell under their view. It began its opening at Sundown, to the eaſtward, and turning round the foot of St. Catharine's, joined the valleys of Brixton and Chale, and from thence made a bend to Freſhwater. Notwithſtanding they were now on the loweſt part of the iſland, they had a plain and diſtinct view of its extremeſt bounds.

Continuing

Continuing their route, they came to Barn's Hole, a vaſt chaſm in the earth, fronting the ſea, which extends a conſiderable way towards Brixton. The entrance has the appearance of leading to ſome ſubterraneous retreat; the ſides are four hundred feet high, and are diſmally black, which contributes to the horrific aſpect of the whole. This ſpot is ſingularly ſteril, and ſcarcely a ſhrub clings to its ſteep aſcents.

They next directed their courſe towards Atherfield Point, leaving the village of the ſame name and Kingſtone to the left. A noble, cultivated valley extends all the way to Chale.

From Atherfield Point, St Catharine's began to make a noble appearance, and Freſhwater Cliffs to aſſume the form of caſtles.

They now paſſed Walpan Chine, and another ſmall inlet, where are a few huts belonging to ſome fiſhermen. About the middle of Chale Bay, on the top of the cliffs, ſtands a houſe, apparently erected for the reception of travellers; but it was locked up, and they were obliged to proceed without refreſhment.

Black-Gang Chine was the next object of attraction. This is ſaid to receive its name from a gang of pirates, who formerly made it their reſidence; and it ſeems well adapted for ſuch a ſcene. The ſize of the chaſm, and its tremendous ſhelving rocks, cannot fail to inſpire the mind with horror. "I never," obſerves our author, "beheld ſo awful a ſight, as theſe ponderous ſteeps exhibit. The ſides of the chaſm, which are little ſhort of five hundred feet high, are ſhelving, and many parts of the top are overhung with ſhrubs."

On the ſummit riſes a ſpring of a purgative quality. When the water is firſt poured into a bottle,

bottle, it is as clear as cryſtal, but after ſome time, it depoſits a conſiderable ſediment, which contains particles of iron-ore, and emits a ſulphureous ſmell. In the immediate vicinity are ſeveral copperas ſtones, and ſome ſpecimens of alum are likewiſe ſtrewed about.

Ships have frequently experienced the deſtructive effects of the rocks that line Chale Bay. They juſt lurk beneath the ſurface of the water, and in conjunction with the Cape of Rocken-end, occaſion, in ſome ſtates of the wind, very heavy ſwells.

It is within the memory of many, that, during one tempeſtuous night, no fewer than fourteen ſail were loſt in this dangerous bay; and ſcarcely a winter paſſes, but ſome accidents of this kind happen. For ſome years paſt, boats have been kept in readineſs, to lend them aſſiſtance; but it is painful to be obliged to remark, that the ſavage cuſtom of plundering wrecks, too much prevails among the people reſident on the weſtern coaſt.

It has been known, however, that the moſt noble and humane exertions, to ſave the lives of the ſhipwrecked, have ſometimes met with a very inadequate recompence. At the time the Juno, a Dutch frigate, was loſt on this coaſt, a ſmuggler, with four other perſons ventured out to her aſſiſtance, regardleſs of the terror of the waves. They at length gained the ſhip, and brought off, and ſafely landed, the whole crew, except three, who were waſhed off the raft. An ample remuneration was ſurely due for ſuch a hazardous exploit; yet it is ſaid, they received only a ten pound bank note!

Leaving this gloomy track, they proceeded to the

the village of Chale, a ſmall, irregular place, with a church, founded in the reign of Henry I. Aſcending the hill beyond it, the retroſpective view is very grand and extenſive.

This part of the iſland, as to pictureſque effect, however, is very different from the northern diſtrict. It wants wood to give a variety to the colours; and a ſameneſs generally runs through the whole.

From Chale they mounted St. Catharine's Hill, which was much ſteeper and difficult than any they had yet encountered. The road lies on the ſide of a precipice, at leaſt three hundred feet high: the oppoſite ſide is bounded by a bank.

This hill is reputed the higheſt in the iſland. On its top is a light-houſe and a beacon, neither of which are now uſed. The tower, however, ſerves as a landmark by day, and is about eight hundred feet above the level of the water. A ſmall part of an octagonal chapel is remaining, by ſome called the Hermitage, from a prieſt having formerly ſecluded himſelf in it from the world. The ſcene recalled the idea of Goldſmith's Hermit, and the aid of fancy converted this into the viſionary ſpot.

The views from this hill are of vaſt extent, and afford a complete landſcape of the whole iſland, except towards Brixton Downs. Nor was the proſpect confined to the iſland: Purbeck, Portland, the New Foreſt, the Hills of Portſdown, and eaſtward, as far as Brighton Bay, are included in this noble view.

On the ſide of the Hill of St. Catharine, towards the ſea, the deſcent is quite perpendicular, till interrupted by a ſmall, flat green, which breaks the precipice, when it again deſcends to

the water's edge, in the ſame abrupt manner. The river Medina takes its riſe at the foot of this hill, and after paſſing through Newport, empties itſelf into the ſea at Cowes.

This ſummit reminded them of Goldſmith's Alpine Traveller, and they were ready to exclaim,

> Ye glittering towns with wealth and ſplendor crown'd,
> Ye fields where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round,
> Ye lakes whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale,
> Ye bending ſwains that dreſs the flowery vale,
> For me your tributary ſtores combine,
> Creation's tenant,—all the world is mine.

A ſingular ſinking of the earth is mentioned in this vicinity. The natives ſay, that formerly Skanklin Down, through the intervention of Week Down, could only be ſeen from St. Catharine's, whereas, it is now viſible from Chale Down; conſequently, either Week Down, muſt have ſunk conſiderably, or Skanklin Down muſt have increaſed its altitude. Some of the old people affirm, that this has partly happened within their own memory; and ſo wonderful are the operations of nature, that, improbable as this may appear, it cannot be pronounced impoſſible.

From St. Catharine's they croſſed the fields to Niton, frequently denominated Crab Niton, from the number of crabs found on the coaſt. The ſoil here appears to be a fine mould, without any intermixture of chalk.

Niton poſſeſſes little novelty, nor is it very pleaſantly ſituated. It is immured by two hills, which neither allow a view of the ſea, nor a good one of the land.

From

From hence took the right-hand road to Buddle, where a part of the cliffs break up, and form what is called Undercliff, an immenſe pile of rocks, at once noble, pictureſque and grand, extending for many miles. All the broken, rocky parts, which have been ſeparated from the main body, are overgrown with ſhrubs, which ſweetly ſoften their rugged texture.

In the vicinity of Niton, they received a moſt hoſpitable reception, at a farm-houſe, where peace and content ſeemed to have fixed their reſidence. The ſight of the family, the ſatisfaction they expreſſed in their humble, but uſeful condition, was a feaſt for the ſoul of ſenſibility, and Sterne would have worked it up into one of his moſt glowing pictures of life and manners.

Taking leave of this kind farmer, they proceeded up Steep Hill. The afternoon was delightful, and this ſpot was calculated to diſplay the works of nature to effect. The entrance to the cliff is from the road. A grand burſt broke on their left, its heights variegated by clinging ſhrubs. On the oppoſite ſide of the road lay a huge maſs of rock, that had tumbled from ſome overloaded precipice. A ray of light was ſpread over the rocks on the left, and the whole ſcene was ſuch as a painter would love to contemplate. The rocks in general are finely tinted, and lie in maſſes extremely large; nor does the foliage refuſe to give freſh beauties to the landſcape. In this part vegetation is moſt luxuriant. In this reſpect, a viſible difference is found according to the expoſiture, and the prevalence of the winds to which the face of nature is expoſed.

The road to St. Lawrence is continued through the ſame maze of rocks, yet is acceſſible to a carri-

age. A clump of trees, or a lonely farm, occaſionally varies the ſcene; and the cliffs extend near half a mile in breadth, with ſuperior grandeur to what they had hitherto ſeen.

"The church of St. Lawrence," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "is perhaps the ſmalleſt in England. With a ſtick, of a moderate length, you may reach to nearly two thirds its height, at the weſt end." It ſcarcely appears calculated to receive twenty pariſhioners; and perhaps the whole number does not exceed that.

They had heard of a caſcade at this place, but they found it nothing more than the water of a ſpring bubbling over a few ſtones, and almoſt too inconſiderable to be noticed. The village of St. Lawrence is ſmall and ſtraggling. The road from Whitwell enters the cliffs here, and joins that to this village. This communication has been effected by much labour; but it exceeds the moſt ſanguine expectations that could have been originally formed of the undertaking.

In this vicinity they witneſſed a phenomenon, which had never before fallen under their inſpection. A thunder ſtorm was gradually coming on, and they perceived a veſſel, about three leagues from the ſhore, labouring under the effects of a tempeſt, though not a breath of air ſtirred the ſurface of the water near the beach. A light, rendered more bright by the contraſt, had ſpread itſelf round the electric cloud, that was venting its fury on the ſhip, and rendered the ſcene more gloomy. Every wave that rolled towards her ſeemed fraught with danger; and for nearly an hour did the tempeſt permit them to behold it raging at a diſtance. At laſt it approached the ſhore, and they were glad to retire to a neighbouring cottage, till its fury was ſpent.

Again

Again mounting their horſes, they had a moſt ample view of Undercliff, towards Bonchurch, in which the houſe of Mr. Tollemache makes a diſtinguiſhed feature. Every plant and every ſhrub ſeemed to have acquired freſh beauty from the ſhower, and Nature to put on her ſweeteſt ſmiles, and exhaled her richeſt fragrance.

The road ſtill continued over the rocky aſcents of theſe cheerful hills. "To give," ſays our tourиſt, "an exact repreſentation of all the ſcenes we paſt, is not in our power; ſuffice it to ſay, they are pleaſingly irregular. Every hundred paces, though on ſuch elevated ground, lead up a freſh hill, or ſkirt the deſcent, with a ſloping, flowery orchard."

Juſt as evening had ſhed its parting rays on Steep Hill Cottage, they paſſed its bottom, and took up their lodging in the vicinity. Next day they had the ſatisfaction of being permitted to take an attentive ſurvey of the charming reſidence, which had attracted their notice the preceding eve.

This villa, called Steep Hill Cottage, was built by the Right Honourable Hans Stanley, when governor of the iſland, but is now the property of Mr. Tollemache. It is conſtructed in the true cottage ſtyle, and is covered with humble thatch; but the inſide is elegant beyond deſcription.

The approach is through an avenue of ſtately elms and aſhes. The hall is not large, but fitted up in the extreme of taſte. The dining room is equally conſpicuous for its chaſte decorations. The paintings, which adorn the principal apartments, are rather exquiſite than numerous. The pencil of the proprietor has produced ſome copies, which poſſeſs all the ſpirit, colouring, and deſign of the originals from which they were taken.

The exterior of the cottage is not leſs free from an oſtentatious grandeur, than the interior is devoid of every taſteleſs allurement to catch the eye. The principal view is from a bow window towards the weſt. A pleaſing lawn fronts the houſe, which, gradually declining, preſents the whole range of St. Lawrence on one ſide, and the extremity of the ocean on the other.

The gardens are well ſheltered, and part of the offices lies in the village, and part adjoins the cottage. Mr. Tollemache keeps an elegant brigantine yacht for aquatic excurſions.

The New Inn at Steep Hill is much reſorted to by parties of pleaſure. The houſe being ſmall, the proprietor has with ſome taſte formed a kind of verdant bower, and placed ſome ſhady ſeats, where company may dine *al freſco*.

The proſpect from theſe rural ſhades is pleaſing, but contracted. They left the place, however, with regret, and recalled the expreſſion of Mr. Quin, on his quitting Chatſworth. "I thought I ſhould at times have broke my neck in getting there; but when I was there, I thought I ſhould have broke my heart to leave it."

This ſhore is very rocky and dangerous. A number of ravens build in the cliffs, and likewiſe the true ſporting falcon. The inhabitants chiefly ſubſiſt by fiſhing; and in the ſummer ſeaſon catch great quantities of crabs and lobſters. For this purpoſe ſome of them ſink more than a hundred wicker pots, or baſkets, at a time, baited with whatever garbage they can procure. Dog's fleſh is in great requeſt for this purpoſe; and the poor animals are frequently ſtolen, to be converted into food for crabs and lobſters.

Leaving Steep Hill, they continued their courſe towards

towards Bonchurch, over Little Town Down. The ſhelving ſides of the precipice, at the commencement, hang tottering over the brink of the abyſs, and threaten an intruſion on the road.

At a firſt view, the mountain, to which the appellation of Little Town Down is given, might be miſtaken for Steep Hill. Its ſides, like that, are almoſt perpendicular, and from the road have a conical appearance. A few houſes lie at its foot, the road to which, from Appledurcombe, is dangerous in the extreme.

A little farther on, they came to the cottage of St. Boniface, the occaſional reſidence of Colonel Hill. This building, which is chiefly of brick, is ſimply neat, and the grounds, though not extenſive, are well laid out.

To thoſe who can reliſh the pleaſures of retirement, or be ſatisfied with the ſociety of a few friends, no ſituation can be more favourable than this. It is ſo ſequeſtered, that it might be taken for a hermitage; and yet ſo romantic, that it reſembles fairy ground.

A ſituation ſo remarkable could not fail to have its legends. One ſtory is circulated as a fact. A gentleman, miſtaking his road in a heavy ſnow, and in conſequence of this, deſcending the ſteep Down of Boniface on horſeback, was ſo affected by a ſenſe of his danger, that he vowed, if he reached the bottom in ſafety, to purchaſe the land, and preſent it to the church of Shanklin. The preſent incumbent informed them, that a ſmall portion of land was now annexed to the living, ſuppoſed to be in conſequence of that vow.

The manner in which the ſhepherd boys deſcend theſe ſteeps is truly ludicrous. For their own amuſement, or a trifling reward, they will

ſeat themſelves on a horſe's head bone, and ſteer down the ſteepeſt declivities with incomparable art and velocity.

From this place they reſumed the main road, and continued their route through Bonchurch, a pretty rural village, and poſſeſſing much picturesque beauty. It is nearly ſurrounded with trees, and harmonizes ſweetly with the oppoſite cliffs.

Here Bonchurch Downs commence, and ſkirt the heights for a conſiderable diſtance, while thoſe of Shanklin join them, and form a perfect amphitheatre from one point.

They next viſited Luccombe Chine, a cavity neither ſo deep nor terrific as ſome others, being variegated with trees and ſhrubs. The deſcent, however, towards the ſea, is very ſteep, and in a wet ſeaſon, impaſſable. On the top of it ſtands a cottage, emboſomed in a ſmall wood. Between it and the chine is a wooden bridge, over a rippling ſtream, which has a delightful effect.

From the appearance of the earth, in this vicinity, it ſeems deeply impregnated with copperas: on the ſhore likewiſe are quantities of iron-ore, but of an indifferent quality.

The cliffs in this vicinity, and round Dunnoſe, are compoſed of black and brown clay, very unpleaſant to the eye. Their cavities have long been the depoſitory of contraband goods.

Reaſcending the chine, they purſued their courſe to Luccombe Farm, the appearance of which from the valley is by no means deſpicable.

They next made for Shanklin Downs, ſaid to have been miraculouſly elevated; and here they enjoyed every pleaſure that varied and commanding views could beſtow. Among the principal objects ſeen from Smerdon Beacon, are Appledurcombe,

durcombe, with its woods and accompaniments, the Downs of Bonchurch and St. Boniface, Culver Cliffs, and the Needles.

Though St. Catharine's Hill is more elevated, no ſpot in the iſland is ſo well adapted to furniſh a general diſplay of its features. The channel of Solent is perfectly viſible from it, as is likewiſe Southampton. Spithead and the coaſt of Suſſex are alſo included in the diſtant landſcape.

Croſſing the downs, they advanced towards the village of Shanklin, the approach to which is very agreeable. So many are the local beauties of the place, that it is impoſſible to enumerate them. Pleaſantly ſhaded with trees, it contains within itſelf every ingredient which generally enters into the compoſition of rural happineſs. The inhabitants ſeem to conſtitute only one large family; they are ſociable among themſelves, and attentively obliging to ſtrangers. Yet there are ſome drawbacks on human felicity in every ſituation. The eſtates here are let on lives, not renewable, and the occupiers are uncertain how long they may enjoy them, and therefore checked in the ſpirit of improvement. All this part of the iſle is ſimilarly circumſtanced.

The chine particularly arreſted their attention. Its mouth, towards the ſea, appears to have been rent by ſome convulſion of nature. A flight of ſteps has been made in it, to facilitate the aſcent and deſcent. The inhabitants, to make it appear the more wonderful, pretend this is natural, and accordingly have deceived ſome travellers into this improbable belief.

The chine has four bends before it reaches a caſcade of ſome note, formed by the fall of maſſes of earth, ſprinkled with plants and ſhrubs, which negli-

negligently break the current of the ſtream, and occaſion a fall, not deſtitute of majeſty and beauty.

The ſides of Shanklin chine are ſtrongly impregnated with iron, copperas, and ſulphur. About one third of the way from its top is a chalybeate ſpring, with an unuſual quantity of ſcum on its ſurface, and a ſediment of iron in its channel.

The beach is a fine ſand, free from rocks or ſtones, which would render it deſirable for a bathing place. To the right, Horſe Lodge Hill projects into the ſea, and forms the ſouthern extremity of Sandown. On the left it is bounded by Culver Cliffs.

The moſt diſtinguiſhed objects from the chine, are Sandown Fort and the ſeat of Mr. Wilkes. The latter appears to great advantage from hence.

Returning from the chine to the village of Shanklin, they again paſſed the night at this deſirable place; and next day, paſſing the village of Lake, made for Mr. Wilkes's villa. Though not large, this poſſeſſes every requiſite to render it a pleaſant abode. It ſtands on an eminence commanding the whole extent of Sandown Bay; and in every reſpect diſplays the refined taſte of its owner. The only deficiency is wood; and it has been found that trees would not thrive here ſo fully as might be wiſhed.

The inſide of the houſe is plain, but elegant, and contains every domeſtic accommodation. On one ſide is a marquee, which ſerves for a ſummer houſe, and, for fancy and taſte, is ſuperior to almoſt any thing of the kind. Some curious engravings, from the antique, grace its ſides, and the tables are covered with ſeveral others.

At the farther end, over a repreſentation of conjugal felicity, in baſſo relievo, is the following inſcription, on a marble tablet:

To

TO FILIAL PIETY
AND
MARY WILKES.
ERECTED BY JOHN WILKES,
1789.

The gardens are charmingly laid out, and the ſhrubberies bid fair to compenſate for the lamented deficiency of wood, and to complete the beauty of this agreeable ſpot.

Within the laſt twenty years, the ſea has intruded on the land full thirty feet, between this place and Shanklin.

Sandown Fort was the next object they viſited. It is a low, ſquare building, flanked by four baſtions, and encompaſſed with a ditch. During the laſt war, ſeveral privateers entered the bay, and attempted to deſtroy it; but the utmoſt miſchief they could do, was to batter down a few chimneys.

From Sandown they proceeded to Yaverland, a village ſituated at the foot of Brading Downs, coaſting in their way the Cliffs of Culver, ſo called from a Saxon word, ſignifying a pigeon, the denizens of the cliff. Still farther onwards, they came to the Foreland, the moſt eaſterly point of the iſland, and from thence met little novelty, till they reached Bimbridge Point, where the entrance of Brading Haven commences.

This haven conſiſts of an extenſive track of marſh land, compriſing about eight hundred acres, covered every tide by the ſea, which flows through a narrow channel. Many abortive attempts have been made to deepen the entrance of this haven, for the admiſſion of ſhips of burden; but the ſand has conſtantly been driven in as faſt as it was cleared away. From this unfortunate circumſtance, one of the fineſt and beſt ſituated harbours in the Channel is rendered uſeleſs.

Traverſed

Traverſed the borders of the haven, and obſerved, on their right, two houſes of genteel appearance; while Nunwell, the ſeat of the ancient family of the Oglanders, faces the harbour.

Once more entering the road, they purſued their way to Brading. This, though one of the largeſt towns in the iſland, is not poſſeſſed of a ſingle object deſerving particular attention. They therefore ſpeedily left it, and courſing the haven on the other ſide, ſoon ſtruck off to St. Helen's.

The Bay of Brading takes ſeveral fine ſweeps, and moſt charmingly contraſts the ſcenes. Several woody promontories run into it, and give grace to its boundaries.

The road to St. Helen's is lined with trees on both ſides. This village conſiſts only of a few ſcattered huts, though there is reaſon to imagine, that it was once a place of greater extent. In this pariſh is a large farm, called the Priory, formerly a cell to an abbey of Cluniac monks, in Normandy. The old church was built ſo near the ſea, that it was greatly endangered by its encroachments, and about the beginning of the preſent century, a new one was erected.

Health, cheerfulneſs, and longevity are viſible throughout the iſland, and in no part of it more than this. "The farmers in general," ſays Mr. Haſſell, "are a ſocial, hoſpitable, worthy ſet of men; and many of them have acquired competent fortunes. If there be any ſhade to their character, it is from a propenſity to moiſten their clay with draughts of potent liquors. This, indeed, prevails throughout the whole iſland. It is a foible that commences with their earlieſt years, and may be palliated, though not defended, from the nature of their ſituation and climate."

St.

St. Helen's is well known as the place where outward-bound ſhips ſtop to take in the greateſt part of their live ſea-ſtock, and water, which is of the pureſt quality. Poultry is extremely plentiful and cheap. By a ſalutary law, no beaſt of prey is ſuffered to remain in the iſland. They have neither foxes, badgers, nor polecats; and even to turn one looſe is a tranſportable offence.

At the bottom of St. Helen's Hill, a land-mark is placed, for the direction of mariners, from which Dover Point binds the entrance to the harbour of Brading. This point, which is near half a mile from the village of St. Helen's, chokes up the harbour, and obſtructs the entrance of ſhips of burden.

From this ſpot the harbour appears like a lake, the land cloſing it on all ſides, and preſenting many pictureſque features.

Nettleſtone Priory, diſtant about a mile and a half, was the next object of attraction. They hoped to find ſome venerable remains of antiquity, and the avenue of nodding elms, which formed the approach, gave encouragement to their belief; but their expectations were ſpeedily fruſtrated: neither beauty nor antiquity invited the eye; nothing more than a dirty farm-yard was to be ſeen.

The old manſion, which ſtill retains the name of the Priory, is neat, but ſmall. Some additions have been begun by Sir Naſh Groſe, which bid fair to render it a deſirable reſidence. The proſpects have many, and various beauties. Some ſalt-works have been eſtabliſhed near this place, which are well conducted.

From hence proceeded towards Ride, through a pleaſant, well-wooded country. On their right lay St. John's, late the ſeat of Lord Amherſt, now of Mr. Lake. It is advantageouſly ſituated on a

riſing

riſing ground. Before it lie the ſylvan ſcenes of Ride, and behind it the ſea. The building is ſimply elegant, and, with its accompaniments, forms a deſirable reſidence.

Upper Ride ſtands on the top of a hill, in a ſalubrious air. It contains ſome good houſes, and is much reſorted to by company, during the bathing ſeaſon. The accommodations are not only equal to thoſe of moſt other watering places in the iſland, but there is the additional inducement of good roads, and pleaſant rides, branching out from it in different directions.

Lower Ride is a ſtraggling place, and its inhabitants are chiefly fiſhermen, or perſons engaged in the coaſting trade. The paſſage from hence to Portſmouth is the ſhorteſt from any point of the iſland. Boats paſs regularly every morning, at ſeven in the ſummer, and nine in the winter, to Goſport and Portſmouth.

Towards the weſtern extremity of the village are the bathing houſes, which are ſufficiently commodious. The water here is very pure, and the coaſt is ſhoal for nearly a mile.

Between Ride and Brimſted, ſeveral delightful ſcenes preſent themſelves. Beyond the laſt-mentioned place, they entered the noble woods that ſurround Quarr Abbey. Theſe diſplay the moſt luxuriant vegetation of any they had ſeen in the iſland; and are the reſort of an immenſe number of wood pigeons, whoſe querulous notes gave ſolemnity to the ſhade.

At length they reached the abbey,

Where pious beadſmen, from the world retir'd,
In bliſsful viſions wing'd their ſouls to heav'n:
While future joys their ſober tranſports fir'd,
They wept their erring days,—and were forgiv'n.

KEATE.

This famous abbey was founded in the reign of Henry I. by Baldwin, earl of Devon, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks were of the Ciſtercian order. The building was anciently ſurrounded by a wall, nearly a mile in circumference, the veſtiges of which remain. The greateſt part of the pile, however, is no more. The church or chapel may ſtill be traced at the eaſt end, and ſome vaults are diſcernible at the weſt. Of the walls that are ſtanding, ſome are converted into barns, and others degraded to lower agricultural offices. The adjoining farm-houſe is a modern building, raiſed out of the materials of the abbey, whoſe former grandeur lies a wreck to time; ſo that its poor remains do not furniſh enough for one intereſting view.

Proceeding through an avenue, they bent their courſe towards Wootton Bridge. The oaks now began to aſſume their rubid, autumnal tints, which, blending with the yellow of the aſh, produced a mellow, glowing colour.

In paſſing through the wood, they obſerved a buck and a doe, which had eſcaped from the park of Sir Richard Worſley; and at the extremity of this range of cover, they came cloſe to Wootton Bridge Hill. Here every diverſity encountered the ſight. The valley was irriguous, and feathered down the ſides with wood. The left hand preſents an entire ſcreen of woods, which gracefully fall from Nunwell to Aſhey Down.

The right of Wootton Bridge leads to the ſea. This they ſailed down, charmed with its beauties, it only wanted rock to render it highly picturesque.

Returning, they paſſed on for Barton, the property of Mr. Blackford. Here a convent, or oratory of friars, of the order of St. Auguſtin, was founded in the year 1282, which, in 1439 was granted to the College of Wincheſter.

Barton Houſe ſtands on an eminence, and commands ſome pleaſant proſpects. It is an ancient building, apparently of the Elizabethan age. A great ſameneſs runs through the whole, both internally and externally.

The lawn in front is pleaſant, but planted in too formal a ſtyle, to pleaſe a modern eye.

Otborn, the ſeat of Robert Pope Blackford, eſq. was the next place they viſited. The diſtance between it and Barton is not great, nor does the road preſent much novelty. This ſeat is one of the beſt choſen in the iſland. It is pleaſantly ſituated, on a fine, ſpacious lawn, lying down towards the ſea, over which, and the oppoſite coaſt, it has noble views. The building is large, and poſſeſſes every convenience for a reſidence.

From hence, they touched at Old Caſtle Point; and as they had before, in their way to Newport, rode along the weſtern boundaries of the Medina, they now made its eaſtern ſide their principal object.

After leaving Eaſt Cowes, they proceeded to Whippingham, whoſe church is a curioſity of its kind. Inſtead of a tower, it has two gable ends. The vicarage, though rather low, is exceedingly pleaſant, fronting the river, and commanding the oppoſite ſhores.

Approaching Newport, the river is ſeen to meander in delightful curves, while the banks, on its tranſlucent boſom, add to the luſtre of the

ſcene,

ſcene, in which Cariſbrook Caſtle and Botany Bay Mill are prominent objects. This mill is one of the beſt ſpots on the banks of the Medina, for pictureſque effect.

Aſcending the riſing grounds, the hills round Cariſbrook opened more fully; and the evening at the ſame time cloſing in, gave a vivid tint to the ſurrounding ſcenery.

The river continued to diverſify its meanders at every ſtep they advanced, till they reached Fairlee, the ſeat of Mr. White. This houſe is built on an eminence, and commands both views of the river. The ſituation and accompaniments are more beautiful than the ſtructure itſelf, which is rather convenient than elegant. The lawn before it deſcends to the water ſide, and reflects a luſtre on the building.

Soon after they entered Newport, at the eaſt bridge, and thus completed their tour round the extremities of the iſle.

Their next object was to explore its pictureſque beauties, in the interior, and to view the iſland from its central mountains. For this purpoſe they proceeded eaſtward, to the foot of Arreton Downs, which they fell in with at Shide Mill. The ſituation of this place is very beautiful; a few trees ſeem to encircle every houſe, while the Medina ſtrays along the valley in all its glory.

The road over the downs is ſteep, and the ſoil compoſed of chalk and gravel. As they aſcended, they enjoyed ſome delightful landſcapes over the vale and the ſurrounding hills. Gatcombe Houſe was a conſpicuous object, and the bird's eye view of the village of Arreton, was more

pleaſant than any light in which it had been hitherto ſeen.

From this down, Cowes Harbour appears to great advantage, while, on the oppoſite ſhore, Luttrell's Folly and Calſhot Caſtle fall into the diſtance. After eyeing with rapture the various landſcapes which this elevation preſented, under the mild influence of a grey dawn, as well as under the riſing beams of the orb of day, they proceeded a little farther to Athey Sea Mark, a triangular pyramid of ſtone, about twenty feet high, deſigned as a guide for ſhips ſailing from St. Helen's to Spithead.

The ſcenes from this point are grand beyond deſcription, and too extenſive to be particularized. The coaſt of Suſſex bounded the diſtance in the moſt enchanting manner.

Paſſed on to Brading Downs, and enjoyed a repetition of the ſame ſcenes. They then ſkirted the oppoſite brow of the downs, and here the valley of Sandown opened under a new aſpect. The hedge-rows, however, were too formal and too regular to be pleaſing. Theſe deſtroy the pictureſque effect of many of the fineſt ſcenes in this iſland; nor are the numerous incloſures, into which it is divided, favourable to travelling with eaſe and expedition. Such are the effects of cultivation; and though an artiſt, or an occaſional viſiter, might wiſh it otherwiſe; the native, and the reflecting ſtranger, either find ſomething in the ſcene for ſelf felicitation, or for generous ſympathy.

Next reached the woods of Knighton, where the ſeat of Mr. Biſſet broke on their ſight, ſituated in a beautiful, but a recluſe dale. Though not modern, this houſe exhibits much taſte and judgment

judgment in its conſtruction. The windows are antique, and though many repairs muſt have taken place ſince its foundation, the unity of the original deſign ſeems perfectly to have been obſerved.

On each ſide of this manſion is a range of woods; but a ſufficient ſpace intervenes, to admit ſome beautiful views. The plantations to the left form a ſweet receſs, and invite to a contemplation of thoſe charms which they ſo liberally diſplay. The trees are large and well grown, and ſpread in thoſe eaſy lines that give never-failing pleaſure to the eye.

Knighton Houſe ſtands on an elevation above the ordinary level of the earth. A wall ſupports the grounds lying at its back, and even part of the garden by theſe means is raiſed parallel with it. The inſide is roomy, but, like its exterior, favours of the antique. A few pictures decorate the apartments.

Proceeded to Newchurch, the approach to which is up a hill. The church is old, but unintereſting; nor do the houſes in general convey any idea of elegance or gentility. The view from the church-yard is the principal attraction here.

From hence paſſed Queen Bower, on the top of whoſe hill ſtands a hut, that commands ſome pre-eminent landſcapes. Croſſing the Aſp, turned through Landgard, and under Shanklin Downs to Wroxall. This little village lies near Appledurcombe; and being furniſhed with admiſſion tickets to that ſplendid ſeat, they immediately proceeded to view it.

Appledurcombe, the reſidence of Sir Richard Worſley, ſtands in one of the principal valleys of the iſland; and taken altogether, the ſituation

is pleaſant, but deſtitute of that grandeur which reſults from the ruder features of nature.

The manſion is large and elegant, and built of free-ſtone. It has four regular fronts, of the Corinthian order, the principal of which is adorned with wings, and graced with a lawn. The offices lie behind, and this way ſtrangers generally approach.

Paſſing through the ſervants' hall, they were uſhered into the great hall, a ſuperb and elegant apartment, embelliſhed with the choiceſt productions of art. Some beautiful paintings decorate the walls, and the buſts diſplay great judgement in their ſelection. The roof is ſupported by eight beautiful Ionic pillars, which have a reſemblance to porphyry.

The dining-room contains ſome of the fineſt pictures ever produced by the pencil of Zuccarelli; perhaps not inferior to thoſe at Windſor and Hampton Court. Two charming paintings, by Berghem, alſo grace this apartment.

From this they entered the drawing-room, which is pleaſantly ſituated and ſuperbly furniſhed. Returning from the drawing-room, they were conducted to the library. The moſt attractive beauty here is an angel on the ceiling, in the act of flying. The colouring is beautiful, and the drawing chaſtely correct.

In the interior library, is a ſun-ſet, of exquiſite beauty and merit; and a whole length of Sir Richard Worſley, in regimentals, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, with ſome other productions of the pencil. The little dreſſing-room is fitted up with ſome beautiful Italian views, in water colours.

The

The organ-room is replete with works of art. A painting, by Rubens, repreſenting nymphs bathing, poſſeſſes all the excellency of that maſter. One by Palamedes, of a merry-making, has alſo a claim to merit. The works of Don and Van Helmont likewiſe appear among the decorations of this room.

Returning to the veſtibule, they were arreſted by ſeveral paintings of the firſt order. That of Liberality, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, is eminently beautiful. The principal figure is ſuch as the brilliant imagination of that artiſt uſually forms. A picture of Maſter Worſley, by Coſway, is placed over the door. Several other pieces of great merit adorn the walls.

It ſeems recent orders had been given, not to admit ſtrangers up ſtairs. "This," ſays our author, "we could not help lamenting, as we were informed that it contains ſixty rooms, and that moſt of them are ornamented with paintings. But if thoſe, in the rooms above, are as much obſcured by dirt and varniſh, as the principal part of what we ſaw below, we may venture to pronounce this throughout, to be the collection of a perfect connoiſſeur."

Leaving the houſe, they paſſed through the park, towards Godſhill. The entrance into the park is by a handſome gateway, of the Ionic order; and in it riſes an obeliſk, of Corniſh granite, of conſiderable height, to the memory of Sir Robert Worſley. Cock's Caſtle, as it is called, a very picturesque object from the houſe, ſtands on a rocky cliff, and has a good effect from many points of view.

A great deficiency of wood is perceptible in the

the park. The clumps are unconnected, and give no pleaſurable impreſſion to the mind.

At this place was formerly a cell, of Benedictine monks, founded by Iſabella de Fortibus, about the end of the reign of Henry III. It was rendered ſubordinate to the Abbey of St. Mary de Montiſburgh, in Normandy, but diſſolved with the reſt of the alien priories, and given to a convent of nuns, near Aldgate, London.

Paſſing the Park Farm, they ſoon after arrived at Godſhill, a very neat, but ſmall place. The church ſtands on a hill, and is very old. At this time, part of it had tumbled in, and the gadding ivy, which appeared in what was ſtanding, give the whole a pictureſque effect. This edifice was greatly damaged by lightning in 1778.

Among other abſtracts from acts of parliament, which covered the church door, was one which enacts, "that every female who intrudes on a pariſh a ſecond illegitimate child, ſhall be liable to impriſonment and hard labour, for ſix months in Bridewell." Our author ſeems to inſinuate, that the females are much more numerous on this iſland than the males, and that, among the lower ranks, marriage is not always thought of, till the approach of a ſecond pledge of love between the parties; when it is contracted, in order to avoid the conſequences of the anathema on the church door.

Finding themſelves nearly in a track they had viſited before, in their tour round the coaſt, they they made a digreſſion up Chillerton Street, from whence they ſkirted the oppoſite ſide of the vale of Gatcombe,

Here nature appeared in her moſt luxuriant dreſs. Down this vale runs the rivulet which

forms

forms the Medina, and it obtains the ſame name; long before it has any pretenſions to the rank of a river.

Proceeding through a continuation of the ſame kind of country, they arrived at Sheat, ſituated on a pleaſant, rural hill, and ſurrounded by ſmall woods, which ſerve to repoſe the eye.

After deſcending a ſlope, they arrived at Gatcombe Houſe, the ſeat of Captain Ratray. This manſion is ſheltered behind by a plantation of pines, and has an agreeable aſpect. A fine lawn ſpreads its verdant turf in front, and extends to the road. A beautiful piece of water lies in the bottom; and the whole of the accompaniments are ſuch as indicate comfort united with elegance.

The oppoſite Downs of Arreton range delightfully to the valley of Newchurch, and finally interpoſe between the town of Newport and the Downs of Appledurcombe. The whole landſcape is pictureſque.

Leaving Gatcombe, they directed their courſe to Whitcomb. Here they ſaw Alvington Foreſt, under a new aſpect, and enjoyed a repetition of ſcenery they had noticed in other lights before.

Making a diverſion to the left, they now proceeded towards Cariſbrook Caſtle, a place rendered famous by the confinement of Charles I.

On an elevation ſtands this once ſtrong fortreſs. Nature has conſiderably contributed to its ſecurity, as it is ſituated in ſuch a manner, as to command every point below. The ditch, which encompaſſes it, is of great width, and in all probability was once filled with water, though now dry.

The

The citadel is the moſt ancient part of the building, and though the exact era of its foundation cannot be aſcertained, there is ſufficient evidence to ſhew, that it muſt have been very remote. The well in the caſtle yard is reckoned a Roman work, and it is likely, that people might firſt fix on this ſpot as a place of defence. The Saxons followed them, and, as is uſual, adopted the ſame fortifications. In the reign of Cerdic, it is ſaid to have been a place of ſome conſequence, and ſome aſcribe its foundation to Whitager, one of his generals.

The preſent ſtructure was grafted on the old, by William Fitzoſborne, one of the Norman commanders; and on whom, in return for his zeal and fidelity, the conqueror conferred the lordſhip of the Iſle of Wight.

The caſtle and its appendages, from that period, fell to different maſters, till Lord Woodville ſold it to Edward IV. and from that time it has been annexed to the crown. The arms of Woodville are carved over the large gateway, and on each ſide are the roſes of the houſe of York.

The well is about three hundred feet deep, and always ſtands twenty feet high in water. A piece of lighted paper let into it, is extinguiſhed before it reaches the bottom, and a pin of common ſize is diſtinctly heard to drop on the water.

An aſs is employed to raiſe the water, by means of a wheel fifteen feet diameter, which the animal turns like a dog. One of theſe drudges lived forty years within the caſtle walls; and indeed, the longevity both of men and beaſts, in this iſland, cannot eſcape obſervation. A conſiderable number of both exceed the ordinary limits of life.

During

During a long ſucceſſion of ages, the caſtle having fallen greatly to decay, was repaired and enlarged by Queen Elizabeth. That princeſs erected a platform towards the back part of it; rebuilt the gateway, and added a bridge at the entrance. The initials of her name, and the date of the year, are ſtill preſerved on the arch of the gateway.

During Cromwell's uſurpation, it was garriſoned by his forces, and the command given to ſuch as he could particularly confide in.

The grand entrance into this fortreſs is by a gate, flanked with two towers, built in the reign of Edward IV. It is lined with iron bars, of prodigious weight. This gate conducts to the caſtle-yard, on the right of which ſtands the chapel, a modern building, dedicated to St. Nicholas, with a cemetery belonging to it; but neither are now in uſe.

On the oppoſite ſide, part of the walls lie in ruins. Near theſe is ſhewn the window from which, it is ſaid, Charles I. attempted to eſcape; and, on the ſame ſide, is a modern houſe, deſigned for the reſidence of the governor. A little farther, to the right, is the well already mentioned, and beyond it the remains of an old houſe.

On an angle to the left is a flight of ſteps, which lead to the top of the citadel, from which the proſpects are very extenſive. In the inſide of this are the veſtiges of a well, now nearly filled up. The citadel, or keep, is built on a piece of ground more elevated than the reſt. This was probably artificial, and may, perhaps, be attributed to the indefatigable Romans.

They next mounted the ramparts and platform, erected by Queen Elizabeth, from which a new ſcene opens in the valley below. The whole external appearance of the caſtle is pictureſque; and the ground on which it ſtands is finely broken and tinted.

The height of Cariſbrook Caſtle, from the valley, is at leaſt three hundred feet, which gives it every advantage of command and defence.

Leaving this ſtately relic of the fortifications of other times, they deſcended to the village of Cariſbrook, which, independent of its delightful ſituation, is, of itſelf, a pleaſant place. The church is one of the moſt pictureſque in the iſland. Its tower is of conſiderable height, and is properly ornamented with Gothic pinnacles. The large window is very fine; and, in ſhort, a ſymmetry runs through the whole building, that cannot fail to pleaſe.

The priory, ſituated near the church, was formerly tenanted by black monks. At firſt it was a cell to the Abbey of Lyra, in Normandy; afterwards to that of Mountgrace, in Yorkſhire; and laſtly was appended to the Ciſtercians, at Sheen. Its remains are little ſtriking. Some of its walls are covered with ivy and moſs; and one, on the weſt ſide, is converted into a hovel for carts.

Leaving Cariſbrook, they entered the road to Yarmouth, cut on the ſide of a chalky hill, for near a mile, and commanding the beautiful vale of Parkhurſt.

Reach Park Croſs, an enchanting ſcene, poſſeſſed of every requiſite to render it beautiful in a picture. This landſcape at once delighted and amuſed them. It conſiſted of wild nature, ſcattering

taring beauties over the richeſt profuſion of objects that could encounter the ſight.

On their right, the downs roſe with ſplendor, and gave majeſty to all below them; while the valleys, ſmiling in vegetation, contributed their utmoſt aid to embelliſh this voluptuous ſcene.

With regret they left the contemplation of the lovely vale of Alvington; and, in their progreſs, could not help contraſting it with views which ſunk ſtill more in their eſtimation, from the compariſon.

At length they came in ſight of the woods of Swanſton. On an extenſive riſing plain ſtands Swanſton Houſe, the ſeat of Sir William Barrington. The manſion is plain, but pleaſing to the view. The inſide is fitted up in the ancient ſtyle, but extremely neat. From the drawing-room, there is a fine view over the ſurrounding country. This apartment is genteel, and contains a few good paintings.

In the breakfaſt-room are ſome old portraits of the family, not deſtitute of pictorial merit. The other rooms, on the ground-floor, look over the Solent Sea and New Foreſt. The bed-rooms are ſimply elegant.

Returning over the hill, they enjoyed a delightful range of ſcenery on the right, and made for the village of Calbourne, ſtanding in a triangular receſs of elms and aſhes, at the bottom of the downs. It has every advantage that a retired ſituation can command.

Weſtover Houſe, in this vicinity, ſtands on an eminence, and looks over all the north-weſt part of the iſland, as well as towards Alvington and Parkhurſt, down to the Medina. It is the hoſpitable manſion of Mr. Holmes.

Leaving Weſtover to the right, they ſtruck into the Yarmouth road, where the hills of Freſhwater, on the left, exhibited new ſplendor.

They now returned to the road they had purſued to Newtown, but nothing occured more than had been noticed in their former route.

Croſſing the left ſtream of Newtown, at Underwood, they came to Elmſworth, a little, rural ſpot, from whence they had a diſtinct view of Thorneſs Bay, part of which is well varied and wooded.

Paſſing through Great Thorneſs, they entered Rue Street, and made for the ſtone quarries of Gurnet Bay. The vale of Gurnet is marſhy, and ſubject to inundations of the ſea in winter. The ſtone quarries, as they are termed, are noble maſſes of true rock, which are as much looſened by the inceſſant working of the waves, as by the labour of the workmen. From the ſtone here, the works at Portſmouth are conſtructed; and, when the weather permits, three or four ſloops are generally lying in the bay, to lade with it. Its coat is proof againſt the attacks of time or weather, and is finer in the grain than that brought from Portland or Purbeck. Moſt of the capital dwellings in the iſland are built with this excellent material.

From hence they viſited the ſeat of Mr. Collins, at Egypt, the moſt northerly point of the iſland, and paſſed the land they had ſo frequently viewed from the Hampſhire ſhores.

After this, they entered Cowes, and thus completed their tour of the iſland, in every direction that a horſe-road would permit.

Next morning they embarked, with a deſign to view the different ſhores of this charming

iſland

iſland, from its circumambient element, and leaving the harbour of Cowes, ſtretched to the northward, and cleared Old Caſtle Point, which received no inconſiderable addition to its beauty from the bluſhing rays of the morn.

Paſſed down the eaſt ſide of Oſborne, and ſtill verging on the ſhore, came oppoſite the ſcreens of wood that range down the extremities of King's Key, a creek, neither remarkable for its depth nor grandeur.

Coaſting along the ſame kind of ſhore, they arrived off Fiſhborne Creek, a ſweet ſpot, which, at this early ſeaſon of the day, was replete with picturesque beauty.

Paſſing Fiſh Houſe, and the woods at Quarr Abbey, they tacked to the eaſtern extremity of Motherbank, where the view extended from the entrance of Southampton Water to that of Portſmouth Harbour. A large receſs of water intrudes on the land, near Quarr Abbey; and here was formerly a quarry of ſome conſideration, which is now, however, little uſed.

Came oppoſite the village of Ride, the houſes of which hang on the water's edge, but the ſcene is not very intereſting.

Making Appley, ſeveral points break on the eye at once. The ſhore here is very rocky, and the beach is dangerous,

Old Fort lies a little farther on, where the land is more diverſified. In this vicinity are ſome ſalt-works.

A ſimilar ſhore preſented itſelf, till they got beyond Nettleſtone Priory. Maſſes of rock had tumbled from the cliffs, and tinctured by the iron-ore, with which they are interſperſed, gave

a diverſity to the colouring. The ſhores are alſo ſtrongly tinged with copperas.

Croſſing from St. Helen's Point to that of Bimbridge, they had a diſtinct view of the vale which extends from Brading to Appledurcombe.

From the ſandy point of Bimbridge, they trended to Foreland Point, the eaſtern extremity of the iſland. Here the cliffs are very high, and afford ſhelter to numerous marine birds, which breed here.

As they ſkirted along Sandown Bay, they found the bottom compoſed of a fine, hard ſand. The Downs of Yaverland, viewed from this ſpot, riſe to a conſiderable height, and give a noble effect to the bay.

The next attractive object was the beautiful ſituation and proſpect of Mr. Wilkes's ſeat, which, viewed from the ſea, has a handſome appearance.

More to the ſouthward, the rocks aſſume a deeper dye, and ſome of them are perfectly black. This hue ariſes from the nature of the ſoil, and, in the opinion of mineralogiſts, is an indication that veins of coal are near. Indeed it appears that coal mines were once worked in theſe parts, but have long ſince been diſcontinued, on account of the produce being found inadequate to the expence.

A fiſh, of a peculiar nature, called the ſand-eel, is found in this bay. It is very ſlender, and ſeldom more than three or four inches long; ſomewhat reſembling a ſmelt, both in colour and taſte. The fiſhermen, at low water, turn up the ſand with a three pronged fork, when the fiſh leap out, and are taken up in conſiderable quantities, by this ſimple method.

The

The ſandhopper is alſo very common here. It reſembles a ſhrimp in colour, as well as conformation. At low water they cover the ſhore, and are greedily devoured by the hogs, which deſcend to the beach, in ſearch of this voluptuous repaſt.

Shanklin Chine, in their paſſage, loſt no ſhare of its grandeur, but appeared even to greater advantage, particularly the aſcents of Horſe Lodge, which form the ſouthern extremity of the bay.

Their attention was next attracted by Dunnoſe, a point of rocky land, lying to the ſouthward of Luccombe Chine. As the veſſel kept to windward, in order to weather the point, the Downs of Luccombe and St. Boniface ſeemed to claſh near on its awful, pendent ſides, and preſented a terrific ſcene. The aſcent of this tremendous rock is nearly ſeven hundred feet; and ſheep, grazing on its ſummit, loſe all proportion of form, when viewed from the bottom, and appear only like dots.

The day beginning to cloſe in very faſt, and the coaſt here being rocky and dangerous, they found themſelves under the neceſſity of proceeding to Steep Hill, in order to paſs the night. The coaſt continued the whole way to exhibit a moſt rugged aſpect, compoſed of cliffs and a few water-falls. The hills of Bonchurch well contraſted with the white cliffs that bordered the ſhore, and the cottages which appeared here and there, aſſimilated with the general compoſition of the landſcape.

Having cautiouſly advanced oppoſite Ventnor Mill, and the wind dying away, they took to a wherry, which landed them ſafely under Steep Hill. Here they found the ſame accommodation

as in their former viſit to the place. The ſeat of Mr Tollemache is a pretty object from hence, but appears rather too much ſequeſtered in woods. At a greater diſtance from the ſhore, however, its local charms are diſcloſed in all their perfection.

The hills of Steep Hill range with great beauty, when viewed from the ſea. The rocks are finely harmonized, and preſent great diverſity of form.

Re-embarking next morning, they ſtood out to ſea, to avoid the dangers of the rugged ſhore, which is lined with lurking rocks.

Sailing cloſe to the ſhore of Undercliff, they found the appearance of the coaſt very diverſified, but highly tinted with pendent woods and varied grounds. At every avenue that would admit of it, ſome bold, broken promontory ſtruck the ſight, and continually cloſed the ſide ſcreens.

When they formerly paſſed Undercliff on horſe-back, the ſhore was entirely hid from their view; but now they enjoyed every pleaſure of proſpect that diſtance could give, and the united effect of rock, wood, mountains, and water, was blended in the moſt exquiſite ſtyle.

The village of St. Lawrence ſeemed to relieve the ſcene, and to give it novelty. A number of boat-houſes enter into the compoſition of the picture, and a ſmall caſcade, which has been magnified by ſome touriſts to a Switzerland cataract.

The ſame kind of ſhore, particularly rocks and ſhoals, continued till they came near Crab Niton, where Undercliff terminates.

The break of rocks from Old Park to Niton Down, where it again commences, is nearly half a mile. This opening leads to the Newport road,

road; and to other places in the centre of the iſland.

A little farther weſtward, they arrived at St. Catharine's, the moſt ſouthern point of the iſland.

The rocks, which finally terminate the range of Undercliff, are the higheſt of all. Sir Richard Worſley, the chief hiſtorian of the iſland, ſays, that the Hill of St. Catharine's is ſeven hundred and fifty feet high, from the water's edge; and, judging from appearance, it cannot be leſs.

At a diſtance, theſe rocks appear like fortifications. The terrific aſcent of St. Catharine's, though bold in its declination towards the ſea, is well verdured, and has nothing repulſive in its aſpect. A valley ranges round its weſtern front. Near the bottom, on the eaſtern ſide, is a fertile ſpot, ſprinkled with ſome cottages.

Paſſing the point of Rocken-end, an entire new ſcene preſented itſelf. The dangerous Bay of Chale firſt ſaluted the ſight. The principal objects from it are Walpan and Black-gang Chines, with the dropping-well of the latter. "This track of coaſt poſſeſſes," ſays our author, "that kind of appearance which, while it excites horror, ſtill pleaſes the imagination; as we ſee nature running riot, and overleaping all bounds. But while ſhe thus pleaſes the ſpeculative traveller, ſhe appears terrific to thoſe whom chance or accident may drive on the coaſt."

Little novelty is to be met with from hence to Freſhwater. Paſſing Atherfield Point and Compton Chine, they entered the Bay of Brixton, where the ſea rolls with great impetuoſity, and ſeems to make inceſſant encroachments on the ſhore.

Jackman's Chine is the principal one in the bay. It leads to the village of Brixton.

Still

Still coaſting on, they paſſed Brook Chine and Compton village, when Freſhwater Bay opened, with all its romantic beauties.

Along the Main Bench are numerous chaſms in the cliffs, with continual receſſes and caves at the bottom. The picturesque appearance of the whole is ſuch as cannot fail to pleaſe.

Paſſing the cliffs of Main Bench, they once more arrived at the Needles, and from thence entered Allum Bay. From the water, the landſcape is highly beautiful. Its variegation, its ſudden knolls, its abrupt ridges, and little caſcades, are all intereſting.

The appearance of the coaſt is nearly the ſame throughout the whole to Totland Bay and Warden Lodge, with only ſome variations of horror, occaſioned by the devaſtation of the ocean, which undermining the cliffs, give them a terrific appearance.

The point of Carey's Sconce introduced them into Yarmouth Roads. This is the neareſt projection of the iſland to the neck of land on which Hurſt Caſtle ſtands; and, according to ſome, this diſtance was once paſſable at low water *. Yarmouth Road is much frequented by his majeſty's cruizers, ſtationed in the Channel for the prevention of ſmuggling.

Leaving the river Yar, or, as it is more generally called, Freſhwater Lake, on their right, they continued the trendings of the coaſt, which, for ſome ſpace, was a comfortleſs beach, with a few inſignificant, broken maſſes and clumps.

* Without abſolutely vouching for the truth of this, much credit is certainly due to uninterrupted tradition. Our author ſeems to deny the *poſſibility* of the fact; we ſee little reaſon for calling its *probability* in queſtion.

About

About two miles, however, from Yarmouth, it aſſumes a more cheerful aſpect, and forms a ridge of mountains, which chiefly encircle the water of Shalfleet.

A quantity of limeſtone and abrupt promontories conſtitute the character of this ſhore. In many parts it is well tinted; and, in general, it is not deſtitute of picturesque beauty.

Paſſing the flat point of Newtown Haven, they entered Shalfleet Lake, encircled with fine hills.

From thence they proceeded to Thorneſs Bay, the ſhores of which are highly picturesque, from the profuſion of wood and rock which compoſes them.

Weathering another point, they entered Gurnet Bay, celebrated for the excellent ſtone it produces; but the only part of it that was calculated for a picture was the opening that looks toward Cariſbrook Hills. This valley is extremely fertile and ſylvan, and ranges in pleaſing forms, till the mountains cloſe the view.

Stretching now for the Brambles, they once more paſſed Cowes Caſtle, and entered the harbour, after an aquatic excurſion of two days, in which they had encircled the iſland, and taken a view of its different ſcenes from the ocean.

Mr. Haſſell concludes his agreeable account of this beautiful iſle, with the following reflections: "The pleaſing variety," ſays he, "of hill and dale, with which it abounds; the delightful ſituation of the gentlemen's ſeats; the venerable remains of its antiquity; the rich and extenſive ſea-views, that every where preſent themſelves; and, above all, the grand and noble craggy cliffs, which at once ſerve as a natural fortification to the iſland, and exhibit the moſt magnificent

and

and awful ſcenes; all theſe combined, muſt naturally excite the curioſity of every admirer of the ſuperb works of nature; and, at the ſame time, they account for the frequent viſits that are made to the iſland. Indeed, I know not where a party, engaged in a pleaſurable ſcheme, could find their expectations more fully gratified; to which, I think, I might add, the natural civility and hoſpitality of the inhabitants at large, do not a little contribute."

Next day they bade adieu to the Iſle of Wight, and, after a pleaſant paſſage, landed at Southampton.

As they purſued their former track from Southampton to Wootton, the well-known prophecy of Nixon was ſuddenly brought to their recollection, by a man, at one of the turnpike-gates, putting out his hand, on which were two thumbs, to receive the toll. This was the more ſtriking, as they had juſt before ſeen a man plying on Southampton quay with a ſimilar excreſcence; and to add to their wonder, they were informed, that a third perſon, living near Andover, all in the ſame county, was rendered remarkable by the ſame ſingularity.

Entered on the New Foreſt, in the road to Stony Croſs, and paſſed over a circular lawn ſurrounded with oaks, after which they found themſelves in the heart of this woodland track.

The high roads through this foreſt are chiefly compoſed of gravel, and are at all times eaſy and pleaſant to travel on. Nothing, however, beyond ſylvan ſcenery ſaluted their view, till they reached the five-mile ſtone, near which ſtands the hoſpitable manſion of Mr. Gilbert, which they had not leiſure to inſpect.

Proceeding

Proceeding through a range of cover, they arrived at the ſummit of Stony Croſs Hill, near the bottom of which, on the left, ſtands a pillar, erected by the late Lord Delawar, in commemoration of the fatal cataſtrophe of William Rufus. It conſiſts of a plain, triangular ſtone, not more than ſix feet high, ſurmounted with a ball, and charged with the ſubſequent tame inſcriptions:

Firſt ſide.

Here ſtood the oak-tree, on which an arrow, ſhot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a ſtag, glanced, and ſtruck King William the Second, ſirnamed Rufus, in the breaſt, of which he inſtantly died, on the ſecond day of Auguſt, anno 1100.

Second ſide.

King William the Second, ſirnamed Rufus, being ſlain, as is before related, was laid in a cart, belonging to one Purkis*, and drawn from hence to Wincheſter, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

Third ſide.

ANNO M.DCC.XLV.

That where an event ſo memorable had happened, might not be hereafter unknown, this ſtone was ſet up by John, lord Delawar, who has ſeen the tree growing in this place.

Underneath.

This ſtone was repaired by John Richard, earl Delawar,
ANNO M.DCC.LXXXIX.

Beneath the inſcription, on the firſt ſide, has been added the following memorandum:

This ſpot was viſited by King George the Third and Queen Charlotte, on the 27th of June, 1789.

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*If we miſtake not, the deſcendants of this man continue near the ſpot to the preſent day.

The

The body of water between this part of Hampſhire and the Iſle of Wight, appeared from Stony Croſs but a ſmall river, the diſtance being ſo conſiderable as to deprive it at once of extent and grandeur. The iſle itſelf, enveloped in a blue miſt, bounded the diſtance.

After encountering ſeveral ſteep hills, reached the manſion of Lord Delawar. The ſituation of this houſe is ſuch as to command extenſive views, but, in itſelf, it is deſtitute of cheerful ſcenery. A plain, deſert heath, for many miles, tires the view; yet, from ſome points, the proſpect is not abſolutely deſtitute of picturesque beauty, particularly when the eye is directed to the woody ſcreens that form the back ground.

Arrived at Picked Poſt, and there formed the reſolution of croſſing to Lymington, and from thence to ſkirt the weſtern boundaries of the foreſt, along the banks of the Avon.

The road was very intricate, nor were the objects ſtriking, except to the enthuſiaſtic admirer of nature in her wildeſt form, amidſt ſhades where art ſeldom interferes. Beyond Burleigh, entered on a warren, well ſtocked with rabbits; and then daſhing into the heart of the foreſt, proceeded, for a conſiderable way, through a continued grove.

After a tedious ride from Burleigh, they arrived at Pitner's End, the termination of the foreſt towards Lymington, which place they ſoon reached a ſecond time.

Again continued their tour, and paſſing Millford, proceeded down the ſandy neck of land, on which Hurſt Caſtle ſtands. In this fortreſs, which was built to defend the paſſage between the coaſt of Hampſhire and the Needles, a garriſon is

uſually

uſually kept; but the caſtle is not now of great conſideration.

Reſuming their courſe, near the five-mile ſtone, on the Chriſtchurch road, ſtands the ſeat of Mr. Lebrock. Built on an elevation, it commands a very extenſive view of the weſt end of the Iſle of Wight and the circumjacent country. The architecture is nothing remarkable; but the covers, that ſurround the houſe, are very beautiful, and fall gradually and gracefully into each other.

Winding round the bottom of Mr. Lebrock's grounds, they ſoon arrived in ſight of High Cliff, the ſeat of the Earl of Bute, which, at a diſtance, has a caſtellated appearance.

They had now a full proſpect of the Dorſetſhire Hills; but they were too naked to inſpire pleaſurable ideas.

Reaching the manſion of the Earl of Bute, they anticipated the ſatisfaction they ſhould receive from the examination of the collections of a nobleman, ſo diſtinguiſhed for taſte and judgment. Their expectations, however, were fruſtrated, owing to a ſickneſs in the family; and they could only obtain a general view of the exterior, which ſcarcely compenſated for the trouble they had given themſelves.

The back front is what would be called ſuperb by the greateſt part of the world; but, to our author, it ſeemed deficient in elegance; and, for a habitation, he thought the neat, little manſion of Sir William Fordyce, which lay oppoſite, infinitely more deſirable.

Leaving High Cliff, they proceeded to Chriſtchurch, in view of the Avon, whoſe ſtream had been much augmented by the recent rains, and ſpread far beyond its channel. Yet, notwith-

ſtanding this diſadvantage, the vale, through which it meandered, appeared in the moſt vivid tints of nature, and exhibited a thouſand objects to enchant the eye.

Though Chriſtchurch is not remarkable for internal elegance, yet its ſituation and its delightful views render it truly intereſting. The Needles and the Iſle of Wight are the back ground of the picture, and in the intervening ſpace of ſea, a ſucceſſion of moving objects give conſtant animation to the ſcene.

Here was anciently a priory of ſecular canons, which was afterwards changed to regular canons, of the order of St. Auguſtine.

The collegiate church, dedicated to Chriſt, is a beautiful old pile, of mixed Saxon and Gothic architecture. Its form is ſingular, and it is compoſed of a great variety of parts.

The tower is rather elegant than lofty, and is principally Gothic. On the outſide of the tranſept is much carved work, chiefly Saxon; and from hence towards the eaſt is a jumble of architectural ornament.

"The inſide," ſays our touriſt, "has undergone many worſe than Cromwellian depredations, from the *improvements* that have from time to time taken place. But even theſe being inſufficient to convince the world of a want of taſte and knowledge in their predeceſſors, the preſent corporation have permitted a piece of noble architecture to be taken down, in order to make room for the erection of new pews, for the accommodation of gentlemen's families *".

The

* As the ſole object of churches is for the convenient reception of congregations, engaged in the ſervice of God, we

ſee

The remains of ſepulchral monuments, of great antiquity and beauty, are ſtill numerous here, notwithſtanding all the fury of the Roundheads, who ſpared neither the ornaments of buildings ſacred to religion, nor even the memorials of the dead, which they contained.

The whole internal view of this venerable pile is ſuch as well correſpond with Milton's deſcription:

> ——The high-embowed roof,
> With antique pillars maſſy proof,
> And ſtoried windows richly dight,
> Caſting a dim, religious light.

Chriſtchurch is a large and populous place, and carries on a conſiderable manufacture of ſilk ſtockings and gloves. It is a corporation, and ſends two members to parliament, who are elected by the burgeſſes reſident and nonreſident.

Near the bridge are the remains of an old caſtle, which muſt once have poſſeſſed ſome ſtrength.

Early next morning, after their arrival at Chriſtchurch, they ſet out for Ringwood. The atmoſphere was bright and ſerene; and not a ſingle cloud floated in it, to intercept the innumerable beauties that decked the Vale of Avon. The current of that river glided gently on, while tranſient glows played on its ſurface, and diffuſed around a thouſand attractive charms.

The oppoſite hills of Dorſetſhire ranged cloſe to the water's edge; and, though low, were not deſtitute of beauty, under the morning beam.

ſee no impropriety in making more room, when wanted; but we feel all the contempt our author can poſſibly expreſs for taſteleſs improvements and capricious alterations.

The right-hand hills ſeparated them from the weſtern extremity of the foreſt, and varied but little, in appearance, till they arrived near Ringwood.

The Avon, which meanders between theſe two barriers, is one of thoſe rivers whoſe ſtream is always pleaſing. Though liable to ſudden ſwells, it ſoon regains its tranſparency, and works itſelf fine.

The entrance to Ringwood, on this ſide, is not very intereſting The town is not large, but it derives ſome conſequence from its ſituation with regard to other places. Its beer, for ſtrength and flavour, is celebrated, not only throughout England, but in many foreign countries.

Ringwood is unqueſtionably a place of great antiquity. By ſome it is thought to be the Roman ſtation, mentioned by Antoninus under the name of Regnum; but others, with more probability, transfer that to Chicheſter.

In this vicinity, after the fatal battle at Sedgemoor, in 1685, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth took ſhelter; but was at laſt diſcovered in the ditch of a pea-field, covered with fern. It ſeems he had ſubſiſted on green peaſe for two days, and in his pocket, when taken, ſome of the pods were found.

After leaving Ringwood, the Vale of Avon began to expand to a much greater breadth, and the landſcape became more romantic. The whole of the road to Fordingbridge was either pleaſing or picturesque.

This town, at a diſtance, appears to be a place of ſome conſequence; and, at one time, it had conſiderable manufactures; but none at preſent are carried on to any great extent. Though neither

ther large nor elegant, its outſkirts are highly faſcinating, as they preſent a variety of charmingly-pictureſque ſcenes, which form a continual landſcape.

Continuing their route to Saliſbury, they reached Downton, a long, ſtraggling place, containing nothing deſerving particular notice.

The road from hence was continually hemmed in by hedge-rows, till they arrived near Longford Caſtle, the ſeat of the Earl of Radnor, which, from ſeveral points of view, appears to great advantage, both in itſelf and its accompaniments.

From this ſpot, a variety of objects continued to entertain them, till they arrived at the ſummit of a ſmall hill, from which they had a view of the city of Saliſbury, ſtanding in one of the loveliеſt vales in England, well verdured, ſylvan, and irriguous. The ſpire of its cathedral, as well as thoſe of its parochial churches, towering above the ſurrounding trees, give ſome idea of the extent of the place, without offending by their confuſion.

By an eaſy deſcent, they came to the bridges over the Avon, that communicate with the town. The firſt entrance is very prepoſſeſſing. On the left hand, a wall with battlements runs between a ſtream of clear water and the road, encompaſſing what is called the Cloſe, within which the cathedral ſtands. The Cloſe is principally inhabited by the gentry and dignitaries of the church.

Saliſbury cathedral, now one of the moſt beautiful in the kingdom, was originally founded by Biſhop Poore, but received many additions and improvements from his ſucceſſors in this ſee. It is ſaid, that this pile contains as many windows as there are days in the year; as many pillars as

there are hours; and as many gates as there are lunar revolutions; but we never heard of any one who had the trifling curiofity to aſcertain the truth of theſe remarks. The external appearance, in general, is gay, light, and airy; the deſign delicate, and neatneſs the prevailing idea. The internal decorations are ſuch as reſult rather from the ſymmetry of the building, than from adſcititious ornaments. The monuments of diſtinguiſhed perſonages are not numerous in this cathedral, and therefore require no particular notice.

New Sarum, or Saliſbury, is a regular, clean, and beautiful city. The buildings are not lofty, but they poſſeſs much uniformity. In the Cloſe, however, they have an air of grandeur and gentility. The market-place is a ſpacious ſquare, and gives an airy lightneſs to the whole place.

The manufactures of this town conſiſt of flannels and cloths; and it has, for many years, obtained celebrity for the perfection with which its cutlery is finiſhed*. Its ſciſſors, in particular, are poliſhed to the higheſt degree, and are uncommonly beautiful; and the ſhops, in which ſuch articles are ſold, are brilliant and taſty.

This city is governed by a mayor, high ſteward, recorder, twenty-four aldermen, and thirty common councilmen, a town-clerk, and three ſergeants at mace. A very vigilant and laudable police is obſerved, particularly with regard to vagrants. The inhabitants, in general, are more polite and reſpectable than in moſt inland towns.

About a mile to the northward of the city ſtands Old Sarum, a place remarkable for its an-

* In the perfection of poliſh, Saliſbury is only inferior to Woodſtock.

tiquity,

tiquity, its former conſequence, and its preſent dilapidated ſtate. It was a Roman ſtation; and, during a long ſucceſſion of ages, retained its importance. The ruin of this place may be dated from a quarrel that aroſe between the garriſon and the clergy, in the reign of King Stephen. The eccleſiaſtics, diſſatisfied with being ſubject to military control, planned a removal of the cathedral to the preſent Saliſbury; and, in the reign of Henry III. this was effected. Old Sarum, however, was not quite deſerted till the time of Henry VII.

The hill, on which it ſtood, is perfectly circular, and a lofty caſtle roſe in its centre, the diameter of which was two thouſand feet.

Of the ſtrength and ſplendor of this fortreſs ſcarce a veſtige remains, and the town is reduced to one ſolitary farm-houſe, which, nevertheleſs, ſtill retains the envied privilege of returning two members to parliament.

——pudet hæc opprobria dici,
Et non potuiſſe refelli.

Stonehenge was the next object of their curioſity, a place no leſs famous for its antiquity, than remarkable for the various and contradictory opinions which have originated reſpecting its origin and deſign.

Between Saliſbury and this place, a diſtance of nearly nine miles, the road is over a barren plain, dreary and uninviting as can poſſibly be conceived. This extenſive champain, which goes by the general name of Saliſbury Plain, extends near fifty miles in length, from eaſt to weſt; and, in ſome places, from thirty-five to forty in breadth.

breadth. It feeds a vaſt number of ſheep, and contains many barrows, and traces of caſtrametations. Round Stonehenge, the barrows, which are almoſt univerſally allowed to be ſepulchral monuments, are very numerous, and are placed in ſomething like lineal order. Many of them have been opened, but nothing of conſequence diſcovered in them, ſave the remains of urns, bones, and a few military weapons.

The approach to Stonehenge is by the ſide of thoſe tumuli. "Its appearance," obſerves our author, "is grand and pleaſant to the ſight, but does not ſeem to come up to the ideas that are generally formed of this ſtupendous heap of ſtones, before they are ſeen; but this might partly proceed from the extenſive plain on which they are ſituated, which muſt tend to diminiſh their magnitude to the eye of the obſerver. The real altitude of the higheſt of the ſtones of which it is compoſed, does not exceed twenty feet, and many are not more than eighteen."

On this celebrated monument of antiquity, many antiquaries have written diffuſely, and therefore a ſhort deſcription will be ſufficient. The building, if it may be ſo called, is about a hundred and nine feet in diameter. Some years ago, one of the ſtones, of which it is compoſed, was ſo nicely poiſed on the back of another, that a touch of the finger would alter its poſition; but it is now firmly fixed in the earth.

Dr. Stukeley is ſaid to have counted all the group, and to have taken the dimenſions of each particular ſtone. Such are the labours of virtú, at once difficult and uſeleſs.

Proceed to Ameſbury, where once ſtood a famous nunnery. It had formerly been a monaſtery

tery of Benedictine monks; but Elfrida, the wife of Edgar, to expiate her crime, in causing her son-in-law, Edward the Martyr, to be treacherously assassinated, changed the institution, and increased the endowment. Queen Eleanor retired here after her husband's death, and the Princess Mary, daughter of Edward I. became one of the nuns*.

The situation of Amesbury is beautifully picturesque. It stands on the banks of the Avon, the borders of which are eminently beautiful. The Duke of Queenbery's seat here, built by Inigo Jones, is well worthy the attention of travellers.

Amesbury, however, derives no inconsiderable degree of celebrity from giving birth to that elegant writer and excellent man, Mr. Addison. His father was rector of this place. The compositions of Addison are, both with regard to style and subject, the purest of any in the English language; and reflect higher honour on the man, than the exalted stations to which he was afterwards raised.

From Amesbury, they proceeded along the course of the Avon, to Salisbury; but, though this track is replete with local beauties, the weather was too turbulent to suffer them to enjoy the pleasures of the landscape.

Soon after, leaving Salisbury, they rode on to Andover, about eighteen miles distant. The

* If we are not misinformed, a nunnery has recently been established here, by some who were driven from France. To protect individuals is truly commendable; but to suffer the forms and distinctions of a religion so contrary to our own, to be exhibited in communities, is what policy can scarcely justify.

plains

plains extend the whole way to Middle Wallop, and exhibit a dreary ſcene, with ſcarcely a habitation, and very few patches of cultivation, though the ſoil ſeems not unlikely to repay the labourer's toil.

Andover poſſeſſes few attractions, though it is large and populous, and has a conſiderable manufacture of ſhalloons and malt. The adjacent country is rich and pleaſant.

Baſingſtoke, a place of ſome antiquity, was their next ſtage. It is a dirty, ill-built place; but contains a conſiderable number of inhabitants, who carry on a good trade in malt.

Croſſed the country to Farnham, and taking the Guilford road, ſoon reached the metropolis, without any other occurrence worth recording.

TOUR

TOUR

THROUGH THE

ISLE OF MAN,

BY

DAVID ROBERTSON, Esq.

PERFORMED IN 1791.

OF this lively and pleasing writer, we confess we know nothing, except from the elegant work before us. A tour to the Isle of Man was wanting, to complete the delineation of Great Britain, and Mr. Robertson has supplied the deficiency in a very brief, but satisfactory manner.

We have no reason to doubt either the accuracy of his descriptions, or the impartiality of his remarks. He writes with taste and feeling, and appears to be animated with benevolent and patriotic views. On some few occasions, however, he seems to have been dazzled with the splendid opening of the French drama, whose denouement was not then foreseen, and to have soared into the regions of innovation, and dipt his pen in the poison of democracy. For the principles of the original authors, which we have occasion to consult, we do not hold ourselves to be responsible; but in the view which we exhibit of their labours, it is a duty incumbent on us, not to lose sight of

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the paths of experience, nor to ſacrifice a regard for known and practical good to the deluſion of novelty, however faſcinating its early aſpect. We love rational liberty as much as Mr. Robertſon; but we look forward, not with hope, but with awe and diſmal apprehenſion, to the completion of his prophecy, "that the time is approaching when, throughout the whole earth, every knee ſhall bow to the majeſty of the people *!"

"Deſirous," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "of reviſiting a country dear to me by the remembrance of paſt pleaſures, I devoted the ſummer of 1791 to a tour through this iſland. The proſpect of meeting once more with the few friends and companions, which time had left me on the iſland, ſeemed to invite me thither; and from tracing the progreſs of refinement in manners, the advances of agriculture, the new channels of trade and commerce, and the benign influence of the Britiſh government, I promiſed myſelf no inconſiderable degree of mental pleaſure."

With this flattering proſpect in view, he embarked at Whitehaven, in one of his majeſty's cutters, and, as the day was ſerene, in a few hours they obſerved the Mountains of Man riſing above the horizon. On a nearer approach, they became more picturesque, while Snafield, lifting his awful brow in the centre of the range, ſeemed proudly to claim pre-eminence.

When within a moderate diſtance of the bold and rugged coaſt, they alternately contemplated its frowning precipices, and its deep and gloomy receſſes, which, united with the ſcreaming of the

* See his concluding apoſtrophe.

ſea-

ſea-mews, tended to fill the mind with an awful melancholy.

Under the ſhelter of Maughold's Head, a vaſt promontory, they deſcried a ſmall veſſel, lying at anchor. She proved to be a ſmuggling-boat, laden with wine, rum, and tobacco; and being ſeized, without oppoſition, by the cutter, her crew was tranſported on board their veſſel.

The owner of the contraband property had ſomething in his air ſuperior to the reſt of his aſſociates. As he retired to a corner of the cutter, wringing his hands, he was heard to exclaim, "Now am I ruined, indeed! how ſhall I return to my wife and family!"

It ſeems he had once ſeen better days; but one misfortune following another, he raſhly engaged in this illicit commerce, in hopes of retrieving his ſhattered fortune, and, at once, loſt its ſlender remains, and involved a young and numerous family in utter ruin. Our author humanely tried to mitigate his ſorrows, but they would admit of no conſolation. He likewiſe repreſented his diſtreſs to the commander of the cutter, but pity was the only boon he could then beſtow.

"This incident," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "I have preſerved, as it preſents an awful warning to thoſe who, from infatuation or habit, prefer this hazardous and illicit manner of acquiring wealth, to the ſlow, but more certain, gains of honeſt induſtry."

Towards ſun-ſet, the breeze dying away, they were ſome time becalmed in Douglas Bay. The evening was delightful, and the ſetting ſun tinged the mountains and waves with his parting rays. Some fiſhing-boats were moving towards the ſhore, and the rural imagery of the environs,

united with the curling ſmoke from the town, to complete the picture.

Douglas Bay deſcribes a creſcent, extending about three miles from Clay Head to Douglas Promontory. The high lands, that environ it, render it an aſylum from the tempeſts of the north, ſouth, and weſt; but it is greatly expoſed to an eaſtern gale. A variety of fiſh is caught here in great abundance; among the reſt, cod and ſalmon, of the greateſt delicacy.

A gentle breeze ſpringing up, they arrived at the town of Douglas, about nine in the evening. The entrance of the harbour is fenced on each ſide by a range of precipices, at no great diſtance. In the centre of theſe, formerly ſtood a light-houſe, which, with a great part of the quay, was deſtroyed by a violent ſtorm, in 1786. The misfortunes which have attended ſhips and boats ſince that period, would be painful to detail. The awful calamity, however, which happened in September, 1787, is too intereſting not to be recorded.

The preceding day had been uncommonly ſerene. In the morning, about four hundred boats appeared in the bay and harbour, laden with herrings to a conſiderable amount. The earlier part of the day was ſpent in diſcharging their cargoes, and the remainder was devoted to mirth and relaxation.

The ſhoal of herrings was then about three leagues off from Douglas. The boats ſailed in the evening with every proſpect of temperate weather; but, about midnight, an equinoctial gale aroſe, and the fiſhermen, with their uſual timidity, fled into port.

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On the ruins of the light-houſe was fixed a ſlender poſt, from which was ſuſpended a ſmall lanthorn, by way of ſubſtitute. This was thrown down by the firſt boats, in their eagerneſs to gain the harbour. We ſhall detail the dreadful conſequences in the affecting words of our author, who was in Douglas at that time. "In a few minutes all was horror and confuſion. The darkneſs of the night, the raging of the ſea, the veſſels daſhing againſt the rocks, the cries of the periſhing men, the ſhrieks of the women on ſhore, imparted ſuch a ſenſation of horror as none but a ſpectator can poſſibly conceive! When the morning arrived, it diſcloſed an awful ſpectacle: the beach and rocks covered with wrecks, and a group of dead bodies floating in the harbour. In ſome boats whole families periſhed. The ſhore was crowded with women; ſome in all the frantic agonies of grief, alternately weeping over the corſes of father, brother, and huſband; and others ſinking in the embrace of thoſe, whom, a moment before, they imagined were buried in the waves. The buſtle of trade ceaſed; its eagerneſs yielded to the feelings of nature; an awful gloom ſat on every countenance; and every boſom either bled for its own anguiſh, or ſympathized with the ſufferings of others."

Notwithſtanding this dreadful cataſtrophe, it was ſome years, after before attention was paid to repair the harbour, and render it ſafe. To what cauſe this ſupine neglect was to be aſcribed, we cannot determine; but we cordially join with our author in reprobating the omiſſion. The harbour of Douglas is not only of conſequence to the natives, but it ſeems intended by nature as a ge-

neral aſylum from the tempeſtuous ſeas that ſurround it.

Douglas is now the principal town in the iſland, though the ſeat of government is at Caſtletown, about ten miles diſtant. It riſes near the ſouthern point of the bay, in a triangular form, and commands a charming view of the neighbouring country and the ſea, as well as diſtant landſcapes of the Lancaſhire and Cumberland Hills. Conſidering its extent, it is very populous, and is both ſalubrious and pleaſant.

About a century ago, it conſiſted only of ſome clay-built cottages. The eſtabliſhment, however, of the exciſe in England, uniting with ſome other circumſtances, occaſioned its rapid improvement. The bold adventurer, frequently accumulating wealth by illicit commerce, pulled down his paternal cot, and built a habitation according to his own fancy, more ſuitable to the fortune he had acquired. From this fortuitous cauſe, the ſtreets are irregular, and the beſt houſes are intermixed with miſerable huts. But a ſpirit of architectural elegance begins to prevail; and the eaſy acceſs to the materials for building, cannot fail to tempt the Manks to avail themſelves of their native advantages.

The river, which forms the harbour, runs cloſe by the town, and the beſt houſes are built on its banks.

The reſidence of the Duke of Athol is a fine edifice. It was built by a merchant of this place, previous to the ſale of the royalties of the iſland, who, with a ſhort-ſighted policy, dreading that the very circumſtance, which has proved the bleſſing of the country, would be its bane, ſold

his

his manſion for a ſum ſcarcely equal to the value of the materials.

Douglas is furniſhed with a free-ſchool; "but what," obſerves Mr. Robertſon, "will, perhaps, appear aſtoniſhing to an Engliſhman, there is not, in the whole iſland, a ſingle edifice devoted to the reſtoration of the ſick or the relief of the poor; yet in few places is private charity more univerſally liberal."

Near the mouth of the harbour is an ancient fort, now converted into a temporary priſon for criminals.

In the centre of the town is a ſmall chapel, dedicated to St. Matthew; and on an eminence to the weſt, ſtands the ſpacious and elegant modern chapel of St. George, which was built by ſubſcription.

Douglas carrying on the principal trade and commerce of the iſland, and its inhabitants having moſt intercourſe with ſtrangers, they are of courſe the moſt poliſhed in their manners. The reſidence of the Engliſh, too, is chiefly confined to this ſpot. Officers on half pay, and gentlemen of ſmall fortune, invited hither by the abundance of neceſſaries, and the cheapneſs of luxuries, take up their abode here. Beſides ſuch perſons, decayed merchants and debtors ſeem to regard this as an aſylum from their creditors; though, according to our author, there is no law to protect them from being ſued, when the debt is ſufficiently proved.

The ſociety of the Engliſh has given life and gaiety to the place. Convivial meetings, aſſemblies, and card parties, are now frequent among the higher circles of Douglas; but, to their cre-

dit be it ſpoken, gaming, among this deſcription of people, is rare.

The lower claſſes, however, are more addicted to the pernicious habit of gambling, to which they are probably prompted by previous intoxication, which is too general among the tradeſmen. "The taverns," ſays our author, "are nightly filled with trades people, who, on the chance of a card, a die, or a billiard ball, will hazard their laſt farthing."

In ſuch a remote ſituation, and where refinement has not been of long ſtanding, it cannot be expected that the liberal arts ſhould have many votaries; yet a theatre has been erected here, with the charitable intention of contributing to the relief of the poor; but its ſucceſs has not anſwered the benevolent expectations of its founder.

Mutual prejudices, we are told, diſturb the harmony of ſociety in Douglas. In many of the natives, under the maſk of a civil exterior, there lurks a ſecret averſion to ſtrangers: and ſome of the Engliſh, on the other hand, ſhew an unjuſt contempt of the Manks. The latter is deemed too ſhrewd and ſelfiſh; the former too prodigal. The Mankſman has been ſtigmatized with inſatiable cupidity of gain in all his purſuits; and the Engliſhman, not without injuſtice, has been upbraided with ſacrificing every object to preſent enjoyment. Theſe prejudices are frequently heightened by the thoughtleſs prodigality of the ſtranger, which, in the end, generally ſubjects him to the incivilities of an importunate creditor. Of the heedleſs extravagance of ſome of the Engliſhmen, reſident in the Iſle of Man, and the conſequences of their fooliſh oſtentation, Mr.

Robertſon

Robertſon ſays, there are many flagrant inſtances; and, among others, there are, too, ſome moſt affecting ones.

Not far from Douglas ſtands the Nunnery, in a moſt delightful ſolitude. Cloſe by the modern building are the venerable remains of the ancient houſe, which is ſaid to have been founded by St. Bridget, in the ſixth century. From the celebrity of this pious ſaint, the convent was ſoon tenanted by female votaries, either led by ſuperſtition, or ſacrificed by parental authority.

The prioreſs of Douglas was anciently a baroneſs of the Iſle. Her perſon was almoſt held ſacred, her power and privileges were important, and her revenue was very conſiderable. She held courts in her own name, and tried her vaſſals by a jury of her own tenants.

Of the convent, which once conferred ſuch power and diſtinction, there are no relics that can recal the idea of magnificence or grandeur. The ornaments are faded away, the mouldering walls are covered with ivy, and crowned with wild flowers, while the ſhade of trees diffuſes around a kind of congenial gloom.

The modern manſion, the reſidence of Captain Taubman, has an air of elegance ſuperior to moſt buildings in the iſland. The gardens are ſpacious, and well laid out, and the environs, being rich in cultivation, in woods and water, preſent an exquiſite landſcape.

About a mile from this place, emboſomed in a group of aged trees, appears the venerable Kirk-Braddan, or Kirk-Salmon, probably ſo called from its vicinity to a river which abounds with that delicious fiſh. The ſurrounding ſcenery is ſolemn and romantic, and every circumſtance in-

ſpires

ſpires a ſoothing melancholy; for, in this hallowed ground, the inhabitants of Douglas, who are no more, and the rude forefathers of the neighbouring hamlets, ſleep. Here the green turf lies lightly on the breaſt of ſome, and the long graſs waves luxuriant over others, while all around

Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh. GRAY.

The Manks pay a decent and feeling regard to their deceaſed friends. When a perſon dies, he is attended to his long home by a great concourſe of his relatives and neighbours. A funeral hymn is ſung before the corpſe to the extremity of the town, and reſumed again on approaching the place of ſepulture. The body is then committed to the ground, according to the rites of the church of England; and the ſolemnity of the whole ceremony, at Church-Braddan, in particular, is heightened by the impreſſive ſilence and deep gloom of the ſurrounding ſcenery.

Several other places in the vicinity of Douglas deſerve notice, among the reſt Athol Lodge, the reſidence of Lord Henry Murray; Ballaughton, the ſeat of Captain Southcote; and the Hague, formerly the manſion of the learned and reſpectable Dr. Betham.

Though the land in the environs of Douglas is not the richeſt, it is certainly the beſt cultivated in the iſland. Of late years, ſeveral Engliſh farmers, tempted by the cheapneſs of land and living, as well as the exemption from taxes, have retired hither, and introduced a ſpirit of improvement in agriculture, which has not only been beneficial to themſelves, but to the community.

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The ſucceſs attending their labours has rouſed the Manks from their lethargy; the marſhy grounds are now drained, and waſte lands incloſed, and manures* diligently collected and applied. Hence the value of landed property is conſiderably increaſed, the markets are better ſupplied, and a new ſtimulus given to trade of every kind.

Poultry and butter are extremely plentiful in Man. Beef ſeldom exceeds 2d. per lb.; mutton is equally cheap, and none can be more delicious. Pork is ſtill more reaſonable. Pigs, fed at home, are much leſs eſteemed than a wild ſpecies, called purs, which run on the mountains, and are highly delicate eating.

Hares, partridges, and moor game, are abundant; and of fiſh there is an inexhauſtible variety, on the cheapeſt terms.

From this plenitude of domeſtic comforts, and the facility with which exotic luxuries may be ſupplied, perſons of ſmall fortunes may here enjoy life in its full flow. The only taxes are 10s. 6d. on each publican, per annum; 5s. 2d. on greyhounds and pointers, and 5d. on other dogs. Theſe taxes, with a moderate ſtatute duty, are appropriated for the repairs of the public roads, which are kept in excellent order; nor is there a ſingle turnpike within the iſland. In ſhort, it ſeems, while other parts of the Britiſh Iſlands are ſinking under the weight of accumulated taxation, this ſpot enjoys an almoſt total exemption from the oppreſſive weight.

* Marl, lime, and ſea-weed, are the principal manures. The ſweepings of the red-herring houſes are likewiſe highly eſteemed for this purpoſe.

Having

Having paſſed a few weeks at Douglas, Mr. Robertſon was induced, by two of his friends in that place, to accompany them on an ambulatory excurſion round the iſland.

They left Douglas early in the morning, and as they paſſed the Nunnery, the ſun, in all his glory, broke from the horizon. The ocean imbibed his roſy beams, and the Mountains of Mona flamed with his radiance. The vales, rich in luxuriant bloſſom, exhaled the fragrance of the matin hour, while the groves poured forth the notes of harmony and love.

They ſoon met a number of country girls going to Douglas market. They rode on ſmall horſes, with panniers, one ſide generally filled with pebbles, the other with the produce of their farms. Health and gladneſs ſmiled in every face, and with the moſt modeſt and unaffected deportment, they bade the travellers good morning.

Parting with this ruſtic group, they ſoon reached Newtown, the reſidence of Sir Wadſworth Buſk, attorney general of the iſland. The houſe is elegant, and the fine taſte of the owner has been exerciſed in laying out and embelliſhing ſome of the environs, but ſuch is the ſterility of the ſoil, that the attempt has been in a great meaſure abortive.

Not far from his ſeat, this gentleman has erected a pillar in commemoration of his majeſty's recovery, in 1789. This has little but its loyalty to recommend it; yet it anſwers a purpoſe not thought of, for it proves, from its elevation, an excellent landmark to the fiſhermen.

Proceed to Balaſalla, a neat and pleaſant village, about two miles from Caſtleton. The cotton-work, erected here by Meſſrs. De la Prime,

gives

gives employment to many poor families in the vicinity. The raw cotton is imported from Liverpool, and when ſpun, is ſent to Mancheſter. The vicinity of this iſland to thoſe markets, and other local advantages, ſeem to indicate the profits that would accrue from an increaſed number of ſimilar eſtabliſhments; yet this is the only one of the kind in the iſland.

This village, however, derives a ſtill greater degree of preſent importance from its being the reſidence of the deemſter, or chief judge of the iſland. Formerly there was a deemſter for the northern, and another for the ſouthern diviſion of the iſland; but the offices and emoluments are now united in the perſon of Thomas Moore, eſq. a gentleman of abilities and penetration, who holds a regular court at Balaſalla, for the ſouth part of the iſland, and occaſionally one on the north ſide, for that department *.

The deemſters were anciently, in virtue of their office, perſons of great dignity. Beſides being chief judges, they were alſo the lord's privy counſellors, and their influence over the people was moſt extraordinary. Like the Druids of old, they were reputed the oracles of juſtice: and in their boſoms reſided the laws, which were divulged to the people only on important occaſions.

In each of the four towns is a high bailiff, or inferior judge, who determines ſuits for ſums not exceeding 40s. Manks currency; but all money litigations, to a greater amount, and proſecutions for perſonal injuries, are generally brought before

* We underſtand, that a regular deemſter has been again appointed for the northern diſtrict.

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the deemſter, who either decides them in perſon, or ſubmits them to a jury, where he ſits as judge.

"The Manks," ſays our author, "have a culpable propenſity to trifling litigations. A raſh word, a choleric action, is, by the inſidious induſtry of thoſe, who fatten on the follies and errors of mankind, ſwelled up to an intolerable offence. Both parties prepare for the combat, and both are confident of ſucceſs. This depends on the juſtice of his cauſe; that on the abilities of his attorney, or the accommodating evidence of his witneſſes. At length, the eloquence of the Manks bar begins to flow. Impertinence and inſolence are copiouſly poured forth by one pleader, and as liberally retorted by the other; and when the attornies have exhauſted their potent eloquence, and a few witneſſes have been examined, the buſineſs generally terminates in the favour of him whoſe evidences have been leaſt ſcrupulous in aſſertion."

Mr. Robertſon juſtly inveighs againſt the encouragement given to trifling ſuits, and the profeſſional promoters of ſuch weak or wicked conduct. Were judges honeſt enough to diſcourage appeals to law, on trivial occaſions, or were people ſufficiently enlightened to ſee their own folly, in coming into the courts without urgent neceſſity, the buſineſs of attornies would be diminiſhed, and ſocial concord and happineſs increaſed.

At a ſmall diſtance from Balaſalla, ſtands the venerable abbey of Ruſhen, founded in 1098, by Mac Manis, a man whoſe wiſdom and virtue raiſed him, by univerſal ſuffrage, to the government of the iſles. The eſtabliſhment at firſt conſiſted of an abbot and twelve monks, who at firſt lived by their manual labour, and denied themſelves

ſelves the moſt common indulgences in food and raiment. But their wealth rapidly increaſed, and their humility and abſtinence as ſpeedily declined. Nearly a third of the tithes of the whole Iſle of Man fell into the hands of theſe religious: their buildings, their gardens, their ſtyle of living and dreſſing, all underwent a revolution equal to their fortune. The abbot alſo became a baron of the land, and was intruſted with the power of holding temporal courts in his own name, ſo that his authority, in ſome reſpects, claſhed with that of the lord.

Yet, while we condemn the weak ſuperſtition that conferred ſuch exorbitant power on eccleſiaſtics, or blame them for ambition, indolence, and ſenſuality; let us not forget, that the monaſtic orders were the depoſitaries of learning and ſcience, when baniſhed from the reſt of the world, and that want and miſery frequently partook of their ſpoils, and bleſſed their ſervices.

The monks of Ruſhen Abbey were of the Ciſtercian order. The election of their abbot was generally ſanctioned by the abbot of Furneſs, to whom not only this monaſtery, but, perhaps, the biſhopric of the iſland was, in ſome degree, ſubject.

Many of the kings of the iſles were interred in this abbey, on which account it was richly decorated, as well as liberally endowed. In the year 1316, it was plundered by Richard de Mandeville, with a numerous train of Iriſh.

Its ruins ſtill retain an air of gloomy grandeur, but all their beauty is no more. Near this ſpot is ſhewn the tombſtone of one of the abbots, diſtinguiſhed by the paſtoral ſtaff and a broad-ſword, denoting his temporal, as well as ſpiritual,

authority. Neither date nor inſcription is now viſible.

The abbey bridge is ſituated in a romantic ſpot, and appears to be very ancient. Uniform tradition ſupports this opinion, and uniform tradition is ſeldom wrong.

Having paſſed the day at Balaſalla, next morning they proceeded through ſome romantic ſcenery to Derby-Haven, a ſmall village, chiefly remarkable for its excellent harbour. In a ſmall iſle, dedicated to St. Michael, a fort was erected, with a view of defending its entrance. This is now falling to decay, but the Derby arms are ſtill to be traced over the gate. Near the tower is a ruined chapel, in which the remains of an altar are ſtill viſible. Caſtletown and its romantic bay afford a noble proſpect from hence.

At Derby-Haven, they engaged a boat for the Calf, and arrived there about noon. The Calf of Man is ſeparated from the main iſland by a very narrow, rocky channel, through which the tide ruſhes with vaſt impetuoſity.

This iſle is about five miles in circumference, and is environed by gloomy caverns and ſtupendous precipices. A few years ſince, a Ruſſian veſſel, of ſeven hundred tons burden, was daſhed to pieces againſt theſe rocks, and all the crew periſhed. The caves and precipices are tenanted by a great variety of ſea birds, whoſe ſhrill, diſcordant tones increaſe the wildneſs of the ſcenery.

They landed on a ſmall creek, and leaving the ſailors below, with ſome difficulty and danger, gained an eminence, from whence they had a ſpacious and delightful view of the ocean, dotted with ſhipping, terminated on the ſouth by the high mountains of Wales, and on the weſt, by

Ireland; while around lay the broad ſummit of the Calf, covered with verdure, and underneath the rich valleys of Man.

This iſland feeds ſome black cattle, and formerly it had a flock of ſheep, but theſe being left without ſufficient protection, ſoon fell a prey to the nightly depredations of the neighbouring iſland.

Towards the cloſe of the laſt century, one of the Earls of Derby was ſo charmed with the beauty and variety of this little ſpot, that he tenanted it with red and fallow deer. Theſe, however, have long diſappeared; but hares, partridges, and heath game are plentiful, and afford much amuſement to ſportſmen; and, and from the ſkins of rabbits, and the feathers of ſea birds, more than 200l. per annum has been produced.

In their ramble over this ſolitary ſpot, they could diſcover no human veſtige, except a mouldering ſhepherd's cot. Near the centre of the iſle are three pointed pillars, compoſed partly of a black, baſtard marble, and partly of a white, ſhining ſpar.

"Solitude," beautifully obſerves, Mr. Robertſon, "is the muſe of woe. The wounded heart ſeeks the deepeſt ſhade; and the man of ſorrow the moſt ſolitary retreat." According to tradition, this ſpot was once the haunt of a perſon, who, by his ſplendor and affluence, had been diſtinguiſhed in the court of Queen Elizabeth; but having, through an ill-founded jealouſy, murdered a moſt beautiful woman, he ſought ſhelter here from the vengeance of her friends; and, midſt the caves and lonely receſſes of the Calf, lingered out a miſerable exiſtence of contrition and remorſe.

The day having been beautifully ſerene, was highly favourable to their excurſion; but the evening cloſing in, warned them to retire. They accordingly deſcended to the boat, and arrived ſafe at Caſtletown, highly pleaſed with the entertainment of the day.

Caſtletown, though dignified with the reſidence of the governor, in moſt reſpects, is inferior to Douglas. It is, however, an airy and pleaſant town; the houſes are pretty uniform, and the ſtreets are ſpacious and regular. A ſmall creek, which opens into a rocky and dangerous bay, divides it. The harbour is difficult of entrance, and this checks its commerce. A conſiderable quantity of grain, however, is exported, and a variety of merchandiſe imported; though the port of Douglas is ſolely appropriated for the landing of the chief foreign luxuries.

In the centre of the town ſtands Caſtle Ruſhen, and proudly overlooks the ſubject country. This vaſt and magnificent pile was raiſed in 960, by Guttred, a prince of the Daniſh line, who lies obſcurely buried in the edifice he had founded.

This caſtle is built on a rock, and, before the invention of artillery, was deemed impregnable. A ſtone glacis, ſuppoſed to have been added by Cardinal Wolſey, ſurrounds it. For ſeveral ages it has braved the injuries of time, and ſtill retains its ſullen majeſty.

Before Man became an appendant to England, the native kings reſided here in all the warlike pomp of thoſe barbarous ages; ſupporting a petty ſplendor, by the oppreſſion of their wretched ſubjects.

Man was the laſt place that ſubmitted to Cromwell. After the Earl of Derby, in which family the lordſhip was then veſted, fell a martyr to his loyalty, his lady, a woman of heroic ſpirit, ſought, with his children, an aſylum in Caſtle Ruſhen, and preſuming on the military ſkill of a few officers, and the attachment of the iſlanders, indulged the hopes of defending herſelf againſt the republican army; but Captain Chriſtian, the commander of the inſular forces, having leſs zeal, or leſs courage, obeyed the firſt ſummons, and ſurrendered the fortreſs.

The counteſs, thus become a priſoner in her own caſtle, was ſeverely wounded by ſuch a reverſe of fortune; yet, it ſeems, her magnanimity was admired and reſpected by thoſe who were inimical to her principles.

On the reſtoration of Charles II. ſhe returned to England, with the ſanguine hopes of receiving an indemnification for the ample ſacrifices her family had made; but merit and loyalty were but partially regarded by that giddy monarch, and the neglect ſhe ſuffered is ſaid to have haſtened her end.

Caſtle Ruſhen ſtill retains an air of royalty. It is occupied by the governor, and the barracks are filled by ſome companies of ſoldiers, who are annually removed.

The governor poſſeſſes ample powers. He repreſents majeſty; and a council, conſiſting of the biſhop, attorney general, clerk of the rolls, and deemſter, is appointed to aſſiſt and ſanction his deciſions. He is captain general of the troops, and ſole judge in the court of chancery. In his name all arreſts and judgments are iſſued; and,

without his permiſſion, no perſon can leave the iſland.

In ſhort, the governor, with the advice of his council, can give the force of law to the acts of the Houſe of Keys; ſubject, however, to the future confirmation or annulment of his majeſty, communicated by the ſecretary of ſtate.

The courts of chancery and common law are held here. Theſe are now generally conducted on the principles of the Engliſh courts of juſtice; yet a few peculiarities remain. Though any perſon may plead his own cauſe, yet none but the natives are allowed to practiſe at the Manks bar. Beſides this birth-right, a Mankſman enjoys a privilege of a far more important nature. No native, unleſs there is proof of his intention to leave the country, can be impriſoned for debt; his effects alone can be deſtrained; while ſtrangers, who unfortunately fall into debt, are liable to be ſeized and confined in the loathſome priſon of Caſtle Ruſhen. However, on making affidavit that he has no maintenance, he is entitled to 3s 6d a week from the creditor; and this generoſity of the law generally prevents any long impriſonment.

Near the caſtle ſtands the Houſe of Keys*, a building which, in the opinion of our touriſt, by no means correſponds with the dignity of the repreſentatives of the iſle.

About a mile from Caſtletown, is a fine quarry of black marble, much eſteemed for various uſes. The flight of ſteps leading to St. Paul's was taken from this quarry, and preſented to the dean and

* The Keys will be explained in the brief account of the conſtitution of Man, which will be ſubjoined.

chapter

chapter of that cathedral, by the Venerable Biſhop Wilſon.

In this vicinity, within the ſea mark, are alſo ſome quarries of lime-ſtone, which are worked at low water, and afford ſome employment to the boats, during the receſs of the fiſhery.

Viſited the parochial church of Kirk Malew, a gloomy building, ſituated in a romantic ſolitude, as moſt of the religious edifices in this iſland are. The numerous monuments in the cemetery gave them another, and more impreſſive, idea of the pious veneration of the natives for their deceaſed friends.

From Kirk Malew proceeded to Kirk Chriſt Ruſhen, and, in their way, paſſed the Giant's Quoiting Stones. Theſe are two lofty, ſquare pillars, placed at a conſiderable diſtance from each other, concerning which the neighbouring peaſants have a very chimerical tradition.

At a ſmall diſtance ſtands Fairy Hill, a noble tumulus, moſt probably raiſed by the Danes over the aſhes of ſome of their countrymen; but tradition ſays, it was intended to commemorate the death of Reginald, king of Man, who was ſlain here in ſingle combat by Ivar, from whom he had wreſted a beautiful lady, the object of his fondeſt love.

This romantic hill, in the opinion of the credulous natives, is ſtill the ſcene of many a nocturnal revel.

> What time, all in the moon's pale beam,
> To magic melody the Fays,
> In green, and gold, and diamonds blaze.

The exiſtence of theſe viſionary beings is ſtil moſt devoutly believed in this iſland, particularly by

by the mountaineers; and as they have inveſted them with an unlimited influence over the fiſhery, they frequently propitiate them with vows and offerings.

A ſimple ſwain, of penſive and melancholy aſpect, told our author, that, notwithſtanding all the holy ſprinklings of the prieſts, in former days, the fairies ſtill haunted many places of the iſland; that there were ſome of them playful and benignant, and others ſullen and vindictive. The former of theſe he affirmed having frequently ſeen, on a fine ſummer's evening, ſitting on the margin of the brooks and waterfals, among the buſhes, or dancing on the tops of the neighbouring mountains. He deſcribed them as gay and beautiful, and reſembling women; only that they were more ſhy than any he was acquainted with. Theſe ſportive beings, he obſerved, delighted in the happineſs of mankind; but the ſullen fairies, who lived apart from the others, in clouds, in mountain fogs, on the hideous precipice, or in the caverns on the ſea ſhore, took pleaſure in the miſery and misfortunes of our race. He ſaid, he had often heard them, in a dark and ſtormy night, yell, as in barbarous triumph, when the tempeſt was deſolating the country, or daſhing veſſels to pieces on the neighbouring rocks.

Beſides this harmleſs, fairy ſuperſtition, many of the Manks believe in the ſecond ſight, and in warnings preceding death. Sometimes, amid the awful ſilence of the night, they have heard, or rather fancied they heard, themſelves called by name; and ſeveral, in their lonely rambles, have met a viſionary funeral, which followed the devoted victim to death, wherever he turned,

till

till one of the apparitions, who had been related to him, ſeemed to touch him, when the whole vaniſhed into air. The ſickneſs of death immediately ſeized the devoted victim, and a cold tremor crept over his whole frame.

The Manks alſo are forewarned of the death of others, or at leaſt they believe ſo; and, from a letter of Sacheverell's to the celebrated Addiſon, it appears, that even the wiſe and learned have given ſome credit to their faith.

"Without being guilty of preſumption," ſays our author, "we may impute theſe ſuperſtitions of the Manks to a native melancholy, cheriſhed by indolence, and heightened by the wild, ſolitary, and romantic ſcenes, to which they are habitually accuſtomed." A Mankſman, amid his lonely mountains, reclines by ſome romantic ſtream, the murmurings of which lull him into a pleaſing torpor. Half ſlumbering, he ſees a variety of imaginary beings, which he believes to be real. Sometimes they reſemble his traditionary idea of fairies, and ſometimes they aſſume the appearance of his friends and neighbours. Preſuming on theſe dreams, the Manks enthuſiaſt predicts ſome future event; and ſhould any thing ſimilar occur, he fancies himſelf endowed with the gift of preſcience, and thus diſturbs his own happineſs and that of others.

Mr. Robertſon continues his reflections on this ſubject, in the following elegant and perſuaſive terms: "I make no doubt," ſays he, "but amidſt hideous ſolitudes, a man of a melancholy or ſuperſtitious mind may inſenſibly form viſions of ſome dreadful calamity he is about to ſuffer; and which may not only receive ſtrength, but even completion, from a ſombrous imagination, height-

ened

ened by traditionary terrors. With the world of ſpirits we are little acquainted; but I can never reconcile it to our ideas of the majeſty, wiſdom, and benevolence of the Deity, that he ſhould communicate to a few indolent recluſes, ſuch revelations of the unknown world, as could only flatter vanity, or accelerate human miſery."

Traverſed a mountainous part of the country, to viſit the lead-mines at Foxdale, wrought by ſome Derbyſhire miners. The ore is rich and abundant, and the mines would prove highly lucrative to the proprietors, were they conducted with more vigour and attention. It ſeems there is alſo a ſtrong preſumption, that copper-mines exiſt in the vicinity; and ſome imagine that coal may be found in this iſland. The inhabitants, however, of the interior parts, uſe turf, from the moraſſes, by way of fuel; and thoſe of the ſea-ports, coal, from the exhauſtleſs mines of Cumberland.

Not far from the lead-mines is a very romantic and beautiful caſcade, which, bounding down a mountain, falls on a ſteep, perpendicular rock, from which it is precipitated into the vale below. The fall is conſiderable, and its pictureſque effect is heightened by the ſolitude of the ſurrounding ſcenery.

The next object of attraction was the Tynwald Hill, a barrow of a conical ſhape, and regular conſtruction, ſuppoſed to be of Daniſh origin; but which has been rendered illuſtrious, by the uſe to which it has long been applied.

The veſtiges of two gates, and a wall, which once fenced it, are now almoſt obliterated. A flight of graſſy ſteps, fronting the ancient chapel of St. John, leads up to the ſummit. Below are three

three circular ſeats, raiſed for the different orders of the people. The loweſt is about four feet wide, and eighty yards in circumference; the ſuperior ſeats diminiſh in proportion to their height, while, on the extreme top, which does not exceed two yards in diameter, was anciently placed a chair.

This ſingular mount ſtands near the centre of the iſland; and here, in 1417, Sir John Stanley, king and lord of Man, convened the whole body of the people, to hear the promulgation of the law, which, till then, had been locked up in the breaſts of the deemſters.

In ſome degree, the Tynwald Hill is ſtill the ſcene of legiſlation; for whatever reſpects the internal polity of the iſland, muſt, by immemorial uſage, be publiſhed at this place.

After this, the laws are ſuppoſed to be ratified, and obtain the appellation of acts of Tynwald.

In former times a court was regularly held here, on St. John's day, when every perſon had a right to preſent any particular grievance, and to have his complaint heard in the face of the whole country.

Paſſed the pleaſant villa of the late Sir George Moore, and ſoon after arrived at Peel, now reckoned the third town of the iſland. Its caſtle was once deemed impregnable, and from its ſecurity and trade, it became a place of importance; but the Duke of Athol parting with the royalties of the iſland, in 1765, this place, which chiefly ſubſiſted by illicit commerce, ſpeedily ſunk into decay.

Peel, at preſent, preſents the aſpect of a neglected and declining town: its inhabitants are indolent

indolent and poor, but have learned to adapt themſelves to their ſituation.

The bay is ſpacious, and abounds with a variety of fiſh, particularly the red cod, an exquiſite delicacy. This fiſh is of a bright vermilion colour, and lives among rocks, covered with weeds and moſſes of the ſame hue, which probably affect its tints.

A range of groteſque and romantic caverns form the northern boundary of Peel Bay. Theſe are ſaid to be the haunts of the malignant fairies, already mentioned; but probably, they are occupied by nothing ſo harmleſs.

Peel Iſle forms the ſouthern extremity; a rock of great magnitude and height, on the ſummit of which ſtands the venerable and pictureſque ruins of Peel Caſtle, and the cathedral of the iſle, dedicated to St. Germain, the firſt biſhop, who lived in the fifth century. This romantic and important ſpot is ſtill fenced round with a wall, turreted and battlemented; and in ancient times, muſt have been capable of reſiſting every hoſtile attack.

Beſides the caſtle and the cathedral, in this rocky iſle, are ſcattered round the remains of St. Patrick's church, the lord's manſion, and the epiſcopal palace. Hence, we may reaſonably conclude, that Peel was once the reſidence of all that was great or venerable in the iſland; but all its grandeur is fled, and its glory is no more.

Having ſpent the greateſt part of the day in contemplating the majeſtic and venerable ruins of Peel Caſtle, next morning they reſumed their excurſion.

From St. John's, taking the road to Kirk Michael, they entered a romantic and ſolitary dell, watered by a rapid ſtream, and environed by ſteep

and wild mountains. This valley continued for ſome miles, and here and there a cottage, or a few ſheep, enlivened the ſcene. Gaining its extremity, they had a delightful proſpect of the country, enriched with villages and farms.

Kirk Michael is an extenſive village, ſituated near the ſea. Before the entrance of the cemetery, is a lofty, ſquare pillar, of blue ſtone, covered with ſculptures, curiouſly involved from top to bottom. This noble relic of antiquity is ſuppoſed to have been erected in honour of Thureelf, a Norwegian hero. The inſcription is Runic, and according to Biſhop Wilſon, no country furniſhes more of this hieroglyphic kind of writing, than the Iſle of Man.

In this vicinity are ſeveral ſubterraneous excavations, probably uſed as places of ſepulture; and alſo ſome very noble pillars of white ſhining ſpar, placed in a circular form, undoubted remains of a druidical temple.

Of the Druids, indeed, thoſe ancient prieſts and legiſlators of the iſland, there are ſeveral other veſtiges exiſting in this iſland; and conſidering the age in which they lived, their characters will appear reſpectable to every contemplative mind. "As prieſts," obſerves Mr. Robertſon, "they were deemed ſacred; as legiſlators, politic; and as philoſophers, enlightened and humane; while the whole nation cheerfully paid them the veneration due to the miniſters of God, and the magiſtrates of the people."

The Druids, it is well known, after long ſupporting their power and influence, were obliged to fly from the ferocious ſword of the Romans, to Angleſea. Followed thither by the univerſal conquerors, they made a noble ſtand; but being de-

feated, their king, Caractacus, was carried in chains to Rome, and the whole race almoſt exterminated.

A few, however, eſcaped from the general ſlaughter, and took refuge in the Iſle of Man, where they were generouſly received by their brethren, and found, once more, an aſylum from their enemies. Here they planted new groves, increaſed the number of their temples, and governed the people, till about the cloſe of the fourth century, when the light of chriſtianity broke on this iſland, and gave them an opportunity of embracing a religion, which, in purity and ſublimity, infinitely ſurpaſſed their own.

About a mile from Kirk Michael, ſtands the epiſcopal reſidence. The ancient palace was very large and venerable; but the modern building, erected on its ruins, though more adapted to the refinements of the preſent day, is far inferior in external magnificence.

The biſhopric was founded in 447, and the firſt prelate was St. Germain, in memory of whoſe piety, the cathedral was dedicated to him. After a long ſucceſſion of perſons who bore the mitre, ſome of whom were diſtinguiſhed for their learning and piety, we come to Iſaac Barrow, who, in 1671, was tranſlated from this ſee to St. Aſaph.

But among all the prelates who have done honour to religion, and human nature itſelf, no one can be more illuſtrious than Thomas Wilſon, biſhop of Sodor and Man. This venerable man, after reaching the ninety-ſecond year of his age, and the fifty-eighth of his conſecration, exchanged this life for a better, and lies buried in the church-yard of Kirk Michael. Filial piety has erected

erected a monument over his grave, the modeſt inſcription on which concludes with,

"LET THIS ISLAND SPEAK THE REST."

And to the feelings of the natives, his eulogium might well be committed.*

"Venerable in his aſpect," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "meek in his deportment, his face illumined with benignity, and his heart glowing with piety, like his divine maſter, he went about doing good. With the pride and avarice of prelacy he was totally unacquainted. His palace was a temple of charity. Hoſpitality ſtood at his gate, and invited the ſtranger and the beggar to a plenteous repaſt. The day he devoted to benevolence, and the night to piety. His revenue was dedicated to the poor and the needy. And not contented with relieving the wants, or mitigating the woes of mankind, he was ſolicitous, both by his precept and example, to conduct his little flock to heaven. Even to this day, many of the inhabitants of the iſland never hear his name mentioned, but the tear of gratitude inſenſibly ſwells into their eye, and their faultering tongue bleſſes the memory of their pious and venerable benefactor."

Mark Hilderſley was his ſucceſſor, and proved not unworthy of filling the ſtation of Biſhop Wilſon. He aſſiduouſly imitated the piety and

* Biſhop Wilſon's life and manners would have done honour to primitive Chriſtianity. His character was truly apoſtolical. He was not only revered and loved by his dioceſe, but by the whole kingdom, and even by its enemies. During a French war, the cruiſers of that nation were forbid to injure the property of the natives of Man, out of reſpect to this amiable prelate.

benevolence of his predeceſſor. Beſides a life of private beneficence, he eſtabliſhed a charity-ſchool at Kirk Michael, and promoted a tranſlation of the ſcriptures into the Manks language.

The next biſhop was Richard Richmond, an eloquent preacher, but haughty and unamiable in his manners. He was ſucceeded by George Maſon, who became the dupe of his own gratitude to his patron, and by his weakneſs, rather than any ſtudied attack on the privileges of others, involved himſelf in trouble and diſgrace.

Claudius Criggan, the preſent biſhop, ſucceeded him in 1784. Of living characters, it is proper to ſpeak with caution, leſt adulation or prejudice ſhould be either ſeen or ſuſpected; but we ſcarcely think there is one perſon, who knows any thing of this amiable prelate, that will refuſe him the praiſe of poliſhed and conciliating manners, of ſound judgment, and domeſtic worth. His pulpit eloquence is impreſſive, and his labours have not only tended to the eternal, but alſo to the temporal, happineſs of his flock. He has promoted internal peace, and taught ſociety the bleſſings of unanimity and order.

The ſee of the iſland is ſtyled Sodor and Man. The firſt title has perplexed many. Camden derives Sodor from a ſmall iſland, near Caſtletown, in which Pope Gregory IV. erected an epiſcopal ſee; but this iſland has diſappeared, or rather it never exiſted. It has likewiſe been alleged to have been taken from a village, in the Iſle of I-Columb-Kill, where the biſhop of the Weſtern Iſles had formerly his reſidence; or from Peel Iſle, in which are the remains of the cathedral and the biſhop's palace; and which, ſome ſay, obtained the appellation of Sodor after the Engliſh conqueſt,

queſt; but neither of theſe derivations is right, nor does our preſent author ſolve the difficulty.

It appears from the beſt authority, however, that during the time the Norwegians were in poſſeſſion of the Hebrides and Man, they divided them into two parts, diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of the Sudereys and Morderys, or the iſlands lying ſouth and north of their ideal line of demarcation. Afterwards a biſhoprick of the iſles was formed; but Man, as being the ancient ſee, retained the title of Sodor, from the Sudereys, though its prelate loſt all juriſdiction over the diviſion of the iſles, ſo called.

The patronage of this biſhoprick, with the royalty of the iſland, was conferred by Henry IV. on Sir John Stanley and his ſucceſſors; and to this day the Duke of Athol, as his deſcendant, nominates the biſhop of Sodor and Man; who, upon his majeſty's approbation, is conſecrated by the archbiſhop of York, and inſtalled in Peel cathedral.

Anciently the biſhop was the firſt baron of the kingdom of Man, and at preſent claims the title and dignity of a peer; but as the ſee was never formed into a ſpiritual barony, nor is the biſhop choſen by the king's congé d'elire, he has no voice in the Britiſh houſe of peers *.

The power of the prelates of Man was formerly ample, and in its exerciſe they were ſometimes intolerant. Eccleſiaſtical oppreſſion, however, has now given way to moderation and juſtice; yet the revenues are increaſed, and are ſaid to

* Our author ſays, "he has no ſeat," but this we apprehend is a miſtake.

exceed 1200l. a year: a liberal ſum in ſuch an unexpenſive ſituation.

The biſhop's court is compoſed of an archdeacon, two vicars-general, and an epiſcopal regiſtrar; and his juriſdiction extends over ſeventeen pariſhes. But to return from this digreſſion.

Leaving Biſhop's Court, they proceeded through a charming country to Ramſay, where they arrived to ſupper. This town, like Peel, flouriſhed by illicit commerce, and when that was ſuſpended, its inhabitants ſeem to have had no idea of opening new and legitimate channels for exertion. Still, however, a conſiderable quantity of grain is exported from this place; but this may be conſidered rather as the traffic of the farmers, in the well-cultivated vicinity, than of the merchants of the town.

Ramſay furniſhes little to engage a traveller's attention, and therefore they left it early next morning. The ſky was clear, and the ſun had juſt broke from the horizon, when they gained the ſummit of a ſteep hill, from which they had a proſpect of Ramſay Bay and the environs, that filled them with rapture.

Reach Kirk Maughold, a village which derives its name from Maughold, who lived near the cloſe of the fifth century; and after being a captain of Iriſh banditti, arrived in this iſland, and ſoon became illuſtrious for his piety and auſterity. In conſequence of the fame he had acquired, he was unanimouſly choſen biſhop of Man; and ſo great was his pious celebrity, that St. Bridget, one of the tutelary ſaints of Ireland, and foundreſs of Douglas nunnery, viſited him in his mountainous retreat, and received from his hands the veil of virginity.

In

In confirmation of this legend, there is ſtill viſible, a beautiful quadrangular pillar, near the church gate of Kirk Maughold, on which part of the hiſtory of the ſaint is evidently traced; particularly his interview with St. Bridget.

Notwithſtanding its former celebrity, this village is become one of the pooreſt and moſt lonely in the iſland. The church is built on a lofty promontory, in the middle of a very extenſive cemetery, incloſed by a ſtrong mound of earth, faced on the outſide with ſtone. In this ſpacious incloſure, is ſcattered a great variety of ancient and modern grave-ſtones; and indeed the natives, for ſeveral ages, made this conſecrated ſpot the chief place of interment.

From Kirk Maughold they travelled over a very ſteril part of the iſland, towards Douglas; and as the horizon was clear, they determined to aſcend the top of Snaffield, in order to enjoy its unparalleled proſpects.

Having gained its ſummit with much fatigue and difficulty, for ſome time they ſtood in mute aſtoniſhment.

"Beneath us," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "lay expanded the leſſer mountains; and all around the romantic hills and vales of Mona, beautifully interſperſed with thin woods, waters, villages, and towns; the ſurrounding ocean, refulgent with the meridian ſun, and covered with many a white ſail, heightened the beauty and ſublimity of the landſcape; while, to crown the whole, this charming proſpect was terminated only by the majeſtic mountains of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales."

Snaffield may be conſidered as the centre of the Britiſh dominions in Europe. It ſtands in the

54th

54th degree of north latitude, and 4th of weſt longitude, and commands an extenſive view of the mountains of Galloway in Scotland, of Cumberland and Lancaſhire, in England; of Caernarvon in Wales; and of Arklow in Ireland.

After enjoying this almoſt boundleſs landſcape for ſome hours, they deſcended with regret, and by a rapid declivity, ſoon reached the village of Laxey, a group of mean buildings, in a deep glen, interſected by a creek, the reſort of a few ſmugglers, who ſtill viſit the iſland. A fine bay lies to the eaſt, the other ſides are bounded by ſteep and lonely mountains, with vales between, that afford ſome romantic ſcenery.

Amidſt theſe wild and pictureſque retreats, they paſſed a great part of the day, and in the evening proceeded to Kirk Concham, where ſtrangers, who die at Douglas, are generally interred; and to whoſe memory they noticed ſome monuments of a recent date.

Reached Douglas about ſun ſet, and finiſhed their excurſion, which had been productive of much gratification.

Soon after their return to Douglas, the evening being delightfully fine, they took a walk to the promontory, ſouth of the town, to enjoy the proſpect. In the bay were numerous veſſels, with ſtreamers waving in the wind; and at a diſtance, ſcattered along the horizon for many miles, were ſeen the white ſails of, perhaps, four hundred fiſhing boats; while the town below exhibited the buſtle of trade, or rang with the voice of mirth.

The herrings, which, during the ſeaſon, prove a ſource of wealth and employment to the Manks; firſt appear off this iſland about Midſummer, but

the

the fiſhery ſeldom commences till the middle of July, and then it is confined to a few places.

Towards the end of Auguſt, however, they ſhoal round the whole iſland, and the fiſhermen ply their vocation with increaſed activity, till the equinoctial gales commence, which uſually diſſipate the herrings, and intimidate their purſuers.

The boats employed in this fiſhery, ſeldom exceed eight tons, and are well adapted for their deſtination. When new, including the nets, they coſt ſeventy or eighty guineas; and they are generally held in partnerſhip. The produce of every night is divided into nine parts; two belong to the owners of the boat, one to the proprietors of the nets, and the other ſix to the ſame number of fiſhermen, who belong to each boat.

The boatmen are chiefly compoſed of the inhabitants of the inland places, who return to a life of indolence, on the cloſe of the ſeaſon, and ſeem to be ſupremely bleſt, if they have been able to procure enough for the maintenance of their families, during the interval of the fiſhery. Few have any idea of accumulating wealth, and much is ſpent in temporary diſſipation.

The Manks fleet conſiſts of more than four hundred boats, beſides other larger veſſels. An admiral and vice-admiral are annually elected; the former of whom government allows 5l. and to the latter 3l. during the ſeaſon. Their province is to conduct the fleet to the herring ground, and their boats are diſtinguiſhed by appropriate flags.

The boats ſail in the evening, and return with the morning tide. On leaving the habour, each

fiſherman

fiſherman uncovers his head, and appears, for a few moments, engaged in devotion. Under the cloud of night they ſhoot their nets; and many of the boats return laden with fifty, and ſome a hundred meazes of herrings, each meaze conſiſting of five hundred. In fact, a ſucceſsful night will frequently produce 3000l. and ſometimes 5000l.

Among the herrings are caught great quantities of dog-fiſh, which prey upon the former, and often prove very deſtructive to the nets. Theſe afford a conſiderable quantity of oil, and their fleſh is dried and eaten by the poorer natives.

The Manks are ſo obſervant of the Sabbath, that they neither put to ſea on the Saturday nor the Sunday night. This, our author thinks, ariſes rather from ſome ſuperſtition, than a real regard to religion; and he argues on the impolicy of loſing two days in a week, when one might ſuffice. There is a tradition, however, that during one Sunday evening, in the laſt century, when the boats were fiſhing, a tremendous ſtorm aroſe, accompanied with thunder and lightning, which deſtroyed a great part of the fleet, and ſeveral, which took ſhelter in a neighbouring cove, were cruſhed by the fall of the impending precipice. "Whether this actually happened," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "or was a pious fiction, I have never been able to learn. The natives, however, believe it an awful inſtance of the wrath of heaven, and are therefore deterred from ſubjecting themſelves to a ſimilar calamity."

During the fiſhing ſeaſon, the natives ſeem rouſed from their conſtitutional lethargy. They ſhake

ſhake off their wonted ſloth, and aſſume an air of gaiety and mirth. The day is paſſed in banquetting, and the voice of joy is heard in every corner. Their wives and daughters crowd to the ſhore, and heighten the feſtivity.

"To a generous mind," remarks our author, " it is highly gratifying, to obſerve ſome thouſands deriving life and gladneſs from this employ. The pleaſure, however, diminiſhes on reflecting, that all this gaiety and exertion will ſoon be over; and that the Manksman, when he has baſked, like a ſummer inſect, for a little time in the ſunſhine of induſtry, will retire to his ſmoky cottage and tattered family; for, till the more general eſtabliſhment of manufactures, he will never know either a continuance of the comforts of life, or the bleſſings of ſociety."

We ſhall now conclude this intereſting and valuable tour with ſome remarks on the trade, government, and revolutions of the iſland; and a review of the character and manners of the Manks.

During the civil wars in England, ſeveral perſons of fortune ſought an aſylum here, and introduced a greater flow of money. Previous to that period, the trade was chiefly confined to an exchange of commodities, and this was conducted in the moſt ſimple manner.

To prevent monopolies, four merchants were annually elected by the people, to purchaſe foreign merchandiſe for the whole iſland. Theſe, on the arrival of any veſſel with neceſſary imports, appeared with the owner of the cargo before the governor of the iſland, and the value of each article being aſcertained, the country cheerfully acceded to the agreement. The articles given in

return

return were the native produce; but if that was inadequate, a general money aſſeſſment was laid on the inhabitants.

This primitive mode of commerce gradually gave way to more enlarged notions, and a more general diffuſion of ſpecie.

The increaſe of the cuſtoms and the eſtabliſhment of an exciſe in the neighbouring kingdoms, rendered the Iſle of Man an important mart for thoſe luxuries, which had been loaded in Britain with heavy impoſts. On their importation from the continent, they paid here only a trifling duty to the lord; yet ſuch quantities were admitted, that they produced to him annually, for ſome years, before the ſale of the royalties, not leſs than 6000l. Merchants, from various countries, eſtabliſhed themſelves in every town of the iſland, and the natives themſelves entered deeply into traffic with hordes of ſmugglers; for it ſhould be remarked, that though unlimited importation was allowed, yet the re-exportation was contrary to law, which, however, was ſhamefully evaded.

Individuals were enriched by this illicit trade, but the community was injured. The great maſs of the people, intent on caſual advantages, neglected agriculture and the fiſheries, and their morals too became debauched.

The revenue of Britain was materially affected by this contraband trade, and in 1726, an act was paſſed to ſanction the purchaſe of the ſovereignty of the Iſle of Man; but from various cauſes, this deſirable event did not take place till 1765. The Duke of Athol then agreed, for the ſum of 70,000l. and ſome annuities, to the re-

inveſtment of all the royalties in the crown of Great Britain.

The ſale of the iſland ſpread an univerſal panic. Commerce ceaſed, and every countenance indicated fear and diſmay. The merchants raſhly ſuppoſing, that the treaſures of their warehouſes would be confiſcated, ſold them greatly below their original value, and retired from the ſpot; while many of the poſſeſſors of landed property, influenced by an unreaſonable dread of, they did not know what, ſold their eſtates to any purchaſer.

Some individuals, of greater judgment and penetration, availed themſelves of the public alarm, and ſecured conſiderable fortunes; but though the ſale of the iſland was thus injurious to many in its immediate conſequences, a ſhort time convinced them, that what they dreaded would be their ruin, turned out to be the moſt invaluable bleſſing.

The conſtitution was not changed, though the government was. The revenue department was now ſeparated from the civil eſtabliſhment, and a cuſtom-houſe was erected, in his majeſty's name, at the principal ports.

Since this eſtabliſhment, the importation of foreign luxuries has been limited, and the impoſts, though ſtill comparatively very moderate, increaſed. The duties are various, according to the articles on which they are impoſed; but they are ſtill ſo low as to aſtoniſh a native of Great Britain; and it ſeems an exciſe is ſtill unknown here.

The impoſts are paid on landing, and the goods are then free from all future inſpection, unleſs an attempt is made at clandeſtine exportation.

The native exports, however, are not equal to the imports, notwithſtanding government has, with a liberal attention, granted every encouragement to Manks manufactures, and a bounty on its fiſheries.

The herrings being the great ſtaple commodity of the iſland, a ſketch of this trade may be acceptable to our readers.

The price of herrings fluctuates during the fiſhery, from 3s. to 1s. per hundred. White herrings are cured by this ſimple proceſs: Being carried to the herring-houſes from the boats, they are thoroughly rubbed with ſalt, chiefly by the women, after which they are left to purify till next morning, when they are barrelled, with a layer of ſalt betwixt each row of fiſh.

A barrel contains about ſix hundred, and the whole expence to the curer frequently does not exceed 12s. while the loweſt ſum it will command, is a guinea in the Engliſh market; but it ſhould be conſidered, that a conſiderable degree of riſk is incurred.

Such as are deſigned for red herrings, are firſt piled in rows, with a layer of ſalt between each, and in this ſtate are left to purify themſelves for ſome days. They are then waſhed, and when the water is drained off, are ſuſpended from the mouth by ſmall rods, in extenſive apartments, built for this purpoſe. Here the herrings are hung, in regular rows, from the roof to within eight feet of the floor, and when freſh, make a very beautiful appearance.

This being done, ſmouldering fires, of the roots of oak, are kindled under them, and kept ſmoking, rather than burning, for ſome weeks. The fiſh are then taken down, and barrelled for exportation.

portation. Many are ſent to the Mediterranean, and a cargo is frequently brought back by the veſſels to Liverpool, or part of it perhaps to the iſland.

Excluſive of the herring trade, grain, cattle, butter, and ſeveral other articles are exported; yet, the general balance of trade is againſt the iſland; and our author thinks, that ſhould the fiſhery conſiderably decline, before manufactures are eſtabliſhed, or agriculture extended, the country would be ruined.

However, when it is conſidered how many advantages would attend ſtriking out new channels for employ, both for capital and hands, it is ſurpriſing that the ſpirit of enterpriſe ſhould have lain dormant ſo long. "The land," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "is exempt from taxation; the neceſſaries and the comforts of life are abundant; and the country would ſupply ſeveral manufacturing materials: while, for the greater part of the produce of the land and many of the manufactures, there would be an immediate demand at home; and for the reſidue, an eaſy conveyance to various markets abroad."

It appears, however, that the Mankſman, ſatisfied with purſuing the fiſheries with tolerable activity, repoſes, in ſupine inactivity, during the greateſt part of the year; and if ever manufactures are carried to any perfection, they muſt be begun by adventurers from other quarters, who, purſuing their own immediate intereſt, will eventually add to the comfort and opulence of the iſland.

From what has already been remarked, it will appear that indolence is a prominent feature in the Manks character. To what cauſes this he-

reditary inactivity ought juſtly to be aſcribed, may be difficult to determine. Mr. Robertſon thinks that it derives new influence from the quiet of the lonely vales and mountainous retreats, to which the great maſs of the inhabitants are habituated from their infancy.

That ſolitude, as our author beautifully obſerves, which, to a contemplative mind, is the fountain of the ſublimeſt enjoyments, operating on an inert diſpoſition, only cheriſhes a ſombrous melancholy, which, by enervating the mind, renders it a ſlave to ſuperſtition, and is inimical to the empire of reaſon.

Hence, it ſeems, there are many who labour under a diſordered imagination in this iſland; and who, from their native diſpoſition, giving way to religious terrors, imbibe all the gloomy tenets of methodiſm.

The inhabitants of the towns, however, are not ſo generally expoſed to theſe evils. Bleſſed with a more enlarged circle of ſociety, called upon to diſcharge more numerous duties, and therefore more active from neceſſity, they become cheerful and enlightened, and leſs ſubject to gloom and ſuperſtition.

Some of the higher claſſes poſſeſs poliſhed manners, liberal minds, and real hoſpitality; but our author limits this commendation, and inſinuates that there are many of thoſe, who have amaſſed wealth, that are haughty and illiberal. This reflection, however, does not excluſively apply to the Manks: the purſe-proud and the ignorant are plentifully diſperſed over the ſurrounding countries.

"The middle ranks," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "have a greater air of politeneſs and hoſpitality; yet

yet they have frequently been eſteemed ſhrewd, ſelfiſh, inſincere, and litigious. The lower claſſes," continues he, "are like the vulgar in every country, only, perhaps, a little more inert and ignorant. They know little of the enjoyments of life, and many of them conſume the greateſt part of the year in liſtleſs ſtupidity."

The cottages of the Manks are very miſerable, and their attire and fare as mean as their habitations. Some of the men wear a kind of ſandal, called kerranes, made of untanned leather, croſs-laced from the toe to the upper part of the inſtep, and drawn round the ancle. The uſual food of the populace is thin barley cakes, or herrings and potatoes, with a beverage of milk and water.

But though humble in their accommodations, they are bleſſed with an athletic frame, and from the ſalubrity of the climate, many of them arrive at great longevity. The air in ſummer is cooled by the ſea breezes, and in winter it is no more inclement than in the correſponding latitudes of the neighbouring countries. Fogs prevail at ſome ſeaſons, but they do not appear to be injurious to health. Sea-bathing is no where more delightful than here, owing to the clearneſs of the water and the ſandy nature of the beach.

A penſive phyſiognomy characterizes the Manks, ſeldom expreſſive of vivacity or ſublimity of mind. Some of the women, however, are reckoned beautiful, and others are not unacquainted with female accompliſhments.

"The liberal arts," remarks our touriſt, "have few votaries in this country; ſcience is diſregarded, and polite literature little cultivated. The parochial clergy are more reſpectable for

their virtues, than eminent for their learning and genius." They are ſeldom diſtinguiſhed by an univerſity education, but receive the elements of claſſical learning and theology, at a ſeminary at Caſtletown, founded and principally endowed by Biſhop Barrow. The livings ſeldom exceed 100l. and are never lower than 50l. per annum.

The ſolitude of this country, it might be preſumed, would be favourable to ſtudy and contemplation, and its picturesque and romantic ſcenery to the indulgence of the imagination; "yet, the Iſle of Man," ſays Mr. Robertſon, "has not produced one perſon known, in the neighbouring kingdoms, either by the vigour of intellect, or the fire of genius."

Like the Swiſs and Highlanders, the Manks feel a ſtrong predilection for their native vales and mountains. They are tenacious of their ancient cuſtoms, and jealous of their rights and privileges. But they cannot be ſaid to poſſeſs much public ſpirit in their buildings or endowments. There is no hoſpital throughout the iſland; yet private charity is far from being cold here: it ſeems to be inherent in all ranks. The following generous proverb is in common uſe, and its ſpirit is acted on, when opportunity ſerves: "*Tra ta yn derry Vought cooney leſh hought elley ta ſee hene garaghtee*;" that is, "when one poor man relieves another, God himſelf is affected with joy at the ſight."

The Iſle of Man received ſeveral appellations from the ancients. Cæſar calls it Mona *; but

* It has been queſtioned whether Mona was at firſt applied to the Iſles of Man or Angleſea. It is, however, certain, that Mona was ſolely appropriated to the latter, in following periods.

Ptolemy,

Ptolemy, Monæda, or the diſtant Mona; Pliny, Monabia; and others, Eubonia. Biſhop Wilſon derives its Engliſh name, MAN, from the Saxon word MANG, or among; which may be alluſive to its ſituation between the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The natives, however, call it Manning.

It is very probable, that Man was originally peopled from Britain, and that its primitive government was patriarchal. To this form ſucceeded the civil and religious inſtitutions of the Druids, who, after the maſſacre of their brethren in Angleſea, reigned here, the objects of veneration, till towards the cloſe of the fourth century; when their boaſted fabric of legiſlature and religion gave way to the pure precepts of Chriſtianity.

It ſeems Druidiſm, however, was not totally extinguiſhed for many years after this propitious era. Its profeſſors gradually embraced the Chriſtian religion, and maintained their aſcendency over the minds of the natives, till an eruption of the northern barbarians ſpread deſolation and anarchy over the iſland; and a long period enſued, in which all traces of genuine hiſtory is loſt in the darkneſs of legend and fable.

The people, devoted to the tyranny of every new conqueror, ſoon loſt all ſenſe of their native dignity. Their minds became a chaos: they felt reflection was pain, and therefore they did not think; pleaſed to gratify preſent wants, and to eſcape preſent danger, they carried their temporal views little farther than the day that was paſſing over their heads.

Amidſt ſuch ſcenes of anarchy, few traces of legiſlation could be diſcerned. In the tenth

century,

century, however, a feeble dawn of conſtitutional light appeared. Orry, a prince of the Daniſh line, after having ſubdued the Orkneys and the Weſtern Iſles, at laſt eſtabliſhed his throne in Man, and transferred it to his deſcendants.

Under this prince, twenty four perſons were nominated as a kind of council, but probably with a view of rendering his meaſures more popular. This was the firſt dawn of a form of government, in which the people had even a nominal intereſt.

While the Daniſh and Norwegian princes ſwayed the ſceptre, this iſland was, in ſome meaſure, protected by their power from foreign invaders; but it was frequently torn by inteſtine broils. The ſucceſſion of its kings, however, became more regular; the martial ardor was inflamed, and liberty and property began to be a little reſpected.

But Man was doomed to undergo another revolution. Norway, which had given conquerors or princes to ſome of the firſt countries in Europe, in its turn, was ſwallowed up by the more potent kingdom of Denmark. In conſequence of this, Alexander III. king of Scotland, an active and politic prince, ſoon recovered the Hebrides, which had been wreſted from his anceſtors, and in 1270, added Man to his conqueſts.

The Scottiſh conquerors were ſtill more inimical to the Manks than the Norwegians had been. Every ſpark of warlike genius was extinguiſhed, and with the few liberties they poſſeſſed, every virtue, that can dignify our race, was baniſhed, or obſcured.

However, the natives of Man did not at once give up their independence. They made ſeveral attempts

attempts to throw off the yoke of ſervitude; but they all proved abortive, and at laſt they ſunk into a ſullen, indolent race of ſlaves.

A more fortunate era at length arrived, and with it the happineſs of Man began to revive. The Engliſh arms at length prevailed againſt the Scots, and Sir William Montacute, who had married a deſcendant of one of the princes of the iſland, being furniſhed with ſupplies by Edward III. ſoon reduced Man; and by command of the Engliſh monarch, was crowned, as its king, in 1344. Montacute, however, did not long maintain this new honour, and, after the ſovereignty had been in the poſſeſſion of Sir William Scroop, chamberlain to Richard II. and of Percy, earl of Northumberland, by the attainder of the latter, it was conferred on Sir John Stanley, in 1406.

By the acceſſion of this family, and other concurring cauſes, which operated more or leſs on all Europe, the Manks once more enjoyed ſome ſhare of liberty and happineſs. The ſeverity of the feudal ſyſtem was greatly mitigated in this iſland. Being now ſubject to a ſubordinate prince, military ſervice was ſeldom demanded; and the rigour of vaſſalage was diminiſhed by the generoſity, or by the abſence of the feudal lord. The lieutenants, however, and frequently the clergy, haraſſed the people; but at length they triumphed over both, and obtained, for themſelves and their poſterity, a declaration of their rights and privileges.

The conſtitution of Man, at this period, conſiſted of two branches: the reigning prince and the twenty-four keys, who were accounted the repreſentatives of the people. The Engliſh monarchs, though lords paramount, did not interfere

fere in the government of the iſland, which was intruſted, by the ſubordinate prince, to his lieutenant and officers. The lieutenant was the repreſentative of majeſty, and a ſtaff, which he held upright in his hand, was the badge of his authority. He ſwore, on his appointment, "to do juſtice between the lord and his ſubjects, *as uprightly as the ſtaff now ſtandeth.* The lord's privy council * were the two deemſters, who alſo took an oath to do juſtice between man and man; "as equally as the herring bone lies between the two ſides," and a jury was uſually empannelled to aſſiſt their deciſions.

The power of the lord ſeems to have extended to every thing, ſave peace, war, and alliances. He coined money †, pardoned or puniſhed civil delinquents, and controlled the ſpiritual authority; ſummoned a tynwald or convention of the people, and with the advice of his council and the aſſent of the Keys, made or repealed laws. He was ſtyled metropolitan of the holy church, was patron of the biſhoprick and livings, lord high admiral of the iſland, and lord of the ſoil; on which account his ſubjects paid a fine on his acceſſion; and, without his ſanction, it was not legal to alienate or mortgage lands.

This power, apparently ſo exorbitant, was, however, balanced by the inſtitution of the Houſe of Keys, without whoſe aſſent no laws were valid, nor could any ſubſidies be levied. The Keys, ſo called, according to Biſhop Wilſon,

* There was likewiſe an ordinary council, compoſed of the principal officers, the biſhop, &c.

† On the obverſe were the creſt and motto of the lord, on the reverſe three legs, the arms of the iſland, with this inſcription, *Quocunque jeceris ſtabit.*

from

from unlocking, as it were, the difficulties of the law, formed the grand inqueſt of the nation, were preſent at all criminal trials, and even from the deciſions of the common law, the injured might appeal to their judgment.

It has been already remarked, that the Keys were conſtituted by King Orry, and, under his ſucceſſors, they ſeem gradually to have obtained an increaſe of authority, till the Scottiſh conqueſt. With the houſe of Stanley the genius of freedom again began to revive; and, in 1430, a Houſe of Keys was elected by the people, and, for its legiſlative proceedings, was only amenable to them. In proceſs of time, however, they aſſumed new powers, filled up vacancies with the ſanction of the governor, and were no longer dependent on their original conſtituents.

This autocracy continued alſo under the Athol family, who inherited the Iſle of Man from the Derby; and ſince the royalties have been annexed to the Britiſh crown, the ſpirit of the Manks laws has, indeed, been meliorated, but the form of the conſtitution remains unaltered. The manerial rights were not affected by this alteration, and the Duke of Athol ſtill enjoys them as before.

It appears from the Manks laws, that a commutation of puniſhments, by fine, was not infrequent. This no doubt increaſed the revenues of the lord, but at the ſame time it operated as an encouragement to crimes in the rich.

We ſhall now take leave of our agreeable touriſt, whoſe work we recommend to our readers, with a few extracts from the Manks laws, which we record for their ſingularity or juſtice.

"We

"We give for law, that our lord and his houſehold be victualled on the following terms: a bullock, 3s. 4d. a mutton 6d. a lamb 1d. a pig 1d. a kid one farthing, and a gooſe one halfpenny*.

"If a man be guilty of felony, his wife's ſhare of the goods to be exempt from forfeiture. If a woman be guilty, ſhe may be forſaken by her huſband; but if he conceal her crime, the law ſhall deem him equally criminal. A widow ſhall have one half of her huſband's eſtate, if his firſt wife; but if his ſecond or third, only a quarter; and if ſhe marry or miſcarry, ſhe ſhall looſe her widow-right.

"If a man raviſh a wife, he ſhall die; but if he violate the chaſtity of a maid, the deemſters ſhall deliver to her a rope, a ſword, and a ring; and ſhe is then to have her choice, to hang, behead, or marry him.

"If a young woman has an illegitimate child, and the father, in two years after its birth, marries her, that child ſhall poſſeſs the father's eſtates, as amply as if it had been born in wedlock."

* Manks currency is ſtill inferior in value to Engliſh. Hence it appears how cheaply the lord might live, and keep up a dignified eſtabliſhment.

TOUR

THROUGH

SOUTH WALES,

AND SOME OF THE

ADJACENT ENGLISH COUNTIES.

BY

HENRY SKRINE, Esq.

OF WARLEY, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

SO numerous and reſpectable are the tours through Wales, that we have rather been at a loſs to determine our ſelection, than to find an opportunity of doing ample juſtice to the principality.

After reading ſeveral recent publications on this ſubject, with all the impartiality in our power, we were obliged to reject them; not from their want of merit, when ſcanned according to the object and deſign of their authors; but becauſe one, perhaps, was too confined in its circle for a general work, another too ſcientific, and a third too diffuſe in antiquarian reſearches.

Different taſtes will, doubtleſs, receive different degrees of gratification from their peruſal; and we confeſs we have reaped a conſiderable

ſhare of pleaſure or information from all; but, after weighing them according to our propoſed ſtandard, and balancing advantages and diſadvantages, we are induced, with the full approbation of our judgment, to adopt Mr. Skrine for our guide, whoſe work has been publiſhed within the preſent year, and to recommend him to all who wiſh to make the tour of Wales with pleaſure or profit.

This gentleman has obſerved a happy medium between minute deſcription and undiſtinguiſhing brevity. In his various tours, which he afterwards moulded into one uniform deſign, he has given us the prominent features both of North and South Wales, not only along their public haunts, but in their moſt retired receſſes. For the ſake of perſpicuity and regularity, he has divided his work into two books, one of which includes his tour through South, and the other through North, Wales.

This diviſion we have followed; and if we have rapidly entered on the principality from the frontier counties, or only taken a curſory view of ſome of its moſt important ſcenes, it is becauſe we have already had occaſion to notice many places, which fell under Mr. Skrine's review; and becauſe we did not wiſh to withdraw the public attention from ſuch an excellent original, to what is only a profeſſed abridgment. The following miniature, it is rather hoped, will excite a deſire of contemplating the whole length.

Mr. Skrine commences his tour through South Wales from the Coteſwold Hills, in Glouceſterſhire, which firſt open the view of the mountains of that country, and, in themſelves, give ſome idea of a track rather picturesque than fertile.

The

The Coteſwolds are, in general, unintereſting. They are bare of wood, and thinly ſcattered with villages; they are wild without majeſty, and, where cultivation has taken place, the ſtone-walls are offenſive to the eye. From their extremities, however, particularly towards Wales, the burſts of landſcape, varied, rich, and almoſt boundleſs, have an irreſiſtible effect on the mind.

The great Vale of Glouceſterſhire lies below, which loſes itſelf, on one ſide, in the Briſtol Channel, and on the other, in the diſtant hills of Warwick, Worceſter, and Shropſhire. Its fertility, its amenity, its towns, its villages, its noble ſtream, the Severn, which meanders down its middle, form ſuch a rich aſſemblage of objects, as the eye rarely encounters at once.

In the centre of this delightful plain ſtands Glouceſter, which, even at a diſtance, makes a conſiderable figure, and appears the proud capital of this extended domain. Within theſe few years, it has riſen to ſome commercial importance, and has ſhaken off the dulneſs and inactivity, which often prevail in inland towns, undiſtinguiſhed by trade.

But, though its ſituation is moſt favourable for diſtant, romantic proſpects, it is too much ſunk in the plain, to be agreeable in its home views. The ſtreets, however, are regular and well formed, meeting at right angles; and its public buildings indicate the increaſing opulence of the place, and the importance of the county. The cathedral, with its lofty, pinnacled tower, makes a conſpicuous figure, and well deſerves a minute ſurvey by the traveller.

Croſſing the Severn, they proceeded along its weſtern banks to Newnham, a little town, which

participates in the wild appearance of the neighbouring foreſt, and may properly be called its port. A paſſage is here eſtabliſhed acroſs the river, and this gives the place an air of commercial buſtle and ſpirit, which does not militate, however, with the ruſtic charms of the circumambient country.

Here they deſerted the banks of the Severn, and aſcending through the romantic village of Little Dean, ſoon found themſelves on one of the ſummits of the foreſt, from which they took a farewel view of the ſweet Vale of Glouceſter, and entered on more ſylvan ſcenery.

Paſſed through Mitchel Dean, an agreeable, little town, in a ſequeſtered ſituation, ſtill rendered more ſo by the execrable roads, that paſs through the foreſt, which compel moſt travellers to make a circuit by Roſs, from Glouceſter to Monmouth.

The country, from Dean to Roſs, partakes of the ſame foreſt-like appearance, with which they had been ſurrounded ſince they left Newnham.

Roſs, with its loſty ſpire, ſtanding on an eminence, within the borders of Herefordſhire, makes a ſtriking appearance on the approach; and from its church-yard, and the contiguous field, preſents one of the moſt enchanting views of the juſtly-celebrated Wye, and its appropriate ſcenery.

From Roſs they determined to take the navigation of the Wye to Monmouth and Chepſtow; and having ſecured a good, covered boat, well ſtored with proviſions, they ſet out on this moſt delightful voyage, which afforded them, in its progreſs, all the variety of the pictureſque, the agreeable, the tremendous, and ſublime in nature,

ture, that can be ſeen in this iſland, or almoſt conceived to exiſt. To do adequate juſtice to the aſſemblage of attractions, which preſs on the eye in this deſcent of the Wye, would require more than the pencil of a Gilpin, or the deſcriptive powers of a Rouſſeau.

Paſſing a night at Monmouth, next morning re-embarked for Chepſtow.

The ſcenery was ſtill fine, but leſs romantic than what they had encountered the preceding day. However, a nobler object than Tintern Abbey never burſt on the aſtoniſhed ſight of a traveller, and the characteriſtic beauty of its poſition is incomparable *.

After leaving this beautiful and intereſting ruin, the meanders of the river frequently opened ſome ſcene of novelty or grandeur, till they came in ſight of the high cliff, on which ſtand the proud towers of Chepſtow Caſtle.

At this place their little voyage ended; and from it they proceeded to view the celebrated gardens of Persfield, which contain many points of view, ſcarcely to be equalled for beauty and variety. The park and grounds cover a conſiderable eminence, and form ſeveral diſtinct lawns between open groves, in the centre of one of which ſtands the new houſe, a ſtately manſion, commanding an extenſive proſpect over the Briſtol Channel, to the diſtant hills of Somerſetſhire, and a variety of nearer views, of unrivalled beauty and grandeur.

"The diſtant ſcenery," ſays Mr. Skrine, "is finely contraſted by the views from the walks above the Wye, where ſtupendous rocks, pro-

* See Wyndham, Shaw, &c.

fuſely clothed with wood, impend over the winding channel of that noble river, and diſcloſe all the romantic varieties of a mountainous landſcape. Numberleſs are the points of view to be admired in their meandering courſe, from the conflux of the two rivers beyond Chepſtow, to the poſition, called the Lover's Leap, where a frightful precipice, darkened below with wood, commands ſome of the upper curves of the Wye, and the ſuperior heights of the Wynd Cliff crown the whole with great dignity."

Returning through Chepſtow, they proceeded towards the New Paſſage, diſtant five miles. After paſſing the well-wooded park of St. Pierre, they ſoon came in ſight of Caldecot Caſtle, a ſpacious, quadrangular building, with a round tower at each angle, and a Gothic gateway of elegant architecture.

A little farther, they viſited the poor remains of the once-famous Caerwent, the Venta Silurum of the Romans. The principal memorial of its ancient conſequence, is a curious teſſellated pavement, diſcovered about thirty years ago, and now preſerved with ſome care. It is ſeven yards long and ſix wide, and is a beautiful ſpecimen of this kind of work.

Leaving the Newport road at this place, they paſſed by Llanvair, and, by a laborious aſcent, reached the high eminence of Penca-Mawr. This is part of that long ridge which irregularly traverſes Monmouthſhire, and from this ſpot nearly the whole of that beautiful country lies ſtretched out, like a map; while, on the other hand, the Welch mountains riſe in all their majeſty, and bind the diſtance.

The deſcent from Penca-Mawr is extremely rapid into the Vale of Uſke, waſhed by the river of the ſame name, which, though not equal to the Wye, has nevertheleſs appropriate beauties.

Cloſe to the river ſtands the little town of Uſke, a place of conſiderable antiquity, conſiſting, at preſent, of ſome neat ſtreets, a plain bridge, and conſiderable remains of a caſtle.

Quitting the valley, they aſcended to the village of Ragland, remarkable for the ruins of its once celebrated caſtle. This ſplendid ſeat of the Beaufort family, ſtill venerable in its decay, exhibits a melancholy inſtance of that fate which awaits all ſublunary objects. "Here was held," ſays Mr. Skrine, "what might be called the court of the modern princes of this country, and at no far diſtant period, the youths of family in South Wales acquired the poliſh of improvement within theſe walls, where a degree of regal ſplendor was ſupported, with all the impoſing magnificence of feudal power."

From Ragland Caſtle purſued the Chepſtow road, for the purpoſe of aſcending the high ridge of Devaudon, and contemplating the charming proſpects from thence. On this ſummit they fell in with the road to Monmouth, and making a deſcent for about three miles, ſoon reached the handſome county-town of Monmouth.

This place is populous and genteel, and its environs are eminently beautiful. The market-place is ſpacious, and the public buildings do credit to the taſte and ſpirit of the corporation and county.

The remains of the caſtle are now inſignificant; but a large manſion has been built within its walls, which, after being occupied by the Tudors,

is

is now converted into a boarding-ſchool for young ladies.

Repaſſing the bridge over the Monow, they viſited Wonaſtowe, an ancient ſeat of the Milborne family, but now occupied by their agent, "who lives here," ſays our author, "in a ſtate of priſtine, rural hoſpitality, embowered in the fine groves of this ancient domain."

A ſucceſſion of ſteep and rugged hills led them through a well-incloſed country, abounding in the ſtores of Pomona, till they deſcended into the great vale at Clythoe, between the houſe and modern Gothic caſtle of Mr. Jones.

As they advanced through this lively and populous plain, they paſſed ſeveral handſome ſeats. Their road lay partly on the banks of the Uſke, and partly on little eminences above it, with perpetual variety of proſpects, till a quick deſcent brought them in ſight of Abergavenny.

"A more beautiful poſition," obſerves our tourift, "than this town occupies, can ſcarcely be conceived; bold, projecting hills form on every ſide a natural baſin, of no ſmall capacity, and the little river Gavenny unites its waters to the Uſke, in the midſt of a moſt verdant range of meadows."

Many houſes of elegant appearance are diſperſed in and about this place; but the town, in general, is irregularly built, and badly paved. Modern improvements, however, bid fair, in a ſhort time, to render Abergavenny as deſirable for its internal accommodations, as for its external beauty. Its Gothic bridge, its venerable church, and the ſlender remains of its caſtle, are objects that claim regard. Society here is very agreeable, and, during the ſummer months, this place is occaſionally

occaſionally reſorted to by ſtrangers, from its eaſy acceſs to the goat's whey, on the neighbouring mountains.

From this place made an excurſion, to viſit the ruins of Llantony Abbey, ſituated in one of the deepeſt receſſes of the Black Mountain. This abbey, our author obſerves, is more remarkable for the ſavage wildneſs of its poſition than for its architecture. The weſt front is in tolerable preſervation, and a Gothic gateway, with a large window over it, is elegantly ſupported by light cluſters of pillars, in a pleaſing ſtyle. The principal aiſle is alſo entire, with all its pillars and arches, which are neat and ſtrong, but devoid of ornament. The tower roſe in the centre of the church, and two of its ſides are ſtill remaining, with three rows of windows in each. The choir is rather more ornamented than the reſt of the fabric, and the great window over the altar appears to have been deſigned in the moſt perfect, Gothic taſte.

Llantony Abbey was founded on the ſite of a chapel, ſuppoſed to be the reſidence of St. David: it was rebuilt, and the monaſtery appropriated for Auguſtine Monks, by Sir William de Lacy, in the year 1108*.

Entering the opening between the mountains, through which the Uſke flows, they reached Crickhowell. "Here," ſays Mr. Skrine, "I firſt viewed the ſmall but charming territory, of which I afterwards became the proprietor; and I muſt riſk even the imputation of partiality, to beſtow a well merited degree of praiſe on the tranſcendant beauties of Dany Park and its vicinity. The

* For farther particulars, ſee Wyndham.

houſe

houſe ſtands in a ſpacious lawn, beneath a thick range of ſpreading woods, which, deſcending from a great height, form, at laſt, an open grove, covering an abrupt knoll, immediately over it. Above theſe, a fine mixture of paſturage and corn-fields ſtretch up to the very feet of the mountains, which riſe in native ſublimity, and are crowned with the perpendicular rock of *Deſguilfa*, or the proſpect, ſo called from its almoſt unlimited view. Such is the ſouthern aſpect. Towards the north it looks acroſs a charming variety of enamelled meadows, watered by the Uſke, to ſome fertile and ornamented hills. Towards the weſt, the Uſke, emerging from the mountains, which bound the Vale of Brecknock, paſſes round a high, pyramidal hill, and dividing the village of Llangattock from the town and caſtle of Crickhowell, flows rapidly through the ivy-arched bridge; while, on the eaſt, it glides more gently between the verdant meads of Dany Park and Court-y-Gollen towards Abergavenny, which appears at the diſtance of ſix miles, at the bottom of the vale."

Crickhowell is chiefly remarkable for the beauty of its ſituation, and the picturеſque remains of its caſtle. The oppoſite village of Llangattock is adorned with ſeveral handſome ſeats, inhabited by reſpectable families. Among theſe the new-built manſion of Admiral Gell claims particular notice.

Reach the village and picturеſque ruin of Tretower, and ſoon after began to aſcend the Mountain of Bwlch, which ſeparates the two great vales of the Uſke. Bwlch ſignifies a rent in a mountain, and many ſuch defiles are to be found

in

in Wales, which ſometimes, as in the preſent inſtance, give name to the mountain itſelf.

As ſoon as they emerged from the hollow of the paſs, a new ſcene opened. On their right lay, extended, a dreary valley, while, in front, the Vale of Brecknock expanded itſelf, and the Uſke ſtill flowed through romantic, though leſs cultivated, ſcenery.

Tracing its banks, along an excellent road, they reached Brecknock, a town ſituated in a plain, near the conflux of two rivers, in which reſpects, it reſembles Abergavenny, but is much ſuperior in buildings and decorations.

The rapid Honddy, deſcending in a torrent from the hills, unites with the Uſke, juſt before the latter paſſes under the ſtately arches of Brecknock Bridge. On the ſouth riſes the Hill of Canthriff, clothed, from its ſummit to its baſe, with wood; while, in another quarter, Van, the monarch of Breconian mountains, exalts its two majeſtic ſummits, with pre-eminent dignity.

Brecknock was formerly a Roman ſtation. Its caſtle was built in the reign of William Rufus, and, in 1233, it was beſieged by Llewellyn, prince of Wales, but not taken.

Modern Brecknock conſiſts of three handſome ſtreets, in the moſt ſpacious of which ſtands the town-hall and market-place. In form it is compact, and its elevation above the Uſke gives it facilities of cleanlineſs and neatneſs. Its bridge, and its two old churches, render its appearance reſpectable; and few towns can boaſt of two ſuch walks as thoſe on the Uſke, and in the groves of its ancient priory. Many families of reſpectability live in this vicinity; and ſociety here aſſumes its

its moſt captivating form, to thoſe who are admitted within its ſphere.

Made an excurſion to Penpont, about five miles from Brecknock. The approach is very noble. Beneath the ſpreading woods and lawns of the domain, on an elevation above the river, ſtands the reſpectable manſion of the Williams'. The houſe is ſpacious and irregular, but its local beauties, and its accompaniments, give it a title to diſtinction among the ſeats of this part of Wales.

"The views," ſays Mr. Skrine, "throughout all this charming territory, are wonderfully ſtriking, nor are thoſe from the houſe leſs beautiful; and the whole is kept in that perfect order, which indicates a wiſe and zealous adminiſtration in the preſent widowed poſſeſſor."

After paſſing ſome days in the agreeable ſociety of Penpont and its vicinity, they reſumed their tour, and returning nearly to the entrance of Brecknock, paſſed through a dreary valley at the foot of the Van, and gaining the ſummit of a chain of wild hills, gradually deſcended to Merthyr Tydvil.

This place, from an inconſiderable town, in the midſt of an obſcure diſtrict, has lately riſen to great commercial importance, from its iron-works, which are carried on with much ſpirit and ſucceſs.

Having now entered Glamorganſhire, and paſſed the ſource of the Taaffe, they purſued the rapid deſcent of that river into a deep valley, of a moſt romantic aſpect, till they reached the celebrated Pont-y-Prydd, or New Bridge, the work of William Edwards. The arch, though of ſuch vaſt expanſe, ſeems calculated to ſtand for many

ages;

ages; but its mean parapet, and the difficulty of acceſs to it, are diſadvantages that might have been avoided, and therefore admit of no excuſe.

Proceeding down the winding vale, on a beautiful terrace above the banks of the Taaffe, they enjoyed a ſucceſſion of romantic ſcenery, till they reached the track that deviates to Caerphilly Caſtle.

This aſtoniſhing pile ſtands in a ſmall, wild plain, environed by rocky hills, and notwithſtanding its original dimenſions are contracted, it is ſtill one of the moſt magnificent ſtructures in Great Britain. Croſſing two moats, they approached the citadel, which preſented to their view the ſtupendous, and almoſt perfect, body of a ſeparate caſtle, with a high Gothic arch in the centre. By this grand entrance they reached the inner court, ſurrounded by a range of noble apartments, many of which are in ſufficient preſervation to convey a high idea of their original grandeur. The hall, in particular, is a fine ſpecimen of Gothic architecture; and beneath this is the mint, curiouſly arched, with the remains of a furnace, for melting the metal.

In the exterior court is to be ſeen that ſingular curioſity, the leaning tower, which, for more than a century, has remained nearly eleven feet out of perpendicular, ſupported by the ſtrength of the cement.

This immenſe fabric, the work of Edward I. is ſaid to have been two miles in circumference, and even now reſembles the ruins of a city, rather than of a ſingle edifice. It once belonged to the Spencers; and, in various changes and ſucceſſions, it deſcended to the families of Pembroke, Wind-

ſor, and Bute, in the laſt of whom it is now veſted.

Proceeding over a wild and unintereſting track, they reached the dingy-looking town of Pont-y-Pool, ſo well known from its elegant japanned wares. The ſituation is charming, and the ſeat of the Hanburys, in the vicinity, is a ſtriking feature in the landſcape.

From thence viſited the ſite of the famous city of Caerleon, on the banks of the Uſke, ſuppoſed to have been the Iſca Silurum of antiquity. Few traces of its former ſplendor remain; and it derives all its modern conſequence from a participation in the manufactures of Pont-y-Pool.

Croſſing the Uſke, by a timber bridge, they aſcended to the village of Chriſt Church, and rejoining the great road from Chepſtow, ſoon approached the old town of Newport, covered, towards the Uſke, by an almoſt perfect front of its ancient caſtle. The view from the church-yard, which is placed on the ſummit of a hill, is peculiarly fine.

In this vicinity lies the extenſive park of Tredegar, finely clothed with timber, of long ſtanding, and delightfully varied by nature. The manſion is very ſtately, and has long been the principal ſeat of the Morgans, one of the moſt ancient and conſiderable families in South Wales. They have another manſion, called Ruperrah, charmingly ſituated on a woody hill, not far diſtant, and poſſeſs extenſive eſtates in ſeveral neighbouring counties.

The next place they viſited was Cardiff, the little capital of Glamorganſhire. It is ſituated on a flat, near the Taaffe, and is one of the neat-

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eſt towns in South Wales. The ſtreets are ſpacious, well-built, and admirably paved. Its church is a fine, Gothic ſtructure, and its bridge has been rendered more handſome by late improvements.

The caſtle, built by Robert Fitz Hamon, in 1110, was the ſcene of the cruel impriſonment of Robert, duke of Normandy. This pile has been repaired, and in ſome degree modernized, by its preſent lord, the Marquis of Bute. A walk is carried along the walls, which ſurround the whole incloſure; and the view from the ancient tower, which formed the keep, is varied and extenſive to a high degree.

Proceeding on the banks of the Taaffe, towards the north, the mountains ſoon cloſed on each ſide the river, forming a majeſtic portal, of rock and wood, on one promontory of which appeared the ruin of Caſtle Coch, originally built to defend the paſs. Beyond this the valley opens again in all its romantic beauty.

Having now explored the whole of this charming valley, from the ſource of the Taaffe, they directed their courſe to Llandaff, now reduced to the ſize of a village. The ruins of the old cathedral, however, give it an impreſſive appearance; and out of them the modern church is formed, and, indeed, is chiefly incloſed by them.

This incongruous mixture of almoſt every ſtyle of architecture, but ill accords with the noble remains of the Gothic cathedral, which raiſe themſelves, with gigantic grandeur, over the petty innovations of modern times. It muſt, however, be obſerved, that this church is kept in very great order, and the remnants of antiquity are carefully preſerved from farther dilapidation.

Purſuing an excellent road, through a well-cultivated country, they ſoon came in ſight of Llantriſſent, whoſe white buildings appeared cluſtered on the ſides and on the ſummit of a cleft in one of the hills that bound the Vale of Glamorgan. The ſtreets, of courſe, are ſteep and narrow; but if a proſpect could ſuperſede the ſenſe of other inconveniences, this place would be one of the moſt deſirable in Wales.

Deſcending into the Vale of Glamorgan, ſoon arrived at Cowbridge, a town conſiſting chiefly of a ſingle ſtreet, on a gentle declivity, with a ſmall rivulet flowing beneath.

From thence they viſited St. Donat's Caſtle, ſituated on the rocks impending the ſhore. This large, irregular pile, together with its accompaniments, bears many marks of ancient magnificence, and is ſtill, in ſome degree, inhabited. The view from its principal tower, over the Channel, and to the diſtant Somerſetſhire Hills, preſents a noble variety of objects.

Leaving the town of Bridgend on the right, aſcended the ſummit of Newton Down, from whence an enchanting burſt of proſpect ſaluted them, containing features ſo varied and ſublime, that it brought to the recollection of our tourift ſome of the fineſt landſcapes of Italy.

Charmed with this view, which a declining ſun diſplayed to the greateſt advantage, they ſlowly deſcended to the village of Pyle, where an excellent houſe of entertainment has been built for the viſiters of this delightful vicinity.

Margam, the grand, but deſerted, ſeat of the Talbot family, preſents a noble attraction, with its high, wooded hill, and its princely orangery, which was conſtructed for the reception of a nu-

merous

merous collection of orange and lemon trees, originally wrecked on the coaſt. The houſe of Margam has lately been pulled down; but an ancient chapter-houſe, appendant to the Abbey of Margam, deſerves the notice of every curious traveller, from the elegant manner in which the roof is ſupported by one central pillar.

Reached the copper-works of Aberavon, and viſited the charming ſeat of Lord Vernon, at Briton Ferry. This place is diſpoſed with great taſte and elegance, and from different walks and points of view, diſplays a variety of ſtriking ſcenery.

Purſuing the courſe of the Valley of Neath, they ſoon gained ſight of Gnoll, the ſplendid ſeat of the Mackworth family, now transferred by marriage to that of Hanbury. The plantations are very extenſive; the walks and caſcades are much admired; and the manſion has a very impoſing aſpect.

Here they croſſed the river, and after viſiting the imperfect remains of Neath Abbey, croſſed a hill to ſee the collieries and copper-works, which, occupying an immenſe track of country, blaſt the ſoil with their ſulphureous influence, and check every kind of vegetation.

Theſe works, however, are carried on with great ſpirit, and employ vaſt numbers of the poor, whoſe cottages, formed into regular ſtreets, bear the name of Morris Town, from the gentleman who conducts the buſineſs of the mines.

Next viſited Swanſea, which, for extent and beauty, far exceeds all the towns of South Wales. It has, of late, been much improved; and its increaſing commerce is perceptible in its whole exterior. The bay is ſingularly beautiful, and the ſhore being very commodious for bathers,

this place is much reſorted to during the ſummer months, not only by the invalids, but the gay. A theatre and an aſſembly-room contribute to their amuſement; and "here," ſays Mr. Skrine, "all the reſources of poliſhed ſociety are, at times, to be found, amidſt the noiſe of manufactures and the buzz of inceſſant commerce."

The remains of Swanſea Caſtle are very inconſiderable; but Oyſtermouth Caſtle, at the diſtance of four miles from this town, ſtill preſents very fine ruins. This ſtands near the promontory of the Mumbles-head, which terminating in high hills, and ſtretching far out into the bay, affords a ſafe anchorage to ſhips paſſing up and down the Channel.

This head-land of the Mumbles forms a point of the peninſula of Gower, which extends between the two great bays of Glamorgan and Caermarthen. In general, it is a rocky and unintereſting track; yet, at Penrice, within its limits, the owner of the noble manſion of Margam has raiſed a highly-ornamented villa, with all its luxurious appendages, near where the Caſtles of Penrice and Pennarth, built ſoon after the conqueſt, diſtinguiſh the Bay of Oxwich.

Having devoted ſome days to the vicinity of Swanſea, they proceeded towards Pontardillas, a ſmall inn and hamlet, near a bridge of that name. The Lwghor river expands here to a broad eſtuary, dividing the two counties of Glamorgan and Caermarthen. Their road lay principally along its banks, till they came to the miſerable village of Llanelly, cloſe to the coaſt, at which is a deſerted ſeat of the Stepney family.

Soon after aſcending the hill of Pembray, from its central point, they enjoyed a wonderful proſpect

ſpect over the great bay of Caermarthenſhire. In their deſcent, they became environed with collieries, and, by a very bad road, reached Kidwelly, a ſmall, but tolerably neat, town, with an ancient caſtle, riſing on a bold elevation, above a ſmall river. This ſtructure is attributed to King John; and is remarkable for the perfect uniformity of its four round towers.

Deſerting the great road, they ſoon came in ſight of the Towey, whoſe noble ſtream was crowned with the majeſtic ruins of Llanſtephan Caſtle. Being ferried over this wide eſtuary, and ſoon after croſſing the Taaffe, they came to Llangharne, where there are alſo ſome remains of a caſtle.

A long and very varied ride brought them from thence to Tenby, which occupies the ſummit of an abrupt cliff, and forms one great horn of the bay of Caermarthen.

This town is very ſingularly ſituated, and preſents an admixture of woods, rocks, and houſes, that have the moſt romantic effect. Its views by ſea are peculiarly ſtriking.

The beauty of the ſituation, and the fine, ſandy beach, have raiſed Tenby to a public place, of no ſmall reputation. The influx of company for bathing is, at times, very great; and the town, in conſequence, has undergone many capital improvements; but, from the declivity on which the ſtreets are built, they never can be made perfectly agreeable to thoſe who prefer the level to the pictureſque.

The quay is tolerably commodious; and ſome ſmall remains of the caſtle ſtill exiſt near the extremity of the cliff, at the bottom of which are caverns of immenſe magnitude.

The

The ruins of Manorbear Caſtle next attracted their curioſity. They lie on the ſea coaſt, at ſome diſtance from Tenby, and indicate great original ſtrength and conſequence.

They next aſcended a ridge, and for many miles purſued a grand terrace, on its ſummit, from which the greateſt part of Pembrokeſhire was ſpread like a map below. Cultivation here ſmiled in all her glory; and the inhabitants, many of whom were originally tranſplanted from Flanders, retain traits of their original, intermixed with the Engliſh, rather than the Welch character.

By a gentle deſcent, they came to the village and ancient manſion of Llamphey Court, once a palace of the Biſhop of St. David's, and afterwards a ſeat of the great Lord Eſſex. Much of this ſtructure remains, and forcibly recals the memory of ancient times.

Pembroke, which is only two miles diſtant from this place, conſiſts chiefly of one long and neat ſtreet, which leads to the magnificent remains of the caſtle. This proud ſtructure, built by Henry I. covers the whole of a great mount, which deſcends in a perpendicular cliff on each ſide, except towards the town, and is almoſt encircled by water. In the ruins of this once-celebrated pile, is ſhewn the apartment in which, it is ſaid, Henry VII. was born.

Several remarkable objects preſent themſelves in this vicinity. Stackpoole Court, the ſeat of Lord Cawdor, is a noble manſion, and ſurrounded with beautiful plantations, laid out with great taſte. It ſtands in a deep and ſylvan glen, cloſe to a ſtormy and tempeſtuous coaſt; yet exhibits all the romantic beauties of an inland valley.

Not

Not far from hence, in a clift of the coaſt, are the chapel and legendary well of St. Govin, reputed of miraculous efficacy in the cure of various diſorders. Some wonderful chaſms here bear a kind of miniature reſemblance to the famous Bullers of Buchan, on the north-eaſt coaſt of Scotland.

Soon afterwards paſſed Orielton, a ſpacious manſion of the Owen family, and again paſſing through Pembroke, reached the borders of Milford Haven. This vaſt harbour appears landlocked on all ſides, except towards the mouth, where the ſhores contract the channel to ſuch a degree, as to render it defenſible by proper fortreſſes.

The interior ſpace forms a vaſt oblong, ſufficient to ſhelter and accommodate all the navies of Europe.

Haberſton Haikin, near its centre, forms the port of Milford. The whole bay preſents features of beauty or ſublimity, though leſs pictureſque than many other ſcenes in this country.

Near the extremity of one of the creeks ſtand the magnificent remains of Carew Caſtle. It ſeems to have been built at different periods, and part of it ſo lately as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The great hall, with ſeveral other apartments, ſtill exhibits ſpecimens of its original ſplendor.

Following the eſtuary from hence, they ſoon reached Laurenny, the ſeat of Mr. Barlow, which, from its elevated ſite, had long been a principal object of view.

It ſtands on a narrow neck of land, between two branches of Milford Haven, and has two ferries; one towards Pembroke, the other to Llan-

Llanſhipping, where they found another old ſeat of the Owen family.

From thence, paſſing Slebatch, they arrived at the adjoining park of Picton Caſtle, the ancient ſeat of Lord Milford. "The extenſive plantations, and great outlines of Picton," obſerves our author, "promiſe more than meets the eye on a nearer approach, little taſte being diſplayed within, and neither the Gothic nor the modern parts of the manſion diſplaying much grandeur of architecture. Several of the apartments may be called magnificent; but, in the midſt of a park and country, open to various fine proſpects, none appear to be ſo placed as to admit them to advantage.

About five miles from Picton ſtands Haverford-weſt, a large town, deſcending, in ſeveral ſteep ſtreets, to a branch of the haven, from whence it derives its principal importance. For extent and ſuperior decoration, it may be regarded as the modern capital of the county; yet its ſloping ſituation prevents it from being either convenient or uniform. Here are the remains of a conſiderable caſtle, now converted into a priſon, from which, as well as the upper parts of the town, are noble proſpects.

From hence they made an excurſion to Hubberſton, a fiſhing town, on Milford Haven, from which the Iriſh packets, bound for Waterford, ſail.

A ſecond expedition led them by the ruins of Roche Caſtle, over a dreary country, to the almoſt-deſerted city of St. David's. Scarcely a ſingle tree decorated this wild extremity of the coaſt of Pembrokeſhire; and the habitations of man were

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alſo very thinly ſcattered, and very mean, where they preſented themſelves.

The city itſelf, on approaching it, bore the aſpect of an inſignificant village, ſituated on a ſmall eminence, near that projecting headland, called by the name of St. David's.

In a deep and well-ſheltered hollow, below the town, are ſome good houſes, however, belonging to the eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment, in the middle of which riſes the cathedral, in renovated majeſty, from the ſplendid remains of the ruined grandeur of St. David's. The repairs and alterations of this pile diſplay ſome taſte. The tower is finely carved in fret-work, and, like many others of our cathedrals, the Gothic ornaments of the choir contraſt the Saxon pillars and arches of the great aiſle. The ſtone ceiling of Biſhop Vaughan's chapel is equal to the fineſt ſpecimens of the reign of Henry VII. St. Mary's chapel, in its perfect ſtate, muſt have been ſtill more beautiful.

The epiſcopal palace, in its original grandeur, muſt have been a princely ſtructure. The king's hall, as it is called, is a noble apartment, eighty-eight feet long, and thirty wide. Its eaſtern end is decorated with a curious circular window, reſembling a wheel, with rim, ſpokes, and centre, wrought in the fineſt Gothic. This room was built for the reception of King John and his queen, on their return from Ireland; and is, of courſe, more grand than thoſe appropriated ſolely for the biſhops; yet the whole palace, even in the ruins, bears inconteſtible marks of beauty and magnificence.

The modern eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment of St. David's conſiſts of the biſhop, ſix reſidentiaries,

four archdeacons, and ſeveral minor canons. The preſent reſidence of the biſhop is at Aberguilly, near Caermarthen, a central and pleaſant part of his dioceſe. The cathedral, however, and its appendages are kept in excellent order; and divine ſervice is performed in this remote corner, where there are ſo few to witneſs it, with all the decorum of the proudeſt and moſt frequented choirs.

After devoting ſome hours to the contemplation of the ruins of St. David's, they aſcended to the poor ſtreet, which bears the name of the city, and found the accommodations at the inn, ſuch as might be expected in ſuch a miſerable place.

Nothing can be more diſmal and dreary, than the aſpect of this tract, which, open to two tempeſtuous ſeas, will ſcarcely admit of verdure or vegetation, except in ſome ſheltered valleys.

The ſame deſolate appearance continues as far as Fiſguard, a miſerable port, on the Bay of Cardigan, rendered famous by the late gallant and ſucceſsful enterpriſe of the Welch peaſantry, under Lord Cawdor, againſt a conſiderable party of French banditti, who had been turned loſe here.

The Cardigan road extends from hence along the ſea-ſhore, with little improvement of ſcenery, as far as the little fiſhing town of Newport; but they had no pleaſure in tracing this dreary coaſt any farther, and purſuing an excellent new-made road, to the left of the heights of Procellé, the only mountain Pembrokeſhire can boaſt, they ſoon reached the ſylvan and well-cultivated diſtrict ſurrounding Haverfordweſt.

Taking

Taking an inland direction, they purſued the great road through the heart of Pembrokeſhire, paſſing through the irregular town of Narbeth, graced with the pictureſque ruins of its caſtle.

At the village of St. Clear, re-entered the county of Caermarthen, and ſoon reached its capital. "The interior of Caermarthen," ſays Mr. Skrine, "diſappointed me, its ſtreets being narrow and unequal, though interſperſed with many good houſes, and ſome conſiderable public ſtructures. To the beauty of its ſituation, it is difficult to do ample juſtice, placed, as it is, at the head of one of the richeſt vales in South Wales, on the north bank of the fine river Towey, which is navigable for large veſſels to its bridge."

Directing their courſe up this enchanting vale, which is watered by the Towey, they paſſed the biſhop's palace at Aberguilly, near one of the boldeſt ſweeps of the river, and ſoon after croſſing the Towey, made a digreſſion, to viſit Middleton Hall, the ſeat of Mr. Paxton, which far eclipſes the proudeſt of the Cambrian manſions in Aſiatic pomp and ſplendor. This houſe deſerves admiration, for its external beauty, as well as for its internal elegance and decoration; yet our author thinks the ſtyle of architecture but ill comports with the impoſing, though ſimple, majeſty of the ſurrounding country.

Returning their courſe along the vale of Towey, a proſpect, of unrivalled beauty and pictureſque effect, ſoon burſt on the ſight. A vaſt amphitheatre of wild mountains formed the head of the vale; Dinevawr Park, and the proud ruins of its caſtle, were prominent features in the landſcape; oppoſite to them lay Golden Grove, now ſtript of its trees; the broken walls of Ruſa-

land Caſtle appeared as ſtarting from an emin ence in the plain, and Grongar Hill, immortalized by Dyer, exalted itſelf in front, and ſeemed to claim a claſſic diſtinction.

Encompaſſed by this intereſting ſcenery, they paſſed through the park of Golden Grove, and approached the old bridge of Llandilo, by which, croſſing the Towey, they entered the town.

Little can be ſaid of the interior of Llandilo. It derives its chief claims to diſtinction from the beauty of its ſituation, and its vicinity to the park and manſion of Dinevawr.

This ſeat of the Rice family, now enobled under the ſame title, occupies an eminence immediately above the town, covering ſeveral undulating hills with its rich groves and verdant lawns, in the centre of one of which, the houſe, a plain ſtructure, is placed. The ruins of the ancient caſtle ſtand on the higheſt point of the ſylvan grounds, which deſcend abruptly to the Towey.

A vaſt chain of rude mountains here croſſes the head of the plain at right angles, forming three ſeparate vales, of different form and character. From the hills which bound that towards the north-eaſt, the Towey deſcends, and, from a rapid rivulet, ſoon becomes a fine river.

From Llandilo, they made an excurſion to viſit the cataract of Glen-hier, which, though not very conſiderable, exhibits a pleaſing ſheet of water, broken in the middle by a ridge of projecting rocks, and falling into a large baſon, from whence the little river, that feeds it, purſues its courſe with great rapidity.

A very difficult road conveyed them from thence to the high, inſulated rock, which ſupports the

the ruins of Caſtle Caraigcennin, riſing perpendicularly about four hundred feet from the plain, on every ſide, except towards the acceſs, which, of itſelf, is ſufficiently ſteep. This fortreſs, of which but few fragments are left, was built by Henry I. and, before the uſe of artillery, muſt have been impregnable. In their deſcent from this precipice, they paſſed through a large, arched paſſage, lighted by ſmall windows, and entered a ſubterraneous cave by a long flight of ſteps; but they could not explore it, for want of light.

From Llandilo, they paſſed along the upper vale of the Towey, which, though inferior to that which they had traverſed from Caermarthen, abounds in beauties peculiar to itſelf. It is neither ſo well wooded, nor ſo verdant; but ſtill cultivation and paſturage are ſweetly intermixed on each ſide of the winding ſtream; and the terrace road is pleaſantly carried between the elevated ſeat and groves of Taliaris, and the town of Llangaddock Creſſony, on the other ſide of the river.

Reach Llanymdovery, a ſtraggling and irregular town, encompaſſed by ſtreams, and ſtanding near the head of the upper vale of Towey, which is bounded by a range of wild and romantic hills, of alpine aſpect. Over this great barrier, the high road towards England uſed to paſs; and travellers, after traverſing its dreary and expoſed ſummit, were obliged to purſue a rocky deſcent into the vale of Uſke, in Brecknockſhire. This inconvenience, however, is now obviated by the road being carried, in a winding direction, through a beautiful, undulating glen, that encircles the mountain.

This paſs of Cwm-Dwr; which is replete with the moſt enchanting diſplay of the more placid mountain ſcenery, extends nine miles round the baſe of the mountain, and reaches Trecaſtle, at the ſame diſtance from Llanymdovery as the original road over the mountains.

Trecaſtle is a ſingularly poor village, at the head of the upper vale of the Uſke, which ſoon expanded itſelf, and reſtored them to the ſcenes they had already viſited about Penpont and Brecknock.

After enjoying the ſociety here for a ſhort time, they bade adieu to Brecknock, and purſued the road towards Builth. Soon entered a narrow, winding valley, not deſtitute, however, of wood or cultivation; and, as they approached Caſtle Madoc, the ſeat of Mr. Powell, the ſcene became more diverſified and illuſtrious. Here they met with a hoſpitable reception from the owner; and ſtill winding along the valley, by the ſide of its little rivulet, at length reached the hills which form its boundary.

Having croſſed theſe by an abrupt deſcent, they reach Builth. This ſmall market-town ſtands on a little plain, environed by majeſtic mountains, and is divided only by its bridge from Radnorſhire. It is ſingularly built, in two parallel ſtreets, forming irregular terraces, occaſioned by the declivity of the ground.

This place has been long celebrated for the ſalubrity of its air, and the ſingular beauty of its poſition on the banks of the romantic Wye, with all its appropriate and majeſtic ſcenery.

From Builth, they made an excurſion to Llandrindod Wells, about ſeven miles diſtant. The road is difficult to be traced, and more arduous

dulous to be travelled. At length, in the midſt of a wild common, they ſaw ſome ſcattered houſes, near the ſprings, which appear to have gained no ſmall ſhare of juſt reputation. Their qualities reſemble thoſe of Harrowgate, and they are beneficially uſed for the ſame purpoſes. The accommodations and the roads are equally inimical to this place, as a public reſort; yet its local advantages are not few, as far as health can be concerned.

After leaving Builth, they deſerted the valley through which the Wey winds, and entered another which led to the Wells of Llanwrtyd, which are ſaid to poſſeſs ſimilar qualities with thoſe they had ſo lately viſited, and, like them, are difficult of acceſs and deſtitute of accommodations.

Returning back to Llanymdovery, by a different route, they turned their courſe towards Cardiganſhire, croſſing the Towey, by a bridge of a ſingle arch. They now purſued a new terrace road, cut beneath the ſummits of hills for ſeveral miles. After paſſing the little village of Pynſant, they found the track very difficult and laborious, till they gained the ſummit of a vaſt hill, which gave them the firſt view of the charming vale through which the Tivy runs.

This river, here but a narrow ſtream, admitted them into Cardiganſhire, by an inconvenient bridge, about half a mile above which ſtands the little, mean town of Llanbeder, cloſe to which is a very picturesque, old ſeat of the Lloyds.

A very arduous ride, of twenty miles, with a perpetual ſucceſſion of ſteeps and declivities, brought them to Newcaſtle, where the Tivy

assumes the appearance of a river. From thence, through a continuation of the same kind of scenery, they approached the little county-town of Cardigan, pleasantly situated near the mouth of the river, and protected from the sea by a long projecting hill. This place is neat and tolerably built. It stands on a declivity, and vessels of considerable burden can come up to its quay. It has a handsome old bridge over the Tivy; and of its castle, there are still some considerable remains.

Kilgarren, in this vicinity, was too interesting an object to escape attention. The town itself, consisting of one, irregular, ill-built street, stands at the extremity of Pembrokeshire, and its castle proudly projects over the river, as it winds between its sylvan, rocky banks. The two remaining round towers of this fortress, with its ivied walls, present a noble object from the opposite groves of Coidmore. It was built by William Marshall, earl of Pembroke, in 1222.

Taking the Aberystwith road from Cardigan, the sea soon opened on their left, and the great Bay of Cardigan gradually displayed all its majestic features. Cader Idris, at its bottom, with many of the Merionethshire mountains, incessantly varied their picturesque forms, as they advanced, and amused them for many miles, while they travelled over a dreary and uninteresting track.

Near the village of Llanarth, however, some few wooded banks intervened, and the prospect from the hill above Abereiron presented a landscape of much beauty, which finely contrasted with the general sterility and dreariness of this district.

The

The ſea views continued very fine, as they advanced towards Aberyſtwith. Croſſing the Yſtwith, by an ivied bridge, and aſcending a ſteep rock from its banks, the greater vale of the Rhydol burſt on their ſight, with the town of Aberyſtwith, ſituated on a bold eminence, impending the ſea, cloſe to the efflux of the ſtream.

This place, which makes ſuch a ſtriking object at a diſtance, has ſteep and ill-paved ſtreets, while the houſes, built of a black ſlate-ſtone, have a very gloomy aſpect. It has long, however, been a favourite ſea-bathing place, and much company reſort to it from the neighbouring counties. The beach, indeed, is convenient, and a public walk, traced among the fragments of its caſtle, diſplay ſome taſte and ingenuity.

Being now arrived at the boundary of North Wales, they took an eaſtern direction through the vale of Rhydol, and enjoyed ſome of the moſt romantic and ſtupendous ſcenery in this part of the kingdom. The vale, which at firſt was beautiful and expanſive, as it contracted, became more wild, and the river engulphed between deep banks; while every trace of cultivation vaniſhed, and nature aſſumed a ſavage aſpect. The high mountains of Cwm-Yſtwith roſe in front, in a number of unequal points, and on their left Plinlimmon; the lord of this alpine track, ſwelled into a pile of mountains, terminating in a ſummit of awful height.

Reach that ſingular edifice, which bears the name of the Devil's Bridge, thrown over the Monach. The original arch, which was aſcribed to this infernal architect, ſtill remains; but it is much excelled in utility and beauty, by one confeſſedly the work of a humain being, which is thrown

over

over it. The ſcenery here is moſt ſublime, if terror is a conſtituent part of the ſublime. The river is heard, rather than ſeen, at this ſpot; but immediately below the bridge, it iſſues to light, and precipitates itſelf with wonderful force in a ſucceſſion of falls, almoſt perpendicular, for two hundred feet. Immediately below the fall, the Rhydol receives the tributary Monach.

Quitting here the courſe of the Rhydol, they regained the ridge they had quitted, and roſe by a ſucceſſion of ſtages impending over frightful precipices, till the wild hills they had left appeared far below them.

This vaſt ridge ſeparates the parallel valleys of the Rhydol and the Yſtwith, to the latter of which they deſcended, through the riſing plantations of Havod, the ſeat of Mr. Johnes, which appears like a paradiſe in the middle of a deſert. The banks of the Yſtwith are here fringed with the fineſt woods, and the manſion, a ſuperb ſtructure, in the Gothic taſte, occupies an elevated ſpot, commanding the whole of the vale, and ſeveral reaches of the finely-winding river.

"But, notwithſtanding," remarks Mr. Skrine, "the many natural and artificial beauties of Havod, a ſtranger, while he commends the taſte with which it is embelliſhed, cannot but admire the ſingularity of this undertaking, in the midſt of an uninhabited deſert, far from any practicable neighbourhood, and at a diſtance from the common reſorts of mankind.

Paſs through the miſerable village of Cwmyſtwith, which almoſt lies buried beneath high hills, and entering Radnorſhire, coaſt the river Eilon for ſeveral miles. Having gained the ſummit

mit of the Cwm-tythen Hills, they had an uninterrupted retroſpect over the dreary expanſe they had paſſed.

On the banks of the Eilm, Mr. Grove has built a houſe, and formed an ornamented domain with conſiderable effect; but except this place, the whole track appeared bare and uncultivated; "nor do I ever remember," ſays our author, "a more dreary ſolitude than that which prevailed on the Cwm-tythen Hills, where not a ſingle tree varied the ſcene, and no human habitation was diſtinguiſhable."

At laſt a glorious view burſt upon them, over the ſpacious plain in which the Wye flows by the town of Rhyadergowy. This place they at laſt entered, by a bridge of a ſingle arch, thrown over the warring torrent of the Wye, and found it more neat and regular than might have been expected in ſuch a remote ſituation. The inn, though ſmall and ruſtic, was ſufficiently commodious; and what would render any fare agreeable, the civilities of the people were native and ſincere.

The mountains ſurrounding the plain in which this town is placed, almoſt rival thoſe of North Wales in majeſty, and having climbed one of them with much effort, they enjoyed a landſcape, which well repaid them for their toil.

Proceeded towards Penybont, at which little, obſcure hamlet, they croſſed the Ithom, and purſuing a rugged track over a wild range of hills, entered a deep romantic vale, through which the Teme winds.

"Great and memorable," ſays Mr. Skrine, "are the remains of antiquity to be found in this.

this diſtrict, the camp of Caractacus being yet in high preſervation on the hills towards Clunn, and that of Cæſar, eaſily to be traced on an eminence impending over the valley. Offa's Dyke alſo paſſes by Knighton, extending from the mouth of the Dee, in a ſlant direction, acroſs the kingdom to Weymouth."

In this valley ſtands Brampton Bryan, an old ſeat of the Oxford family, once ſurrounded by fine woods; but the ruthleſs ax has now deſpoiled it of its ſylvan honours.

Reach Preſteigne, the modern capital of Radnorſhire, a place which exhibits traces of original grandeur and extent, far ſuperior to its preſent appearance. Its ſtreets, however, are neat and regular, and a pleaſant public walk is traced round the eminence on which the caſtle formerly ſtood.

The firſt conſiderable aſcent from Preſteigne brought them into the rich plain of Herefordſhire; but after a ſhort range by Eywood and Kington, they re-entered Radnorſhire, and ſoon arrived at the county town of New Radnor.

Old Radnor, though a Roman ſtation, has little to boaſt of, except its church. The new town, of the ſame name, is very little, if any ſuperior to it. A more miſerable place can ſcarcely be conceived. It conſiſts of one ill-built ſtreet, with a barn-like county-hall, and is almoſt buried within that verdant chain of hills, which incloſe the diſtrict, called Radnor Foreſt.

Viſit a cataract in this vicinity, which, from its precipitous deſcent, has obtained the appellation, in Engliſh, of "Water-break-neck." They were

were rather diſappointed in the expectations they had formed of this ſcene; but probably at ſome ſeaſons it may be more worthy of attention.

Entering on a wild plain, though not unmixed with fine features, by moſt execrable roads, they regained the banks of the Wye, and again entered Builth.

Having taken a farewel view of the charming vicinage of this place, from its bridge and the mount of its caſtle, they proceeded down the delightful banks of the Wye, to the Hay, through a continued ſucceſſion of noble ſcenery, in which ſome gentlemen's ſeats make a diſtinguiſhed appearance.

The Hay is a ſmall market-town, at the extremity of Brecknockſhire, and is chiefly remarkable for the remains of its ancient caſtle, now converted to a modern dwelling houſe, belonging to the Wellingtons. The view from the church-yard, however, is moſt ſtriking.

Directed their courſe to Clyro, for the purpoſe of viſiting the Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of that place, and archdeacon of Brecknock. Of this gentleman, Mr. Skrine ſpeaks in the higheſt ſtyle of eulogium, and in a manner that does honour to himſelf, confeſſes the advantages he has reaped from his experience, his ſociety, and his friendſhip, both in this, and foreign countries. Theſe teſtimonies of regard to ſuch as have benefitted or inſtructed us, are the moſt amiable traits in the human character, and we reſpect Mr. Skrine for the grateful ſentiments he expreſſes.

The village of Clyro is undiſtinguiſhed in itſelf, being buried beneath the Radnorſhire range of hills; but a view from an adjacent hill, in what

what is called the Foreſt of Clyro, is not of the moſt noble that fancy can conceive.

Again returning to the Hay, cloſe to that town they croſſed the little brook, which divides Brecknockſhire from England; and here the tour through South Wales ending, we take a momentary leave of our agreeable author.

TOUR

TOUR

THROUGH

NORTH WALES,

AND SOME OF THE

ADJACENT ENGLISH COUNTIES.

BY

HENRY SKRINE, Esq.

OF WARLEY, IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

MR. SKRINE commences his tour of North Wales at Worceſter, and after viſiting ſome places in that county, and taking a pretty general range of Warwickſhire, paſſed through part of Staffordſhire into Salop. Having, in the former volumes, deſcribed the principal places in this route, and as the ſubſequent, concluding tour will introduce ſome of the reſt to our readers, we ſhall join Mr. Skrine at Shrewſbury, one of the two grand entrances into North Wales.

Shrewſbury ſtands on a ſingularly-beautiful peninſular hill, which the Severn almoſt encircles, with a bold ſweep of more than three miles. Being the great frontier of England, towards North Wales, and the capital of a flouriſhing county, it has, from a very early period of our hiſtory, been a place of conſiderable importance.

Two of its churches are adorned with handſome ſpires, and the modern rotunda of St. Chad is highly ornamented; but, in the opinion of our author, bears more reſemblance to a theatre than to a place of religious worſhip. Two ſplendid hoſpitals, in eligible ſituations, appertain to this town, and the county-hall is an elegant, modern ſtructure. The Quarry Walk is a charming promenade: and the many local advantages which Shrewſbury poſſeſſes, have induced numerous families of North Wales, and the neighbouring counties, to make this their winter reſidence. The beſt houſes, however, are in the outſkirts and its environs; for the interior of the place has few attractions.

The caſtle has been modernized and repaired with much ſucceſs, and the landſcape, from its mount, can ſcarcely be ſurpaſſed in pictureſque beauty.

In the room of the old Welch Bridge, on which ſtood the ſtatue of Llewellyn, prince of Wales, a ſtructure has been raiſed, of much ſuperior beauty and convenience.

Made a digreſſion from the direct road, to viſit Hawkeſtone, the delightful ſeat of Sir Richard Hill. This elyſian reſidence is formed in the midſt of a waſte, covered by almoſt impervious tracks of ſand. The taſte, however, with which it has been embelliſhed, and the particular features that adorn it, can ſcarcely receive juſtice from the moſt vivid deſcription.

"Rich lawns," ſays Mr. Skrine, "extend themſelves through the whole of this delightful territory, encircling high, inſulated hills, on which the red rock appears finely intermixed with that profuſion of timber, which clothes them from

from the ſummit to the baſe. On one of theſe, the fragments of a caſtle diſplay themſelves, and in aſcending another, the viſiter is conducted through a dark, ſubterraneous paſſage, of great length, into a ſpacious cavern, highly arched, and illuminated with painted-glaſs, of various colours. This may indiſputably be called the firſt grotto in the kingdom; nor is the effect leſſened, when the opening of the folding-doors introduces the grand burſt of day-light, and aſtoniſhes the ſight with a moſt enchanting landſcape, comprehending moſt parts of the place and its environs, with the diſtant country, from a precipitous height, encompaſſed by broken pillars of the rock, and the arches of this extraordinary building."

Purſuing the courſe of the walks, by another ſucceſſion of ſteps, cut in the friable rock, they wound through the thickeſt part of the woods, and aſcended to the high terrace, which extends in a bold curve along the ſummit of the ridge for more than three miles. The ſhade and the verdure of this walk are moſt delightful; and from the ſeats, which occaſionally recur, are landſcapes of the richeſt variety, and of the moſt extenſive command.

On a high elevation, at the back of the terrace, ſtands a magnificent, open column, round the top of which is a gallery, that gives a boundleſs view over ſome of the moſt ſtriking, natural objects both in England and Wales.

Immediately beneath the north end of the terrace, under a pendent grove of oaks, ſtands the manſion, a large, brick building, with ſpacious wings. The ſtyle of architecture is rather grand

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Immediately beneath the north end of the terrace, under a pendent grove of oaks, ſtands the manſion, a large, brick building, with ſpacious wings. The ſtyle of architecture is rather grand

than elegant; but the accompaniments are ſuch as to reflect a luſtre on any ſtructure.

The park extends far in front, and is interſected by a conſiderable ſheet of water.

From the village, which diſplays the taſte and munificence of Sir Richard Hill, the whole domain appears to great advantage. A neat, modern church, in the Gothic ſtyle, has been built here, and an inn eſtabliſhed, which, in point of ſituation and building, is equal to many gentlemen's ſeats.

After ſpending two days at this delightful place, they proceeded by Wem, and fell into the great road near Oſweſtry, a handſome market-town, on an eminence, crowned with the remains of a caſtle.

Soon after, croſſing the little river Carriac, they firſt entered the county of Denbigh, in North Wales; and here Chirk Caſtle, the noble ſeat of Mr. Middleton, attracted their notice. The aſcent, by which they mounted the lofty ſummit on which it ſtands, was truly grand, fringed, as it was, with noble groves of oak.

This caſtle, founded on the ſite of one ſtill more ancient, in the reign of Edward I. is of a ſquare form, with five, heavy, round towers, and a lofty gateway. Within are numerous apartments, but the windows chiefly opening to the inner court, they loſe the brilliant landſcapes, which another poſition would command.

The plantations, covering the ſteep ſide of the Berouin, are very extenſive, and the rides occaſionally open the moſt charming proſpects. From one point there is a view over ſeventeen counties.

Paſſing through one of the lodges, they came to a bridge over the Dee, in a deep hollow, and,

by

by an oppoſite ſteep, approached Wynſtay, the ſeat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne.

The park and grounds are well laid out, and the proſpects towards Chirk Caſtle and Llangollen peculiarly ſtriking. The houſe, grand as it is, ſcarcely equals the magnificence of its accompaniments. The Bellan Lake, in the park, is a ſweet piece of water, emboſomed in riſing plantations.

After partaking of the hoſpitality of Wynſtay, they ſet out for the neighbouring town of Ruabon, where, as it happened to be the wake, they were entertained with the humours of a Welch play, performed on an open ſtage. "Though the language," ſays Mr. Skrine, "was unintelligible, and the plot not to be developed, the ſtrange geſtures of the actors, and the gaping attention of the multitude, could not fail to excite in us that intereſt which novelty inſpires."

In their way to Wrexham, viſited Erthig, the elegant ſeat of Mr. York, whoſe ſituation and embelliſhments deſerve every praiſe. In this vicinity are ſome ſmall, but ſtrong intrenchments, ſaid to be Roman.

Wrexham is a large, but inelegant town. The tower of the church, a complete ſpecimen of the ornamented Gothic, which prevailed in the reign of Henry VII. is the principal beauty it poſſeſſes. The neighbouring village of Greſsford preſented another handſome church, as they paſſed along a fine terrace, at the foot of the Berouin, towards Cheſter, which they ſoon entered by its long, old bridge over the Dee.

This reſpectable city has often been admired and deſcribed, for the ſingularity of its architecture, and the antique appearance of its buildings,

moſt of which, in the four croſs ſtreets, are of timber, with galleries, called the Rows, in the ſecond ſtory, which, being aſcended by open ſtair-caſes, form the public foot-paths. The cathedral and chapter-houſe are curious Gothic ſtructures; and the promenade, on the walls of the city, terminating in the caſtle, are extraordinary and intereſting*. Society here is elegant and agreeable.

This being the frontier towards North Wales and Ireland, has long been the principal approach to the former, and the great thoroughfare to the latter; but the new Iriſh road, by Shrewſbury, has, in ſome degree, ſuperſeded it.

Returning over the bridge of Cheſter, they entered on the confines of Flintſhire. This little county exhibits great variety of ſoil, but the mountainous and the marſhy prevail.

Mold, the modern ſeat of the Grand Seſſions, lies in a hollow, ſurrounded by ſome rude hills. Flint, the ancient, deſerted capital of the county, ſtands in a marſh, near the Dee, and is reckoned ſo inſalubrious as to be almoſt uninhabited. It is diſtinguiſhed, however, by its great hoſpital, and the remains of its caſtle.

Holywell is the place of moſt importance in Flintſhire. The manufactures in the vicinity, and its eaſy acceſs to the ſea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the country. This town is ſpacious, but irregular, and its houſes are dyed with the ſmoke of its various works. Moſt of theſe are carried on in a deep hollow below the town, watered by the impetuous ſtream,

* For further particulars of Cheſter, ſee Pennant. Vol I. of this Work.

which

which flows from St. Winifred's Well, which, in the ſhort ſpace of a mile, turns an incredible number of cotton, braſs, and copper mills.

The well itſelf is a curioſity, not only on account of its ridiculous legend, but from its copiouſneſs, which is ſo great, that it throws up above twenty-one tons of water in a minute.

Viſited the ſmall remains of Baſingwerk Abbey, ſtanding beneath a wood near the coaſt. This place, once the ſeat of ſolitude and devotion, now reſounds with the jarring ſounds of thriving manufactures. Aſcending a very long and ſteep hill, they enjoyed a wonderful proſpect towards the coaſt; while, on the other hand, hill roſe on hill, in irregular confuſion, till the Caernarvonſhire mountains cloſed the ſcene, above which the lofty ſummits of Snowdon towered with majeſtic pre-eminence.

Deſcend into the fertile Vale of Clwydd, a track of great extent, and ſingular fertility and beauty. It is richly varied with all that can delight in landſcape, or pleaſe the moral eye, that delights in human happineſs. The two little rivers of Clwydd and Elwy run nearly parallel to each other, through the greateſt part of its length. Pleaſant villages abound in this charming territory, and its three towns ſtand in fine poſitions, at moderate diſtances.

Ruthyn is charmingly ſituated, on an eminence ſloping to the river, near the high range of hills, that ſeparate this vale from that of Llangollen. Near its centre the great caſtle of Denbigh ſpreads its broken walls over a lofty mount, from whence the town deſcends, in one long ſtreet, to the river; while the little city of St. Aſaph occupies a third eminence, near where the receding hills

and

and the expanding level terminate in a marſh towards the ſea.

Denbigh, from its ſituation, has been thought to reſemble Edinburgh; but, though ſome ſlight traces of ſimilarity may be found, it comes not near, in the opinion of our author, to the proud capital of Scotland, either in the boldneſs of its poſition, or the grandeur of its ſurrounding objects. The caſtle here is only a picturesque ruin, and ſcarcely enough remains to give an adequate idea of its former magnificence and its plan. Within its walls ſtands the preſent pariſh-church, an ordinary building; and, adjacent, are the remains of a much more ſplendid church, begun under the auſpices of Dudley, earl of Leiceſter, at the time he poſſeſſed the caſtle, but it probably was never finiſhed.

Croſſing the Elwy, they reached St Aſaph, which ranks as a city, though, in fact, it is little more conſiderable than a village. Its Gothic cathedral, however, is fine, and, of late, has undergone ſome judicious repairs. The epiſcopal palace, a modern ſtructure, commands ſome pleaſant views.

Near Abergely, which they next viſited, they caught a view of the towers of Rhuddland Caſtle, which the unfavourable ſtate of the weather prevented them from approaching.

Their road now lay principally over the hills, with a fine ſea proſpect, till they wound round the mountain of Penmanroſs, when the magnificent ruin of Caſtle Conway burſt upon the ſight, backed by the vaſt mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

Inſtead, however, of croſſing the ferry, they proceeded twelve miles ſouthward, on the bank of

of the Conway, to Llanrwſt; and a more beautiful ſcene than this ride diſplayed, cannot be formed by the moſt luxuriant imagination. Towards the upper end of the vale, in a delightful ſituation, ſtands the little town of Llanrwſt, principally remarkable, however, for its fine bridge, of three arches, attributed to Inigo Jones. The ſpan of its central arch is ſixty feet wide.

Proceeded up the vale, till the cloſing hills barely left room for the foaming Conway; then turning to the right, they courſed the Llugwy, and ſoon came to a ſpot, where it daſhes with great rapidity over a ledge of broken rocks, on the craggy points of which an extraordinary bridge, of five arches, called the Pont-y-Pair, is founded.

They then penetrated into the receſſes of that pile of mountains, which form the baſe of Snowdon, for the purpoſe of viewing the cataract of Rhaidr-y-Wennel.

The river here, tearing its way through oppoſing obſtacles, increaſed the horror of this ſavage deſert, by a precipitate fall from rock to rock, into the abyſs of one of the deepeſt hollows, from whence it ruſhed, with prodigious impetuoſity, for ſeveral miles, to the bridge they had lately paſſed. At the cataract, a dark column of wood overhangs and fringes its banks, which, combined with the colour and ſize of the rocks, give an indeſcribable ſublimity to the ſcene.

Returning to Llanrwſt, they paſſed near the old manſion of Gwedir, originally belonging to a branch of the Wynne family, from which it paſſed to the Ancaſter, and has lately given a title to Sir Peter Burrell, who married an heireſs of that houſe.

Purſuing

Purſuing the turnpike-road, on the Caernarvonſhire ſide of the river, they ſoon reached the town of Conway, a very picturesque object at a diſtance, but ſmall, confined, and ill-built within. It is wholly incloſed by a high-turretted wall, ornamented with twenty-ſix round towers, which, together with three large gateways, form a noble appendage to the adjacent caſtle; a moſt majeſtic ruin, riſing proudly from the ſhelving ſides of a rock, and waſhed by the high tides of the river.

"I cannot, however, but lament," ſays Mr. Skrine, "the impending decay of this noble building, ſeveral of whoſe towers are already fallen; while others, having loſt their foundation, hang ſuſpended in the air, by the cement, which attaches them to the caſtle walls, and threaten deſtruction to the paſſengers and veſſels below*."

Both the poſition and architecture of Conway Caſtle are truly grand, and do honour to the taſte and liberal ſpirit of Edward I. in whoſe reign it was built. It is now held by a private proprietor, under the crown, who, with much fancy, has planted and laid out a little hill, near the mouth of the river, to which he gives the claſſic name of Arcadia.

Proceed towards the coaſt, and the celebrated paſs of Penmanmawr. This vaſt mountain riſes here about fourteen hundred feet perpendicular from the ſea. Its ſides are embоſſed with an infinite variety of projecting rocks, fragments of which are frequently detached into the abyſs below; yet, on a ſhelf of this precipice, an excellent

* See Wyndham's Tour in Wales.

road,

road, protected by walls, has been cut for more than a mile; and in ſpite of the impending horror of the rocks above, and the tremendous abyſs below, the traveller paſſes on in the utmoſt ſecurity.

As they paſſed the pleaſant inn and hamlet of Abor, the gentle hills of Angleſea, contraſted with the mountainous ſcene which cloſed above them on their left, formed a pleaſingly-romantic landſcape.

Reach the little town of Bangor, which is peculiarly neat in its appearance, and agreeably ſituated in a vale, backed by the mountains. The cathedral, built in 1552, is a plain pile; but the whole of the eccleſiaſtical edifices make a reſpectable appearance.

Two miles from Bangor, ferried over to Angleſea.. The aſpect of this iſland is at firſt ſteril and rugged, nor is the approach to Beaumaris, the principal town, made ſufficiently eaſy. The ſituation, however, is fine, on a bank riſing gently from the ſea, at the entrance of the Menai Straits. It conſiſts principally of one broad and handſome ſtreet.

Baron Hill, the ſeat of Lord Bulkeley, is the grand ornament of the vicinity of Beaumaris. It riſes from a ſwelling lawn above it, in the midſt of a thick grove, and commands the whole range of the Caernarvon mountains. The caſtle is a plain, but complete, Gothic building, forming a large ſquare, with round towers projecting at each angle. The principal approach to Baron Hill is through a part of this ruin, and the grounds are highly and taſtefully embelliſhed; but our author thinks the architecture of the houſe not equal to the rude grandeur of the ſurrounding ſcenery.

Proceeded

Proceeded to Gwyndu, a ſingle houſe of accommodation, near the centre of the iſland, which they made their principal ſtation, while ſurveying the ſpot. "The whole face of the country," ſays Mr. Skrine, "is uniformly unintereſting, being hilly without grandeur, and rocky without beauty; it has that rugged and ill-cultivated aſpect, which ariſes from poverty of ſoil and ſcarcity of inhabitants; for villages are rarely to be diſtinguiſhed, and the few houſes, which appear, mark the wretchedneſs of their tenants."

Their firſt excurſion was to Holyhead, which, though a port of ſome conſequence, and the great thoroughfare to Ireland, makes but a very indifferent appearance. The harbour, however, is large, and well protected both by art and nature.

Their next, as well as their principal object, was to viſit the Paris Mountain*, the great ſource of wealth and diſtinction which Angleſea has to boaſt of; and for the extent of its works, and the regularity of its appearance, this place cannot fail to excite the admiration of all ſtrangers.

The mine is upwards of a mile in circumference, and, on an average, thirteen hundred men are conſtantly employed in it, with the ſingular advantage of working in the open air, a circumſtance which not only expedites the labour, but ſecures the health of the miners.

"As a ſpectacle," ſays Mr. Skrine, "it is not a little ſtriking, to behold a large and arid mountain, perforated with numberleſs caverns, which ſeem to diſcloſe the deepeſt arcana of the earth. The various poſitions of the men employed, the

* Some derive this name ſtom the old Welch word *Praas*, ſignifying *braſs*, which might eaſily be corrupted into Paris.

aſcent and deſcent of innumerable baſkets to bring up the ore, and the perpetual echo of the blaſts of gunpowder, to diſlodge it from the rock, produce an effect on the mind, which I have ſeldom known to ariſe from the complicated and difficult inveſtigation of mines otherwiſe circumſtanced."

The vitriolic water found in theſe rocks inſtantly converts ſteel or iron, dipped in it, to the colour of copper, and conſiderable quantities of that metal are extracted from it, by a very curious proceſs. Vaſt quantities of ſulphur are alſo manufactured here. The digging, the ſmelting, and refining of the copper ore, through all their various operations, are performed with aſtoniſhing regularity and order.

In conſequence of the riches extracted from this mountain, the neighbouring village of Amlwch has riſen into eminence, and Lord Uxbridge and Mr. Hughes, the two great proprietors of the mines, have erected here two houſes for their occaſional reſidence, calling the one the Mona, and the other the Paris Lodge. The little port at this place is exceedingly well adapted to facilitate the buſineſs of exportation.

Repaſſing the Menai Straits, at Bangor Ferry, they entered on an excellent road, commanding the moſt varied and majeſtic landſcapes, which became ſtill more expanded as they approached Caernarvon.

The neatneſs and regularity of this town, its delightful ſituation, and the pleaſant walk on its quay, with its excellent accommodations for ſea-bathing, have made it a place of faſhionable reſort, and contributed to the rapidity of its improvements.

Caernarvon is walled round, and its barriers and gates are ſtill entire. That magnificent fortreſs, its caſtle, was finiſhed in 1284, and ſtands on an inſulated neck of land, almoſt ſurrounded by the ſea and the river Seiont. In its preſent neglected and dilapidated ſtate, it diſplays ſufficient grandeur to attract deſerved admiration. In one of the towns they were ſhewn the apartment in which the weak and degenerate Edward II. the firſt Engliſh prince of Wales, was born.

Near this place are ſome remains of the ancient Segontium, and a ſummer-houſe, on the oppoſite hill, occupies the ſite of a Roman ſtation.

Made an excurſion from Caernarvon, to explore the long neck of land, which forms the extreme point of its county, and conſtitutes one horn of the great Bay of Cardigan.

In this ſteril and ill-inhabited track, they met with little to recompenſe them for their toil, independent of the diſtant views. The principal places they viſited, or which indeed are to be found here, were the poor towns of Pwlwhelli and Crickheith, and the wretched village of Penmorva.

Returning to Caernarvon, their next object was to explore the wonders of Snowdon; but the inceſſant ſtorms, peculiar to this uncertain climate, in a great meaſure fruſtrated their deſign. Twice they attempted, in vain, to reach the Lake Llanberis, and, from that ſide, to enjoy the moſt advantageous view of Snowdon. They were, therefore, obliged to content themſelves with the direct paſs of Bethkelert, and entering the great defile of the mountains, ſoon came in ſight of the cataract Ys-Gwyrfa, and paſſed, in ſilent amazement, under the vaſt mountains of Moel-Eleàn,

Eleàn, Caſtel-Cedwin, and Mwnwdd-Vawr, the latter of which roſe immediately from Cwellwyn Lake, near the extremity of which the valley opened, and Y, Wyddfa, the lofty peak of Snowdon, towered, in all the pride of ſuperiority, over the vaſſal eminences. It was in vain again that they tried in this quarter to aſcend this Britiſh Alps. A miſty ſky and a tempeſtuous day obliged them, after fruitleſs wanderings round its rocky baſe, to take ſhelter in a hovel at Bethkelert.

From thence both the rigour of the weather and the wild aſpect of the country conſpired to add freſh horror and majeſty to the grand paſs of Pont-Aberglaſlyn. The vaſt ridges of mountains, terminating here in a perpendicular chain of rocks, impended over a deep hollow, through which the torrent, that divides Caernarvon from Merioneth, tumbled with ſavage impetuoſity. Inceſſant cataracts devolved down the fiſſures of the mountains, which augmented the turbid ſtream, and redoubled its violence. In ſhort, the grandeur of this ſcene is indeſcribable.

In the midſt of this deſert, where a few ſheep and goats alone people the tremendous waſte, the beautiful Valley of Feſtiniog ſuddenly diſcloſed the ſtrong contraſt of its charms; and at the delightful inn of Tan-y-bwlch, they found a welcome refuge from the ſtorms with which they had been perſecuted.

The river Drwydd winds through this enchanting valley, and high on a terrace, beneath a profuſion of ſpreading groves, ſtands the handſome manſion of the Griffiths family, which at once reflects and receives a luſtre from the ſurrounding ſcenery.

The facility of communication between one place and another, through the wilds of Caernarvon and Merioneth, has, within a few years, been greatly increaſed; and our author ſays, he found very excellent roads in his laſt viſit to the principality, where, only ſix years before, he had encountered every kind of difficulty and danger.

After tracing the valley to the little village of Feſtiniog, they then proceeded to viſit the fall of Rhaidr Du, or the Black Cataract. This lies in the receſs of a narrow glen, where a large ſtream, daſhing over a high precipice of dark rocks, ſhaded with a thick wood, preſents a very pictureſque object, and adds a new ornament to this lovely vale.

Harlech was the next object of attraction, and to it they proceeded over a chain of mountains. This town is ſituated almoſt at the extremity of a barren deſert, on the ſea-coaſt, and encompaſſed with ſand on two ſides. A few miſerable cottages form an irregular ſtreet; and the only viſible remains of the former ſplendor of this place, are its county-hall, and the magnificent walls of its caſtle. This noble edifice, the moſt perfect of all the fortreſſes built on this coaſt by Edward I. ſeems at once to have been calculated to reſiſt the attacks of enemies, the inclemency of its expoſed ſituation, and the depredations of time.

At the charming inn of Tan-y-bwlch they ſpent ſome pleaſant days, and at laſt left it with regret. The civility and the ſimplicity of the people, the muſic of the harp, which ſtill is a favourite inſtrument in North Wales, and the faſcinating and romantic beauties of the vicinity, all contributed to render this place not only delightful, but endearing.

Their

Their courſe now lay, for ſeveral miles, over the mountain, and as the day was clear, they could eaſily diſcern the bold ſummit of Snowdon in the north, as they approached the heights of Cader Idris in the ſouth.

After paſſing the mean village of Trawſvynnydd, they proceeded to view the famous caſcade of Dollymyllyn, where the Gamlan, ruſhing down a rapid ſlope, falls, in a perpendicular cataract, over the ſhelving ſide of an immenſe rock, from which it is daſhed back amidſt perpetual ſpray, ariſing from its oppoſite ridges, and then foams, in a broken and impetuous torrent, to the level of the valley below. This part of the country, indeed, is remarkable for its waterfals. Thoſe of Cayne and Mothwaye, not many miles diſtant, are equally intereſting and pictureſque.

Reach Dolgelly, on the river Mawdoch, the modern capital of Merioneth. This poor town is only diſtinguiſhed for its ſingularly-ſtriking ſituation, being compoſed of a few irregular and ill-built ſtreets. It ſtands immediately under the northern baſe of Cader Idris, which terminates in two peaks, the higheſt of which bears a very volcanic appearance.

Though ſeveral travellers have compared the height of Cader Idris to Snowdon, from a deception in its appearance, accurate admeaſurements prove that the apex of the former is not more than two thouſand eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of Dolgelly Green, while the great peak of Snowdon is more than three thouſand ſix hundred above the Quay of Caernarvon.

Cloſe to Dolgelly, the Mawdoch and the Avon unite, and flow towards Barmouth. The ride on the northern bank of this eſtuary exhibits the

moſt romantic boldneſs of ſcenery, and the road is conſtructed with aſtoniſhing labour.

Barmouth is ſaid to reſemble Gibraltar in its aſpect and ſituation, being placed under a prodigious rock, and the houſes ſtanding on terraces above one another, as far as it is practicable to raiſe them. It has long been admired and frequented as a bathing-place, notwithſtanding the accommodations it affords are very moderate.

It was their intention to aſcend Cader Idris, but a ſucceſſion of heavy ſtorms prevented them. "The ſame fate," remarks Mr. Skrine, "has ever attended me at Snowdon and Plinlimmon; and ſuch is the ſtormy atmoſphere ſurrounding thoſe great eminences, that I believe much leiſure and patience might be exhauſted, in vain, to accompliſh this object, though ſometimes an accidental ſunſhine may render it eaſy. This is the leſs to be regretted, however, as the elevation is too great for any diſplay of pictureſque beauty, and the danger to be incurred is very conſiderable from ſtorms, fogs, violent guſts of wind, and extreme cold *."

From Dolgelly they purſued the courſe of the Avon for ſome way, and after traverſing ſome high grounds, they at laſt gained a view of the Lake of Bala, or Pimble Meer, and coaſted its north ſhore to the town of Bala, ſituated at its eaſtern extremity.

This lake is the largeſt in Wales, being ſix miles long and one broad, but its ſcenery neither poſſeſſes much beauty nor ſublimity. It, how-

* Mr. Warner, in his tour through North Wales, laſt ſummer, was lucky enough to gain the ſummits both of Cader Idris and Snowdon.

ever, ſupplies the great river Dee, which winds through a continuation of rich meadows, towards Corwen and Llangollen.

Bala conſiſts principally of one handſome ſtreet, with a high, artificial mount, apparently the keep of a fortreſs. The ſeat of Mr. Price, in the vicinity, and its elegant grounds, conſiderably enhance the beauty of this place, which is environed by mountains, through which roads have been cut with ſtupendous labour.

Viſited the paſs of Glyndyffis, where a torrent is precipitated from the hills with great force, and falls at times perpendicularly from baſin to baſin. The road here is ſo conſtructed, as to follow the windings of the torrent, on a ſhelf above it, ſpringing acroſs it by a bold arch in one place, and commanding all its falls.

Soon reached Corwen on the Dee, the territory of that renowned hero, Owen Glendower, the formidable opponent of Henry IV. whoſe gigantic features ſtill decorate the ſign-poſt of the principal inn.

Leaving the great road here, made a digreſſion to Llandiſilio, the charming ſeat of Mr. Jones, on the oppoſite ſide of the valley. This whole vicinity is illuſtrious for its pictureſque features, and the ſeats which decorate them.

In a narrow receſs, overſhaded by a vaſt luxuriance of wood, they came to the elegant ruin of Vale Crucis Abbey. No ſituation can be more delightful than this for monaſtic ſecluſion. Vaſt chains of mountains hem it in on every ſide, and barely leave room for a little ſtream to eſcape through their barriers. This abbey was founded in the year 1200, and its architecture diſplays many ſpecimens of the pure Gothic. Conſider-

able

able fragments of the church and monaſtery remain; and part of the latter is converted into a farm-houſe.

From thence, tracing the banks of the Dee, they advanced towards the fine Gothic bridge of Llangollen, a little town in Denbighſhire, beautifully ſituated above the ſouthern bank of the river, and almoſt ſurrounded by the impending ridge of the Berouin mountains. It derives its chief claim to notice from its poſition, and from its vicinage, being the adopted retirement of two accompliſhed ladies from Ireland, who preferred the ſolid enjoyments of friendſhip, to the parade of faſhionable life. Their ſmall houſe and grounds are laid out with abundant taſte.

Under a guide, not remarkable for his intelligence, they croſs the Berouin, to the miſerable inn of Llanrhaidr, from whence they proceeded down a rugged lane to the celebrated cataract of Piſtil-Rhaidr. "Though certainly the higheſt," obſerves Mr. Skrine, "this is far from being the moſt pictureſque waterfal we had ſeen in our tour; and perhaps it fails at the firſt view to ſtrike the ſight ſo forcibly as might be expected, in conſequence of the great defect it labours under, in the total want of all external ſcenery. We could not, however, help being impreſſed with its magnitude, when we came on the ſpot, though the ſtream was rather more ſcanty than uſual, from a temporary deficiency of water. A lofty barrier of black rocks cloſes the vale here, from whoſe ſummit the torrent deſcends in a perpendicular, but uneven, fall, of one hundred and fifty feet, at the bottom of which it has worn its paſſage through a ridge of the projecting rock, and ruſhes into the valley, through an extraordinary arch of its

own

own formation, in another deſcent of nearly fifty feet."

Rode to Llanvilling, a ſmall town of Montgomeryſhire, hanging on the ſide of a hill, and ſoon after reached Welchpool. This is one of the moſt flouriſhing places in North Wales, and an unuſual air of opulence prevails round it, occaſioned by the works eſtabliſhed in its vicinage. It conſiſts principally of one very handſome ſtreet, and ſtands in a charming vale, a little above the bank of the Severn, and cloſe to the fine grounds of Powis Caſtle *.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of its ſcenery and ſituation, Powis Caſtle, in the opinion of our author, does not appear that majeſtic object, which tradition and imagination would lead a traveller to look for. It is built with a duſky red ſtone, which at a diſtance reſembles brick; its walls and towers are heavy; and its neglected and languiſhing ſtate ſtill farther ſubducts from its pictureſque effect.

A long apartment, near the caſtle, once connected with it, has been fitted up, in the modern ſtyle, as a ball room; but its breadth is very diſproportionate to its length, and gives it the appearance of a gallery.

A rich valley, watered by the infant Severn, conveyed them, amidſt populous villages, to Newtown, almoſt encompaſſed by the river, and ſurrounded by high, wooded hills, on one of which ſtands a temple, from which the landſcape is enchantingly fine.

* On a hill above Welchpool, a column is erected, at the expence of the county, to commemorate Admiral Rodney's victory.

The

The peculiar mixture of grandeur and population, which diſtinguiſhes this track of country, conſtitutes its principal ornament. It contains a happy aſſemblage of thoſe objects, which pleaſe the eye with their tranquil beauty, and ſurpriſe it with their ſtupendous appearance.

Llanidloes, the only town of note in this diſtrict, is laid out into four wide ſtreets, with a ſpacious market-houſe in the centre. Its ancient wooden bridge, over the Severn, ſeems to ſtand in need of repair.

In this vicinity, both the Severn and the Wye riſe in the receſſes of Plinlimmon, at no great diſtance from each other; but their firſt direction, as is common in life, gives a character to their future courſe. The Severn takes an ample field, in which it receives many tributary ſtreams, while the Wye runs more directly to the great depoſitary of Wales.

Quitting the banks of the Severn, they advance towards thoſe of the Wye, and after a ride of ſeveral miles, unmarked by any pleaſing object, deſcended to that river, at the melancholy village of Llangerig, and tracing it for ſome time, afterwards croſſed it by a ſtony ford, where it is little more than a rivulet.

Their road then became inexpreſſibly laborious and frightful, being carried over a narrow ſhelf of the impending precipices. At length they reached one of the heights of theſe precipices, and deſcended precipitately to the banks of the Rhydol, and reaching the village of Spwtty, ſoon afterwards croſſed their original track from Aberyſtwith to Rhyadergowy, near the Devil's Bridge.

Paſſing

Paſſing beneath the woods of Havod, they deſcended to the banks of the Tivy, to viſit the mouldering remains of Strata Florida Abbey, "a fine circular gateway," ſays our touriſt, "which formed the weſt end of the church, is all that remains, ſufficiently to convey an idea of its original ſtructure. It was rebuilt by Edward I. after having been burnt in his wars with the Welch."

The Tivy is here a ſmall ſtream, and the town of Tregaron, to which it led them, is only remarkable for its church.

A wild track led them back to the banks of the Yſtwith, juſt below Lord Liſburne's Park, at Croſſwood, from whence they paſſed Mr. Powell's at Nantios, and croſſed the Rhydol, to the ancient town of Llanbadern Vawr, which is deemed a Roman ſtation, but is now only remarkable for its fine Gothic church.

A ſhort diſtance from this, joined the great road from Aberyſtwith to North Wales, and paſſing Talyſſont, gained a view of the coaſt, juſt where a vaſt range of mountains extend along the Merioneth ſide of the river Dovey. This ſtream, which is here an eſtuary, capable of receiving large veſſels, occaſionally inundates a conſiderable plain.

The vale of the Dovey contains ſeveral populous villages and conſiderable iron-works. The mountains which bound it, are in character with thoſe already deſcribed in North Wales.

Croſſing the ſtream of Llyſnant, which divides Montgomery from Cardigan, ſoon reached the town of Machynthleth, conſiſting of three principal ſtreets, with a good bridge; beneath it flows the Dovey.

The next place they viſited was Towyn, or Town Merionydd, backed by a range of high mountains, and occaſionally uſed as a bathing place, though not immediately on the coaſt, nor remarkable for its beauty or convenience.

Returning to Machynthleth, they advanced up the vale of the Dovey, towards the north, and enjoyed a variety of charming views for ſome ſpace, till, at the wretched and almoſt deſerted town of Dinaſmouthy, nature began to aſſume her rudeſt dreſs, and rocks appeared piled on rocks, while the ſouthern baſe of Cader Idris ſeemed to deny all farther paſſage. Gaining, however, one of the ſubordinate ſummits, they ſurveyed with rapture the vale they had before quitted, and the towering ſummits of Cader Idris. From this ſpot Dolgelly appears to great advantage, with its high tower, and the Gothic arches of its old bridge.

Returning to Dinaſmouthy, they penetrated into the receſſes of thoſe heights, in which the Dovey riſes, and were gratified with the grand diſplay of mountains, rocks, and torrents, with which nature has decorated this wild and romantic track.

At length, ſatiated with contemplations of this kind, they re-entered Montgomeryſhire at Mallwydd, and ſoon after deſcended into the vale, in which ſtands the inn of Cann, or Canon's Office, ſurrounded with traces of ancient caſtrametations.

Reached the ſmall town of Llanvair, agreeably ſituated in a deep hollow, ſurrounded by cultivated and wooded hills, riſing in perpetual undulations.

After

After traverſing a ſucceſſion of inequalities, they reached one of the points, where they terminate in the vale of the Severn, and croſſing that river, paſſed Nantcribba, a pleaſant ſeat of Lord Hereford, in their way to Montgomery.

This is an ill-built and irregular town, but is ſtrikingly ſituated, and the fragments of its caſtle, on a high mount, projecting into the vale, have a very pictureſque appearance.

Montgomery declined on the riſe of Welchpool, and now exhibits rather a deſerted appearance. Its caſtle was reduced to ruins in the civil wars, and has never ſince been rebuilt.

At the diſtance of a few miles from this town, they quitted North Wales, and re-entered England; and after viſiting a few places in Shropſhire and Herefordſhire, directed their courſe to South Wales, "where the hoſpitable manſions of our friends" ſays Mr. Skrine, "again received us, after our long and intereſting travel."

We ſubjoin a few characteriſtic traits of the Welch, from our author's review of that ancient race.

"High ſpirit," ſays he, "energetic animation, and courage, may be accounted ſtrong points of the Welch character; and theſe, when properly exhibited, cannot fail to create reſpect and admiration. That zeal, which attaches the numerous brauches of families to each other, and the tenants to their landlords, often calls theſe native propenſities into action.

"Hoſpitality, which retreats in general from the ſeats of opulence and luxury, is peculiarly adapted to the diſpoſition of the Welch, and wherever an opportunity has occured, I have often witneſſed its faſcinating influence. This

ever blooming flower, frequently adorns theſe rugged tracks, that would ſeem almoſt impervious to the haunts of men; in the moſt dreary wilds, it charms the wearied ſenſes of the traveller, and it flouriſhes eminently in the remoteſt valleys of Cambria. Open, ingenuous, and conſiderate, the native gentleman of Wales diſpenſes freely around him the benefits of his ſituation, and ſupports the character he derives from his predeceſſors, by a well-timed and liberal attention to all who fall within his ſphere of action.

"Some few defects, however, appear amidſt the many valuable qualities of this race, but even theſe may frequently be traced to the exceſs of virtues; and as the general civilization increaſes, they will no longer be perceptible."

JOURNAL

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OF A

THREE WEEKS TOUR;

IN 1797,

THROUGH DERBYSHIRE TO THE LAKES.

BY A GENTLEMAN

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE liberal manner in which this original tour was communicated, independent of its intrinſic value, would claim the warmeſt acknowledgments; but as the author writes not for fame, and even wiſhes his name to be concealed, we can only congratulate our readers on the acquiſition, and expreſs our hopes, that they may derive the ſame pleaſure, from its peruſal, which we have done.

It is true, we have had occaſion, more than once, within the compaſs of this work, to viſit nearly the ſame ſcenes, and we have endeavoured to do them all the juſtice in our power. This track, however, is ſo fertile in all that is moſt romantic, or attractive in England, that no repetition can render the deſcription tireſome; no colours in which it can be painted can make it indifferent. Beſides, the gentleman whom we

now attend, travelled over the ground ſo long after any other that has fallen under our notice, that there is not only novelty in incident and deſcription, but alſo in objects and improvements. Nor has he been an inattentive obſerver. The taſte and ſcience he has diſplayed, at an age when moſt ramble without thought, or think only of leſs elegant pleaſures, is a caſuiſt to the public, that he will, in time, make himſelf known by higher performances; though we have no reaſon to apprehend, that he will ever feel the conſcious bluſh, when he reflects on the preſent.

In company with ſome college friends, leave Oxford early in the morning of Saturday, July 1ſt. Paſs through a poor and unintereſting country, and breakfaſted where "Fancy's child warbled his native wood-notes," but had not time to pay our reſpects to his tomb.

Reach Birmingham to dinner; not one of the moſt genteel looking towns in England, but certainly one of the moſt flouriſhing. Notwithſtanding, however, its great population, its metallic effluvia, and quantity of ſmoke, it is remarked by Dr. Price to be healthy. This may be accounted for, from its dry ſoil, its extenſive baths, its ſmall, but unconnected houſes, moſt families have one to themſelves; and alſo from a method, diſcovered by Mr. Watt, of conſuming the ſmoke in many manufactories. There is a communication, by means of a cylinder, from one furnace to another, and theſe have no other chimney. One of theſe is lighted, and its ſmoke fills the cylinder. The other is then kindled, and the former extinguiſhed; and a ſtop cock is opened, by which the ſmoke in the cylinder

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is admitted into the ſecond furnace, where it is conſumed. The ſmoke of this latter next enters into the cylinder, and the proceſs is repeated ad infinitum.

This town is the grand toy-ſhop of Europe; we went to ſee the whip manufactory; Mr. Bolton's, of hardware; and Mr. Egginton's, of painted glaſs; as well as a very curious one of Japan imitations. A detail of the proceſs of theſe would be tedious; machinery has lent its aid in the moſt wonderful manner, and its chief advantages are that, where hands are requiſite to direct it, or to execute parts which are beyond its powers, women and children are chiefly ſufficient for the buſineſs.

It is advanced by the advocates for enlightening the lower orders of men, that clubs, in great towns like this, tend to diminiſh the poor-rates, by funds raiſed among themſelves, for the ſupport of the ſick mechanic: I believe the argument to be falſe; for they tend to habits which render a greater number of artiſans ſick. Here is a very handſome theatre; a Vauxhall, of which a better prototype would be the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields; together with the chapels of ſectaries innumerable. The Creſcent will be an elegant pile, when completed; though it will never compenſate for the want of flag-ſtones throughout the town, and for the indecent cuſtom of having thoroughfares over the graves and among the tombs, which ſtand in the very centre of ſome of the moſt faſhionable ſtreets.

On one of theſe tomb-ſtones I found the following curious epitaph: it is pure Birmingham manufacture.

" Oh ! cruel Death; how couldſt thou be ſo unkind,
As to take her before, and leave me behind?
Oh ! that thou hadſt taken both, or neither,
Which would have been much more agreeable to the ſurvivor."

From the Creſcent is a proſpect of a piece of ground, laid out in little gardens, with a gim-crack, wooden box to each, a complete ſpecimen of the taſte of a cockney. Hither the owners repair in the evening, and, weary of the denſe ſmoke of the town, inhale a purer air, the delicate fumes of tobacco.

The picture of Birmingham is well hit off in a poem, lately publiſhed, from which the following lines are an extract :

'Tis noiſe and hurry all—the thronged ſtreet,
The cloſe-piled warehouſe, and the buſy ſhop,
With nimble ſtroke the tinkling hammers move,
While ſlow and weighty the vaſt ſledge deſcends,
In ſolemn baſe reſponſive, or apart,
Or ſocially conjoined in tuneful peal ;
How the coarſe metal brightens into fame,
Shaped by their plaſtic hands ! What ornament,
What various uſe ! Nor this alone thy praiſe,
Thine too, of graceful form, the letter'd type,
The friend of learning, and the poet's pride.

This poem concludes with the excellent advice of this couplet :

Offspring of trade, oh Birmingham ! beware
Of Luxury, the ſyren—ſhun her ſnare.

Next day made an ambulatory excurſion to the Leaſowes. Although the Leaſowes are but ſeven miles from Birmingham, betwixt the one and the other, we paſſed through four counties, Warwickſhire, Staffordſhire, Worceſter, and Shropſhire. Particular deſcriptions, the more minute they become, are the farther from giving

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the reader a diſtinct idea of the place, whoſe beauties they enumerate; witneſs Mr. Dodſley's tedious detail concerning this celebrated villa. I ſhall dwell only, therefore, on ſuch beauties as may be reliſhed, without paſſing through the medium of ſight. The firſt thing that attracted our attention was a caſcade, which ſeems to break from among the roots of an old tree, and ſlides and falls alternately down ſix or ſeven little rough rocks. Acroſs theſe, beeches, yews, horſechesnuts, aſhes, interweave and mat their branches, as if they had combined to exclude the glare, the cheerfulneſs, and concerns of day. Ferns, gorſe, and weeds cling to the banks, and unite, to give a wildneſs to the ſcene. From the woodhouſe, at the bottom, we do not ſee the ſpaces where the water runs, theſe being foreſhortened; ſo that the whole appears like one irregular fall. This woodhouſe is a rough ſeat, covered by a ſemicircular dome of turf, and formed of trunks of old trees.

Here is an inſcription, by the late proprietor, Major Halliday, who dedicated the ſeat to Shenſtone. It is painted, like all the inſcriptions, except thoſe on urns, on an old black board.

Gulielmo Shenſtone,
Qui hujuſce ruris amœnitates,
Nec gratas ôlim nec cognitas,
Ingenio ſuo Indagavit,
Litteris exornavit,
Moribus commendavit,
Sedem cum Rivo,
Dedicat.
E. H.

On a tumulus, to the right, ſurrounded and darkened by young firs, is an urn,

Genio Loci.

Nearly

Nearly below which, under a ſmall bridge of trunks of trees, the water glides away into obſcurity. Breathe up an irregular footpath, wild and in coquettiſh, ſtudied negligence, in the looſe undreſs of obſtructing high graſs, and low dropping branches of oak, beech, and hazel. From an old ſeat, wreathed behind with branches like ſerpents, have a fine, rich view of an extended country, where the hills of Montgomery bound a proſpect, diverſified by various ſeats, churches, windmills, an obeliſk at Hagley, and the Clay and Wrekin in the diſtance.

The walks are carried through woods, which are opened in various places, oppoſite to the ſeats, and always vary the picture. From one you catch a view of Clent, a hill near Hagley, tufted with a bunch of firs; from another, the tall ſpire of Hales Owen, a mile off; and from a third, the Wrekin, where, behind, on an urn, is written, "All friends round the Wrekin."

The ſeats are admirably diſpoſed for this purpoſe, and it is no doubt very fine, but has too much the air of prettineſs and conceit, like many parts of Shenſtone's own poetry. We are led through an agreeable path, ſoft and ſoothing as ſome of his paſtoral verſes, and at length we come, all at once, at ſome unexpected turn, bounce on the peep of a ſpire, an urn, or caſcade, like the epigrammatic endings of the following ſtanza:

> "When he ſings, let the nymphs of the town
> Come trooping, and liſten the while;
> Nay, on him let not Phillida frown,
> But ——— I cannot allow her to ſmile."

So true is it, that a ſimilarity of taſte may be diſcerned in the language and the actions of every

every one of us*. The ſilence of theſe receſſes, the gloom of the trees, and their coolneſs, which is aided by the number of little ſtreamlets, compoſe the chief character and chief merit of theſe enchanting ſhades, which inſpire ſuch verſes, and ſuch alone as he has written,

Oh ye woods, ſpread your branches apace,
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chaſe,
I would vaniſh from every eye. SHENSTONE.

——————— me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris Chori,
Secernunt Populo. HORACE.

We now wind through a ſmall thicket, whence we have a gleam of part of a ſtream, at the foot of the eminence, among the trees, and running under a ſlight, ruſtic bridge. In a dark Gothic alcove are the ſubſequent charming lines:

Oh you, that bathe in courtlye blyſſe,
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare,
Do not too raſhlye deeme amyſſe,
Of him, that bydes contented here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
Which o'er each careleſſe lymbe he flyngs,
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In which he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

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* This is only applicable partially. In general, the Leaſowes are the reflection of Shenſtone's mind, ſimple, elegant, and amiable. It is a grazing farm round the houſe, and theſe pleaſure-grounds are the incloſures. Theſe incloſures are varied; ſome being of a ſimple hedge-row; others of tall trees, and buſhes beneath them; ſometimes theſe lines of trees are broken, and a wood, a copice, a grove or thicket, forms the apparent boundary. It is, in ſhort, the model for a ferme ornée.

So

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye cark, he ſtraye,
Or all beſide ſome flowerye lawne
He waſte his inoffenſive daye.

So may he pardonne fraude and ſtriſe,
If ſuch in courtlye haunt he ſee;
For faults there beene in buſye life,
From whyche theſe peaceful glennes are free.

Deſcending, we paſs a lake, ſourrounded with trees, one of which, an old thick beech, in the fineſt waving line imaginable, overhangs the water. Aſcend the Lover's Walk, the fineſt of the whole. The ſilent gloomineſs diffuſed over it, prepares the mind for the beautiful and pathetic inſcription on the urn, to the memory of Miſs Maria Dolman, the daughter of a clergyman, near Kidderminſter, and a couſin of Mr. Shenſtone's, who died of the ſmall-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

On one ſide, the urn has

Peramabili ſuæ conſobrinæ
M. D.

on the other—

Ah Maria!
Puellarum elegantiſſima
Vale!
Heu quanto minus eſt
Cum reliquis verſari
Quam tui
Meminiſſe.

To this urn the path climbs beneath a very thick ſhade, which conceals on one ſide a complaining rill, heard, but not ſeen, to roll over pebbles, or fall down little caſcades. The whole effect is ſtriking.

After

After climbing very high, we have a long, dusky, unwinding walk, terminated by a rustic temple to Pan, formed of rough stone, with a trophy of the Tibia and Syrinx, and

" Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plure
" Edocuit; Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

In the centre of this walk; Major Halliday has erected a hermitage, the outside consisting of shells and glass, and tricked out within by a Mosaic work of pebbles and horses teeth. There is an aperture, in the centre, adorned with fir-apples, which, like the huts in the Highlands of of Scotland, admits the light, and emits the smoke.

We now come out on a high, natural terrace, called Mucklow Hill, whence the view expands seventy miles. From a seat, which had once inscribed on it,

Divini gloria Ruris.

see underneath us, the modern house, (not Shenstone's cottage,) emerging from trees, with its castellated stable; and farther off, the seats of four noblemen, Plymouth, Dudley and Ward, Stamford, and Lyttelton.

The next object worthy of attention, is Virgil's Grove, a cool and umbrageous spot, where, on entering, a pyramid attracts our eyes; inscribed thus,

P. Virgilio Maroni
Lapis iste cum Luco
Sacer esto.

This grove is an opake and deep dingle, arched over by hazel and other underwood; and these encompassed

encompaſſed by older and loftier trees, that riſe from the bottom, where flows a ſomniferous ſtream,

——— " bordered with moſs,
Where the harebells and violets grow."

Here, while the ſoft, dark ſhade of green repoſes on the eye, the ear is regaled by the diſtant note of birds, (like Ariels,) inviſible, and the daſhing of an unſeen waterfal. A little bridge of one arch, is thrown over the ſtream, which winds and falls by turns, till it diſcharges itſelf into a ſmall lake. All is ſoft, tranquil and wild.

On an old tree Mr. Dodſley has written,

" Sweet Naiad, in this cryſtal wave,
Thy beauteous limbs with freedom lave;
By friendly ſhades encompaſs'd, fly
The rude approach of vulgar eye;
Yet grant the courteous and the kind,
To trace thy footſteps unconfin'd;
And grant the ſwain thy charms to ſee,
Who form'd theſe friendly ſhades for thee."

A ragged walk leads to a chalybeate ſpring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and having on a ſtone,

Fons ferrugineus
Divæ quæ ſeceſſu iſto frui concedit.

A romantic caſcade daſhes now from glades above, into a rocky baſon, where a ſtatue of Venus Callopyga was formerly to be ſeen, as if bathing. Far off, we heard the melancholy chime of the bells in Hales Owen ſteeple, which gave a ſombrous impreſſion to the ſcene.

At the entrance of the cave leading to the chalybeate, is written,

Infus

Infus aquæ dulces, vivoque ſedilia ſaxo,
Nympharum domus.

The only other good inſcription, is at the bottom of a large tree, in Virgil's Grove, and begins thus:

"Oh let me haunt this peaceful ſhade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That ſhun her paths and flight her power."

The Leaſowes conſiſts of two hundred acres, and the preſent proprietor paid 17,000l. for it.

I picked up ſeveral ſpecimens of plants, in this elyſium; among the reſt, Arum, Anemone Pratenſis, Epilobium Anguſtifolium, Dryas Octopetala, Spiræa, Chærophyllum temulum, Mercurialis perennis; and Bryonia, Starwort, Cropwort, and Enchanter's Night Shade, likewiſe grow here.

In our way to Hagley, ſee the Dudley Canal, which they are carrying from one hill to another, in a raiſed mound of earth; a work of immenſe labour.

Hagley and the Leaſowes partake of the character of their contemporary poſſeſſors, and of their poetry. One is more magnificent, more laboured to appearance, more correctly claſſical; the other humble, paſtoral and artleſs; one is the ſplendid villa of a Mæcenas, while the other bears the air of the ſequeſtered Sabine retreat.

Hagley Park conſiſts chiefly of a number of elegant modern temples, on various eminences, having various views, and various inſcriptions. Here is found, in its fulleſt diſplay, the Brownonian ſyſtem of gardening, with all its belts, and clumps, and lawns, and ſheets of water. On entering through a majeſtic avenue of limes, the

houſe is firſt approached, a ſtately grey edifice, too large to be ſimple, too plain to be magnificent, too unſhaded to be gloomy, and too ſable to be gay.

The apartments are decorated with a number of paintings, moſtly by modern artiſts, though among them, are a Dead Chriſt, and the Marys Weeping; Vandyke. A Madona and Child; Rubens. Lot and his Two Daughters Banqueting; Lucco Giordano.

The church-yard has no other merit to claim, but that of being claſſical ground. Here repoſes that bride,

> To whoſe fair memory flow'd the tendereſt tear
> That ever trembled o'er the female bier
>
> HAGLEY, a Poem.

The next object we come to, is a temple, inſcribed,

> Viridantia Tempe,
> Quæ ſylvæ cingunt ſuper impendentes.

It is ſituated, as exactly in the middle as a pair of compaſſes could meaſure, between two correſponding banks of oaks, which incloſe a circular pond. Directly oppoſite, the trees are clipt away, to leave an opening for a ſtraight caſcade, flowing down like a bit of white ribbon, from a ſimilar temple above. This is too artificial to pleaſe.

We have afterwards a little of more natural and more taſteful ſcenes, walks untouched by the ſpade, and trees by the pruning knife.

On a moſſy ſeat, beſide a ſmall caſcade, are inſcribed,—

> Ego laudo ruris amœni.
> Rivos & muſco circumlita ſaxa, nemuſque.

In

In this walk is a dripping fountain, among rocks and roots of trees; and a Venus de Medicis is ſeen up to the ankles, intruding on the ſimplicity of nature.

It may not be improper to obſerve, that there are three principal ſtatues of Venus, that have eſcaped the ravages of time; The Medicean, the Καλλοπιγα, and the Cœliſtis. The Medicean is quite naked, the Venus Cœliſtis has the lower part of the body covered, and the third has drapery hanging down on the left ſide, and is in the attitude of looking over the right ſhoulder.

It is needleſs to enumerate the many mottos, on the many ſimilar temples; they are all applicable to rural ſcenes in general.

Some few, however, are peculiarly apt, particularly one by Thomſon, on a temple that commands a glorious and moſt extenſive view, terminating in the diſtant Cambrian mountains; nor is the inſcription on the ſeat, taken from Milton, leſs appropriate;

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good, &c.

The hermitage, and the deception of a ruined tower, as artificial objects, deſerve commendation.

To the wild majeſty of nature, ſucceeded the old gardens, cut into plots, and correſponding gravel walks, and clipped hedges. This was exploded by Brown, whoſe taſte was more elegant, but ſtill had the ſtiffneſs of art, and pruned away the exuberances of nature too ſyſtematically. A pure and genuine taſte, however, now begins to pravail, and the happy period is advancing, when *Nature, Nature* ſhall reſume her long loſt empire.

Simplex munditiis.

Thoſe who have viſited the Lakes, and prefer Ulls Water to Windermere, and the Borrowdale end of Keſwick to all its other gay deformities, will enter into my meaning, and feel the force of the obſervation.

Monday, July 3d, ſet off in the coach to Litchfield, and thence to Burton, famous for its ale, which a late empreſs is ſaid to have been extremely partial to. The road is level with a river, which ſubjects it to frequent inundations. By a late one, a boat, of twenty-one tons burden, floated out of the canal over the country, for the diſtance of three-quarters of a mile.

Arrive at Derby, an elegant and pleaſant town. Went to ſee the manufactory of porcelain, which is carried to the moſt exquiſite pitch of perfection, though it never can rival the old China ware. Were ſhewn a ſet of tea-table equipage, with views from the Lakes and Derbyſhire, painted in a moſt beautiful manner: the price twenty-four guineas.

In this town are ſeveral churches and meeting-houſes; and, conſidering its ſize, no ſmall number of places of amuſement. The ſpire of one of the churches, in elegance and ſtyle, is only inferior to that of Wrexham.

At the New Inn we met with a very ſenſible and intelligent landlady; and, here parting with one of our companions, we proceeded in a poſt chaiſe to Aſhbourne, without ſtopping to view Lord Scarſdale's beautiful ſeat, in the vicinity.

The ground begins to undulate as we recede from Derby, and the view of Aſhbourne from the eminence is pleaſing. The houſes are of brick, and riſe on the ſide of a hill. Several ſeats, well-wooded, adorn the valley, and the back-

back-ground is filled up by a conical hill, with others, higher and higher, behind it, which bind the diſtance.

After ſome refreſhment, took a walk to Dovedale. As ſoon as we turn off from the high road, we have a magnificent view of the Dove, creeping through a beautiful dale, beſtrewed with cottages, and adorned with a neat and pictureſque bridge, with Oakover Hall and the tower of Mapleton, glittering in the ſetting ſun. On one ſide, a hill projects, thickly over-topped with tall firs.

The mountains that incloſe the dark and narrow dell of Dovedale, riſe very precipitous, and bear on their ſides fragments of rock, that at a diſtance appear like a ruined caſtle. On a nearer approach to the deception, ſeven or eight black pyramids riſe in the middle of the mountain, either ſhattered or entire; and were the ſcene on a ſandy deſert, and diveſted of its woods, it might delude the mind with the fancied plains in the neighbourhood of Cairo. As it is, frowning in craggy grandeur, and ſhaggy with dark oaks, that grow out of the chinks, and cling to the aſperities of the rocks, it is without a rival. The river winds amidſt alternate angles of the mountain baſes; which jut out ſometimes in a bold and naked rock, and at others, in a promontory covered with trees, or a gently-ſloping bank of graſs. Little tufts of ſhrubs and underwood form iſlands in miniature in the river, that enlarge and ſwell the reſt of the objects. The evening was favourable, being lowering and miſty among the mountain tops; and intereſt was added by the ſolitary bleatings of a lamb, re-echoed among the ſhades, and unanſwered by

its dam. The mountains make bold ſweeps, and at the foot of one of them is a grey ruin, like a chapel.

Indeed, at every yard of this dell, the rocks are contracting or expanding, in width, and overhanging or reclining, naked or clothed, ſteep or irregular, perpetually preſenting new combinations of ſhape. The lonelineſs and ſilence they incloſe, entitle it to be called the Vale of Fancy; and as there is but one rugged, narrow footpath, it has more the air of being the haunt of imaginary beings than human ones.

I botanized in the environs of Aſhbourne, but found nothing ſo ſingular in the article of *vegetation*, as our worthy hoſt of the Blackamoor's Head, who had been in Aſhbourne many years, and never had the curioſity to viſit the ſublimity of Dovedale *.

Next morning, went to ſee the beautiful monument by Banks, in Aſhbourne church, raiſed by Sir Brooke Boothby, to the memory of his only daughter, a child of ſix years of age. Nobody ought ever to overlook this, as it is, perhaps, the moſt intereſting and pathetic object in England.

* Rouſſeau once lived at Wooton Hall, near Aſhbourne. He planted many curious ſeeds near Dovedale; a Mr. Davenport wiſhed ro deceive Rouſſeau, and allure him into the country, by diminiſhing the rent. Rouſſeau's pride revolted at this, as ſoon as he heard of it, and he quitted the houſe. He left in it ſome bottles of a foreign wine, another gentleman had ſent him; his pride would not taſte them. He had determined, for ſome reaſon, not to ſee Darwin; Dr. Darwin planted himſelf on a terrace, which he knew Rouſſeau would paſs, and was examining a plant. "Ha!" ſaid Rouſſeau, "are you a botaniſt?" They entered into converſation, and were intimate at once. Near Wooton Hall is Wooton Lodge, by Inigo Jones.

Simplicity

Simplicity and elegance appear in the workmanſhip, tenderneſs and innocence in the image. On a marble pedeſtal and ſlab, like a low table, is a mattreſs, with the child laying on it, both likewiſe in white marble. Her cheek, expreſſive of ſuffering mildneſs, reclines on the pillow, and her little, fevered hands gently reſt on each other, near to her head. The plain, and only drapery is a frock, the ſkirt flowing eaſily out before, and a ribbon ſaſh, the knot twiſted forward, as it were, by the reſtleſſneſs of pain, and the two ends ſpread out in the ſame direction with the frock. The delicate, naked feet are careleſsly folded over each other; and the whole appearance is as if ſhe had juſt turned, in the toſſings of her illneſs, to ſeek a cooler or an eaſier place of reſt.

The man, whom this does not affect, need not proceed any farther in his tour. His heart is not formed to reliſh the beauties of nature or of art.

The inſcriptions round this charming monument are as follow:

ITALIAN SIDE.

1. Right ſide, on the Slab:

Lei Che'l ciel ne moſtra terra N'aſconde.

2. Immediately beneath, on the pedeſtal:

Le creſpe chiompe D'or puro Lucente
El Lampeggiar del angelico riſo
Che ſolean far in Terra un Paradiſo
Poca poluere ſon che nulla ſente.

ENGLISH SIDE.

3. Left hand, on the ſlab:

I was not in ſafety, neither had I reſt, and the trouble came.

4. Beneath, on the pedeſtal:

To Penelope,
Only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Suſannah Boothby,
Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.
She was in form and intellect moſt exquiſite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark,
and the wreck was total.

LATIN SIDE.

5. At her head, on the ſlab:

Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia noſtra.

6. Beneath, on the pedeſtal:

Tu vero felix & beata Penelope mea, quæ tot, tantiſque miſeriis unâ Morte perfuncta es.

FRENCH SIDE.

7. Other end of the ſlab:

Beauté! c'eſt donc ici ton dernier azile.

8. Beneath, on the pedeſtal:

Son cerceuil ne la contient pas toute entiere. Il attend le reſte de ſa proie. Il ne l'attendra pas long tems *.

At Okeover we ſaw a collection of paintings, by the beſt maſters; the chief of which are, The Holy Family, very fine, Raphael; Three Marys at the tomb of Chriſt, Carlo Dolce; Chriſt bearing his croſs, Titian; Unjuſt Steward, Rubens, very fine; John baptizing Chriſt, Titian; Heads, one of St. Paul. one of James the Leſs, Rubens; Five Saints ſaying maſs, Titian; Women converſing

* To all theſe expreſſions of grief, might not one of conſolation be added? "Weep not, the damſel is not dead, but ſleepeth."

with

with Angels in the garden, Rubens; Two Landſcapes, Vandevelt.

The Holy Family is reckoned the fineſt work of Raphael, on this ſubject. This picture, found accidentally in a garret, Gilpin, in his tour, inſinuated, was not an original; which deciſion is ſaid to have highly provoked old Mr. Okeover, who uſed to vent his ſpleen againſt the virtuoſo in no very poliſhed terms.

The view of the houſe and grounds of Ilam, from the bridge over the Manifold, has the air of elegant ſnugneſs, and of convenience mingled with taſte.

No cold, ſpreading lawns, raiſed mounts, or wood in patches and zones, are here. The houſe is large, and well ſituated, for health and for proſpect, on the ſide of an eminence. Flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens fill up a ſmall ſpace in its immediate environs; but thick, old trees ſwell up to their borders. From the bridge, on the right hand, ſtands the manſion, on a green bank, that ſlopes down into the river. Farther up, both banks of the river, whoſe falls are frequent and brawling, are ſinking beneath their weight of foliage. One group of trees on the right, in particular, forms the fineſt compoſition in ſize, ſhape, and colour, I ever remember to have beheld. Quickly riſing hills, rich with young oak, incloſe the whole. But the plantations themſelves afford, in their boſoms, other views, other curioſities, and other delights.

There is a walk near the river ſide, and indeed only parted from it by a rude railing, and on the other having a rough, broken, reddiſh rock, with caves ſcooped out in it; from the bank above which, the beeches, that expand their broad

arms

arms acroſs it, like the wings of "guardian genii of the place," protect it from the harſh and diſſonant intruſions of light and noiſe. Nearly at the beginning of this walk, we ſee at our feet, firſt the Manifold, and then the Hamps; the one after an inviſible courſe of three miles, and the other of five, under the mountain, riſing like great ſprings, and bubbling up violently. Chaff and corks, thrown in at the place where they ſink into the ground, riſe here again to light.

We were now conducted to a ſeat, where we ſaw Thorpe Cloud, a conical hill, at the extremity of Dovedale, finely filling up the valley of the two ſloping banks of Ilam.

We now enter a dark glade, formed by ſeringa, laurels, young oak, and aſh, thickening together, and overtopped by more aſpiring firs, larches, beeches, and elms.

We aſcend by winding ſteps, moſtly hewn out of the rock, to the right, which has tufts of long graſs hanging down in different places, and the purple periwinkle creeping among its clefts. The walk beneath is pictureſque, with high graſs irregularly bending over it, and wild flowers, of every hue, of which the geranium was the predominant, ſprinkled about.

Here are ſeveral ruſtic ſeats, formed by branches wreathing together, like open Chineſe work. On a tree, behind one of theſe, are the following lines, which, after conning over, and over, and over again, I have given up, in the abſolute deſpair of ever diſcovering any particle of ſenſe or meaning in them.

With ſoft, ſuſpended ſtep, attention moves,
And ſilence hovers o'er the liſtening groves;

Orb

Orb within orb the charmed audience throng,
And the green vault reverberates the ſong.

This path leads to another equally ſhaded, which winds downward to a receſs, built with grey ſtones, and having a ſtone-table in the middle. Here Congreve wrote his play of "The Old Bachelor." An elegant drapery of ivy, privet, young beech, and laurel branches, crown the roof, and hang from above *.

We turned back, in the middle of the hill from Ilam, to enjoy the whole in one commanding view. Walked four or five miles acroſs fields to Tiſſington, and through a peculiar kind of ſtiles, that are ſeen all over this country, certainly not intended for the uſe of corpulent perſons.

Tiſſington Hall, Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's, is not one of the moſt captivating places I ever ſaw, and the inhabitants of the village are as poor and miſerable as the ſcenery around is bleak and comfortleſs. At the public-houſe, we could get nothing to eat whatever, as their very oat bread was a week old, and incruſted with blue mould. Where farthings are charged, or halfpence returned as bad, it is a ſure ſymptom of poverty. Near manufacturing towns, copper has ſunk ſo much in value, that it is hardly ever examined.

Some miles farther on, however, after peeping through a dreary country, and thinly inhabited, we found the beſt entertainment, and ſeaſoned by the moſt attentive civility.

Proceed to Matlock by the Via Gellia, ſo called from its maker, Mr. Gell, who deſerves unu-

* Near this ſpot they found that elegant plant, the bee orchis.

ſual

ſual praiſe for his public ſpirit, in bringing a new road through ſuch delightful ſcenery.

High and ſteep hills, covered with young firs, like a nurſery, and, ſweeping in bold baſes, guard it on all ſides. Down the hills numerous narrow falls devolve, and at their feet, all the way along the road ſide, frequent grey ſeats appear, covered with turf. The little river in the valley is formed, by the hand of art, for the purpoſes of angling, into ſeveral large baſons. Falling from theſe, over walls of grey ſtones, having apertures formed for the diſcharge, it forms many good caſcades. Cottages, among the wood, and mills at the verge, add to the pictureſqueneſs, as does a ſmelting-houſe, which terminates it, with its tall chimney and blue curling ſmoke. It was duſk when we paſſed this, and its red furnace had an effect, amid the romantic ſcenery, worthy of the pencil of Loutherbourg.

At Cromford we enter the valley of Matlock Bath, which is three miles long, by a paſſage hewn out of cliffs, on one ſide riſing boldly over very thick trees, that only climb up half their ſteeps, or are left bare in ſome places, and ſo rugged, that they look like ancient round towers, covered with moſs. In the middle, the Derwent rolls his red and rapid tide, fretted by a rough channel, and turbulent with many foamy laſhers.

The houſe of Sir Richard Arkwright ſtands nobly on a verdant knoll; but all the pride of art is eclipſed here, by the native romantic beauties of the place.

Saxton's Inn, at Matlock, though I believe not ſo faſhionable as Maſon's, we found excellent and cheap. After paying our bill for a night,

and

and bathing in the pellucid ciſtern of the Matlock water, we walked next morning, July 5th, to Smedley's ſhop of ſpar and petrifactions, ſome in the natural ſtate, and ſome ingeniouſly manufactured into vaſes, cups, ſeals, and all varieties of furniture. In company with this virtuoſo, went to explore a ſubterraneous, deep receſs and cavern, on the top of an adjacent hill. This is not only wonderful, on account of the natural appearance it exhibits, but in its having been the labour of one man, our ingenious and indefatigable guide, who cleared away, with his own hand, in an Herculean toil of ſeventeen years, all obſtructions from the bottom of the long paſſages, and caves, and dungeons, that extend many hundreds of yards into the boſom of the earth. This place was firſt diſcovered in a ſearch for lead ore, which, with ſnow foſſil, ſpar, and petrifaction ſpecimens, as he proceeded, rewarded his aſſiduity, and ſoothed his labour.

Irregularly winding to the right and to the left, and ſometimes aſcending or deſcending, we went forward, each holding a candle in his hand, through this dark and dread work of nature, where art has only ſmoothed the roughneſſes beneath, and hewn out ſteps in the alabaſter ſpar, or the jet rock. Here and there is alſo a rude branch to lean on, or hang by, in deſcending the moſt rapid declivities, that the penetration into this abode of ſilent horror might be effected with greater ſecurity. It is, in ſhort, ſuch a place, as that the fearful, at every turn, might expect

> "The ſheeted ſpectre, riſing from the gloom,
> Point at the murderer's ſtab, and ſhudder by."

Such a place as might, of old, have been the unſuſpected den of banditti, or the reſidence of reſtleſs ſpirits, that only ſtalked abroad at the ſolemn noon of night.

The largeſt of the caverns may be about twenty-two feet high, and we came to it through a divellicated rock, whoſe roof, at times, hung ſo low as to force us to ſtoop. The vault of this cavern is naturally concave and unrugged, ſloping away toward the farther end. The bottom conſiſts of immenſe and weighty rocks, broken, ſtupendous, and groteſque in ſhape, lying in all directions, tumbled on each other. Theſe form a rugged ceiling for another vault below. Our guide held the candles in a particular diſpoſition, in order that S—— might take a drawing of it. While he did this, I was committing to writing the impreſſion I felt at the ſcene. A little ſtretch of fancy might have ſuppoſed the guide, lurking with the light behind a rock, to have been ſome nocturnal villain, ſkulking from the avengers of murder. To aſſiſt the deluſion, a flight of natural ſteps, on the right, leading down to the vault below, preſent a receptacle for the carcaſes of his victims.

The whole effect is grand. The mind, overpowered, ſometimes ſhrinks within itſelf, but at others riſes to the ſublime conception of the power, that tore the rock aſunder.

From this ſpot the ſcenery, to the end of the vale, is compoſed, on the left, of ſhelving hills, diverſified with rock, wood, and houſes below; while neſtled higher up, now and then a humble cottage peeps from the brow. On the right hand, greater ſteeps ariſe, crowned with trees, that nod over a broad ſtratum of huge, perpendicular

ledges of ſtone. All below is gorgeouſly robed in aſh, and oak, and elms, which here and there drop their branches, and ſportively float them on the Derwent's ſtream.

A little farther, the Great Torr riſes, with his rugged front, and at his feet the river daſhes down a weir. Oppoſite to this is the proper ſtation for taking a ſketch; every turn preſents a change.

At Darley is a ſnug little inn, where we ſtopped for refreſhment, during a heavy ſhower, and drank ſome excellent perry. Darley Dale ſeems more beautiful than pictureſque; though, in the afternoon, its ſcenery aſſumed a fine appearance, from the declining ſun's light, that fell obliquely on it, through a cloud which reſted on an oppoſite hill. The ſummits of the farther oaks were gilded, while the ſide preſented to us was of a far darker hue.

The cloud was approaching majeſtically, and over the margin of it the ſun, though concealed, threw ſeveral long beams of faint yellow, and below Cliftop, a houſe perched high among Scotch firs, a village ſteeple's "ſadly ſolemn paſſing-bell" ſlung, through the evening ſtillneſs, its melancholy ſound.

A luxuriantly-ſwelling group of old, dark trees embraces the deſolate turrets and princely ruins of Haddon. Paſſing through the maſſive portals and the firſt quadrangle, tenanted by cawing rooks, the black ſenior fellows of the place, we are uſhered into a hall, guarded by the branching antlers of deers, the ſport of ancient nobility, the dread of modern.

Through diſmal drawing and dreſſing rooms, filled with the tatters of pride, ſome of them bearing on their walls the tapeſtry ſimilitude of

fierce fellows, like the knave of clubs, and others crammed with ruſty helmets, and corſlets, and breaſtplates, which once had made them look ſtill more fierce, we come into a hall, thirty-eight yards long and ſix wide. Here painted glaſs defies the acceſs of light, and unpainted brown walls defy the mind to be cheerful. We were told the floor was all made of one tree, and the ſtaircaſe of the roots of it: every place has its legendary wonder, and this was as good as any other.

A gentleman in Yorkſhire ſhewed me once a ſimilarly-wonderful tree, which his great grandfather had planted, by accidentally thruſting a hunting-ſtaff into a hole a mad bull had gored in the ground. I like a lively imagination, when untinctured with malice.

The kitchen now exhibited to us a chopping-block, whereon an ox could lie with eaſe, and a fire-place that ſeemed to make a diviſion of his parts on the chopping-block unneceſſary.

The contiguous larder has a leaden bathing-tub, ſufficient to hold ſalt meat for a garriſon, together with a place like a tun for ſmaller proviſions. The dairy is of equal dimenſions, and in returning through the kitchen, we glanced at a rack, with numberleſs ſpit-frames projecting from it; farther remains of ancient gormandizing.

We ſtopped at the White Horſe, in Bakewell, an indifferent inn, in a town ſtill more ordinary. As ſupper was getting ready, I amuſed myſelf with reading the printed regulations of a club, that meets here weekly, the concluſion of which is an exhortation to the members not to get drunk or talk politics, "For the glory of God, and the

honour

honour of the town of Bakewell." A fine couplet, and a good inſtance of the bathos.

After a night's repoſe, we were told Chatſworth, the Duke of Devonſhire's, was worth *ſeeing*.—Aſcend a ſteep hill, and *ſaw* it a mile off.—Saw enough of it.—Saw theſe vile lawns, and belts, and ſummer ſeats.—Heard enough of it too.—Aſked a man what curioſities it contained.—"Nothing but what you ſee," ſaid he, "except it be a few waterworks."

Turned back, and paſſed a cotton manufactory; the people all coming out to dinner, for it was already one o'clock. From the glance I had of their appearance, the obſervations I made were theſe: They were pale, and their hats were covered with ſhreds of cotton. Excluſive of want of exerciſe, the general bane of all manufactures, the light particles of the cotton muſt be inhaled with their breath, and occaſion pulmonary affections. Owners of factories ſhould conſider this; for it is not the extended view alone of benevolence, (a view they little regard) but the contracted hope of ſelf intereſt, that ought to have ſome influence on them. Let every ſuch perſon, then, order his work-people to bathe every morning, and let him have a piece of play-ground for them, wherein ſome athletic and innocent exerciſe might be enjoyed for an hour or two each day. In cotton-works, let each of them drink much water; and, to crown the whole, eſtabliſh a ſunday ſchool, where they might be inſtructed orally, without being taught to read. This I deem a neceſſary precaution, as they would have all the advantages of improvement of mind and morals, without their common banes,—low po-

litical club-rooms, with their idleneſs, their liquors, and neglect of families.

But how, ſay the manufacturers, is ſelf-intereſt to be advanced by this? I anſwer, enter into a reſolution not to give the preſent exorbitant wages of 2s. to the meaneſt hand, and yet keep them ſo far above the wages of agriculture, as to excite temptation. Where 18d. is the day's receipt of a labourer, 2d. makes a wonderful odds. At preſent, how does the matter ſtand? Why thus; the manufacturer gets 4s. in two days, and this enables him to ruin his health by drunkenneſs, and his mind by idleneſs on the third.

His money ſpent and his nerves enfeebled, he returns unwillingly again to work, diſcontented, and curſing laws, human and divine, which have ſo arranged matters, that yon ſtately houſe, and the gilded coach, in which its owner rides, ſhould belong to what the Correſponding Society, the illuminati and illuminantes of this country, have deluded him into the idea, is an individual, with no better title to it than himſelf.

But let us return to the beauties of nature; to ſcenes of ſimplicity and contentment, whence the reſtleſs ſpirit of curioſity, to ſeek that "which only centres in the mind," has never ſtrayed.

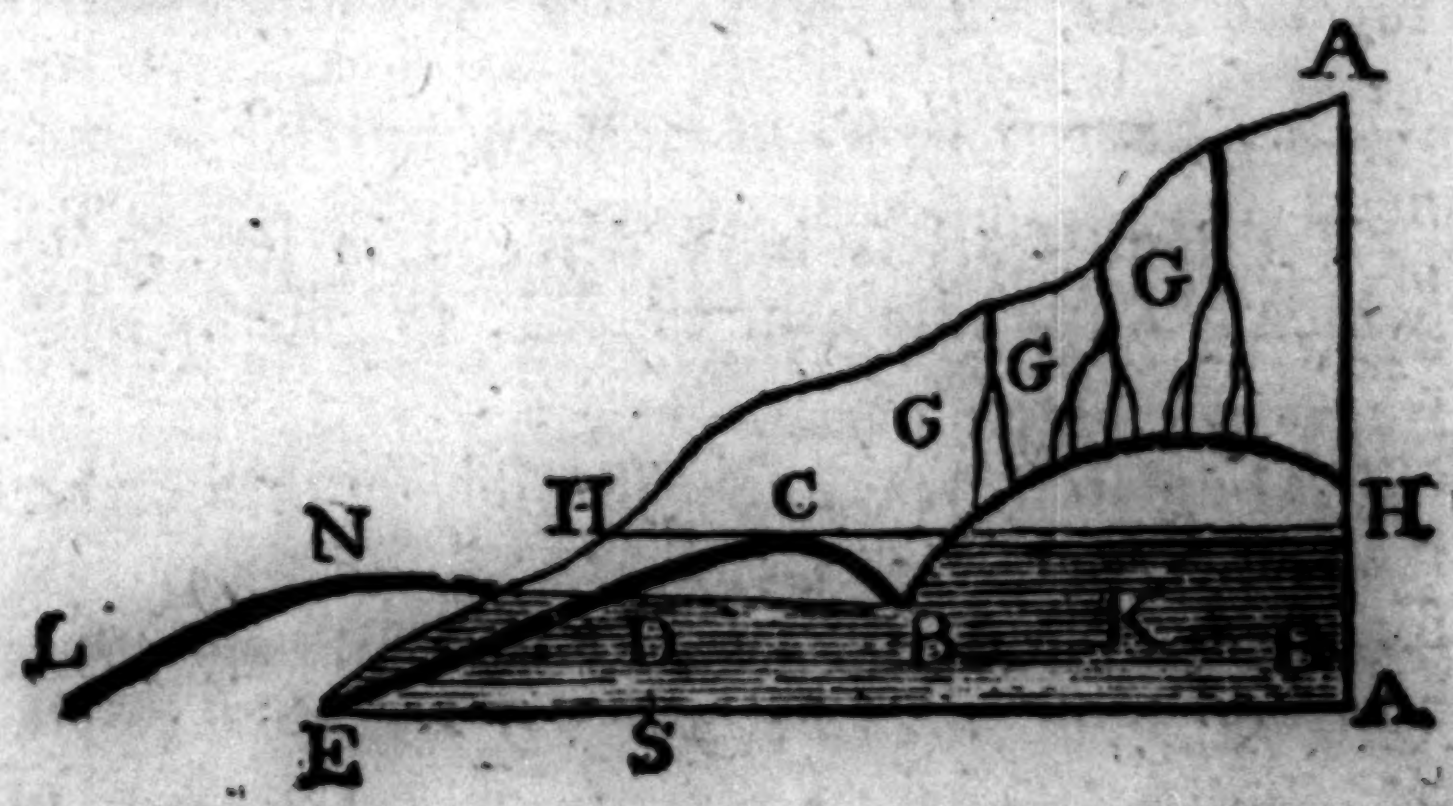
Peaceful Monſel Dale! let us look down on thy ſequeſtered hamlets, and thy huts of happineſs! Long, long may it be, ere the emiſſaries of darkneſs inform thy inhabitants into envies, anxieties, and wretchedneſs, or lucre lead them from their native paradiſe!

"Middleton," ſays an ingenious author, who ſketched the route we took, "will not repay you for going out of your way. Buxton," adds he, "is

"is a hateful place." Although we were within a few miles of each, we were guided by his moſt elegant taſte, particularly with reſpect to the latter, for we were credibly informed, from other quarters, that Poole's Hole was inferior in grandeur to what we *have* ſeen at Matlock, and *were* to ſee at Caſtleton.

The country is hilly and dreary to the Ebbing and Flowing Well, although we paſſed through Peak *Foreſt*. But there is not any thing that bears the reſemblance of a tree in this reputed ſylvan track.

At this well then we arrived, juſt as it was beginning to flow, which it did till it roſe four inches, and then ſunk again in the ſpace of three minutes. It is in a little pool by the road ſide. This being a rainy ſeaſon, the returns are frequent, that is in twenty minutes. In dry weather, however, there are intervals of three or four hours. The principle on which ſuch wells exhibit this phenomenon may be found in any book of natural philoſophy, under the article Syphon; this will account for the intermittent flowing; but as to the ebbing, its cauſe has not yet been explained, though the whole may be ſolved thus;



Let AA be part of a hill, within which there is a cavity BB, and from this cavity a vein, or channel, running in the direction BCDE. The rain that falls upon the ſide of the hill AH, or perhaps ſome trifling ſpring, will ſink and ſtrain through the ſmall pores and crannies GGG, and fill the cavity K with water. When the water riſes to the level HHC, it will have reached the neck C of the ſyphon BCE, and the whole will run out, the vacuum being formed. The cavity will thus be emptied, and the ſpring will ſtop till it be filled again to HCH. The ebbing is formed by the water riſing to the neck of ſome other channel M, where it runs off as in another ſyphon HL *.

Elden Hole, which a boy, we had hired as a guide, led us to, by a circular and needleſs walk of ſome miles, from the vanity of ſhewing his dreary country, ſtands in the middle of a high hill. It is an immenſe rock, rifted by a convulſion of the earth, for the ſalient and receding angles correſpond. Its length may meaſure about forty yards, its breadth twenty. It is a horrid, fathomleſs chaſm, fringed round with deceitful ſhrubs, where the footſtep of curioſity, wandering too near, might

"———lead to, we know not whither."

Yet here fearleſs boys deſcend, a length to which I can hardly bear to look, to get the neſts

* Let EDBS, then, be the ebbing and flowing well-pool.—At D the ſyphon from the hill, being BCD, will empty itſelf, and thus will the water flow to the level DBN, communicating with the ſyphon LN. When it reaches the neck N, it will diſcharge itſelf; and thus is the ebbing accounted for.

of

of jackdaws. Some cows fell down here not long ago, and miners were let down by ropes to the firſt landing-place, which ſpreads to an acre's extent, to try to recover them. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a black ſervant, belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, was let down, and brought up furiouſly mad. He never recovered. Here ſome wretch, perhaps, weary of the world's ingratitude, or deſperately ruſhing out from cries of want he could not relieve, has run, and headlong down——The heart recoils at the thought.

A gentleman came, two or three years ago, to Chapel in Frith, whence he ordered a poſt-chaiſe and four to drive him, through the ſnow, to Elden Hole. His purpoſe was prevented that night, and he afterwards told the people of the inn, that he had been tutor at an academy of ſome young men, near London; and that he had done nothing, but inſtil into his pupils principles of infidelity and atheiſm; that he had reſolved on ſuicide, and had fixed on that ſpot, as the beſt ſuited to his frantic purpoſe.

We proceeded to Caſtleton, deviating from our road, to ſee Mam Torr. It is alſo called the Shivering Mountain, from heaps of earth conſtantly tumbling down its ſide; and yet the common people tell you it ſuffers no diminution.

The Speedwell Mines were a ſubterraneous paſſage, cut by the Staffordſhire Company, in order to drain all the lead-mines in the country of their water, in the hopes of finding a vein in the way, which would compenſate for their riſk. The ſpeculation failed, and a gentleman, who adventured deepeſt in it, though formerly a man of immenſe property, was conſigned to a priſon.

Although

Although they did not meet with ore, however, they dug into one of the moſt ſtupendous wonders, that Nature contains in her dark boſom. We deſcended a hundred and ſix ſteps, each nine inches in depth, and then embarked in a boat, in which we are ferried beneath the blaſted rock, diſmal, damp, and horrible, for ſix hundred and fifty yards. The two or three glimmering candles ſcarcely ſhewed the roof of the ſolid arch, which is about ſeven feet high and ſix wide. Every time the boat ſtruck againſt its ſide, the ſound rolled along the vault, like many gongs together. After advancing about half way, our ears were aſſailed by a rumbling, like a continued peal of the loudeſt thunder.

At length we ſtop at a cavern, riſing two hundred and ninety yards from the ſpot we occupied. To the top the eye could not penetrate, although one of the men aſcended a ladder of ſticks, run into the rock, fifty yards, with two candles in his hand. As far as we could ſee, it was a black, terrific dome, with dreadful, ſhapeleſs holes and hanging rocks, that ſeemed every inſtant ready to cruſh us and our little boat.

The vault reaches as far again; but

> "Whither wouldſt thou lead me?—Speak——
> I will go no farther."

And where is the daring mortal, who can look without recoiling on the cataract? We were ſeparated from it by a thin railing of wood; the man told us we were ſafe, but this railing, and this aſſurance, could not keep us from the moſt horrid apprehenſions.

This cataract tumbles near a hundred feet, with the din of Niagara, and thence the pit is bottomleſs.

bottomleſs. All the rubbiſh of rock, and ſixteen tons of earth, every day for four years, were thrown in, nor did the ſmalleſt alteration take place. Every joint ſhuddered with a ſenſation never to be obliterated. It was an aggregate of every ſource, where feeble theoriſts have placed the ſublime of terror, darkneſs, immenſity, and power.

Should I relate this, I may be thought to exaggerate. Alas! inſtead of that, I cannot find words to expreſs myſelf; nor was I ever ſo ſenſible of the feebleneſs of language as at this moment. And here, by one of thoſe involuntary emotions, ſo natural to us when violently agitated, I daſhed the pen I held in my hand down into the abyſs, conſcious of its inefficacy.

Friday, July 7. Yeſterday was a day of horror, and ſleep at night was a ſtranger to our eyes. It was a day of impoſition too, and we reſolved to ſee the Peak, and eſcape to leſs dangerous parts. There is an old caſtle, on a bank above the town, but nothing remarkable either in hiſtory or picturesque effect. There is alſo a Daniſh lead-mine near, but we did not viſit it. It is called Odin's Mine, from the Daniſh deity who gives name to our Wedneſday.

We entered the Peak by a prodigious cavern—

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu.

A parcel of ſqualid wretches are at work, ſpinning ropes——

——————primiſque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices poſuere cubilia curæ,
Pallenteſque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus,
Et metus, & maleſuada Fames, & turpis egeſtas,
Terribiles viſu formæ.

Looking

Looking back on theſe, through the firſt turn, a curious effect of light and ſhade is preſented; their perſons in the dark vault, and every line of rope, appearing perfectly black, and diſtinctly intercepting part of the glare of light, that is admitted by the yawning mouth.

As meaſured by Sir Joſeph Banks and Dr. Solander, this cave is ſeven hundred and fifty yards, from the mouth to the fartheſt end; and two hundred and ſeven in height, from the loweſt part to the ſurface of the mountain above.

We now bid adieu to the light, and deſcended into the vault. We preſently came to a ſtream, where ſo low was the rock, that we were obliged to lie down at full length in the boat; it was like croſſing the Styx, it was literally

Bis nigra videre Tartara———

After we were landed on the oppoſite ſide, a girl went back in the boat, and her candle threw a gleam of light over the arch and the water, which grew fainter and fainter, as the dreary inhabitant of this "abode infernal" vaniſhed beneath the rock, and recalled the tales of fairy ſcenes, that our infancy uſed to be charmed with.

Another paſſage and another huge cavern ſucceeded; where, as we lifted our eyes to meaſure the dimenſions that mocked them, an inviſible vocal concert broke on us at once, as if coming ſome where or other from above. Our doubt about the ſpot was cleared up, by candles, that were lighted all at once, and ſhewed us, far aloft, in a natural, hideous hollow, eight or nine figures, young and old, holding each a candle in his hand. They ſung, in parts, a ſlow piece of muſic, that had a grand effect, for the diſcordant

tones

tones and wild appearances harmonized with the rugged rocks and the inſcrutable darkneſs. One figure of an old hag, the leader of the band, reminded us of Tiſiphone, calling together her confederate furies.

After exploring the fartheſt receſſes of the place, we were hailed, on our return, by "that ſtrain again." I will take a liberty with the poet, and ſay,

"It had a death-like fall."

Now came the paying part, and our fears of impoſition were even more confirmed than our other expectations. Silver to our conductor, ſilver to every one of theſe muſical imps, (who found a way down ſoon enough to obſtruct our paſſage) ſilver, in ſhort, to every one who had been uſeful, or made themſelves officious.

On emerging again to day, we were likewiſe annoyed by rope-makers, old women, and children, begging and petitioning an ill-beſtowed charity, as it would have been, had we gratified them all. There was not one true object of commiſeration among the whole, though they lined the ſtreets, in numbers, all the way out of town. At length we eſcaped from the clamours of the greedy, and cheats of the worthleſs, to the cheerful green fields; to air that breathed the untainted fragrance of purity, to twitterings from every buſh and ſpray, that welcomed us back into the regions of nature and of day.

Hopedale is a fertile valley, without any ſtriking character, but that of beauty. It is an inferior repreſentation of the Vale of Clwyd.

But the Vale of Deſolation was at hand; for after taking a ſlight refreſhment at Heatherſedge,

we aſcended to a hilly country, where, all around us, there was neither houſe, nor hut, nor veſtige of cultivation for many miles, and a few ſtraggling ſheep the only appearance of life.

Some miles from Sheffield, the country becomes rich, as all countries do in the vicinity of great towns, which proves that a more abundant population may perhaps, in time, "force even the churliſh ſoil we left for bread."

Of Sheffield, deſcriptions are numerous, and therefore another would be unneceſſary.

Its ſtreets are ill paved, its inns dear and dirty, its neighbourhood *adorned* with men hanging in chains; and, as a *toute enſemble*, it is the moſt ſmokey, ugly town I ever travelled through, or reſted in.

Next morning, July 8th, ſet out for Wakefield, and travelled through an unintereſting looking country. Mr. Wentworth's noble ſeat, near Barnſly, ſtands, however, on the ſide of a hill, very beautifully.

Reach Wakefield, one of the prettieſt little towns in the kingdom. It is ſituated near the Air and Calder. Its bridge was erected by Edward I. who built the fine, old chapel ſtill ſtanding on it. Near its noble church, which has the higheſt ſteeple in the country, ſtood formerly another chapel, which was pulled down A. D. 1756, when twenty-five images, ſome of them of alabaſter, were found between the roof and the ceiling. Theſe were ſuppoſed to have been concealed there at the deſtruction of the monaſteries by Henry VIII.

Here was fought the famous battle between the Yorkiſts and Lancaſtrians, on December 30, 1460, in which Queen Margaret, having

come

come into Yorkſhire, with twenty thouſand men, was oppoſed by Henry, ſixth duke of York, with a ſmall army. Concealing ſome part of her troops, ſhe inſulted him in the Caſtle of Sandal, whither he had gone, till his ſon ſhould come up with more forces. Deceived by the ſtratagem, he ſallied forth, and fell. His head was fixed by her on the gates of York. Some years ago, a labourer found his ring.

In Wakefield is an elegant modern church, the inſide fitted up with moſt elegant taſte; equally diſtant from the plain and the tawdry. St. John's Street, at one end of which it ſtands, and which is to form the ſide of a ſquare, is a noble row of houſes, commanding a freſh and extenſive proſpect.

Heath, the moſt delightful little collection of gentlemen's ſeats in England, ought, by no means, to be overlooked by any traveller. They are built round a common; the moſt magnificent is that of —— Smith, eſq. member for Pontefract; but the moſt pictureſque, as ſeen from Wakefield Bridge, caſtellated among trees above the Calder, is Mr. Serjeantſon's. Three beautiful ſeats in the neighbourhood of Wakefield; Earl Fitzwilliam's, Sir Rowland Wynne's, and though laſt, not leaſt, Walton, the ſeat of Mr. Waketon, unnoticed and unknown, will well repay the trouble of viſiting them.

We now proceeded to Pontefract, and were joined, on Sunday, July 9th, by A——, according to agreement.

This town is very ancient, as appears from many Roman coins having been dug up here. A coin of Nero was found in 1753, whence it is probable that Veſpaſian, who was his lieutenant

in Britain, reſided at this place. An hoſpital was founded here, in the reign of Henry I.; and in that of Richard II. one Knowles founded a chauntry for ſecular canons, and an hoſpital for poor old women.

One of theſe is ſtill in ruins, on the road to Ferrybridge, which ſhews that the caſtle was formerly at the head of the town. The deſign of a caſtle, to protect the old church, which is farther down than the caſtle, and the old croſs, which is a mile from the caſtle, on the high road to Ferrybridge, favour the ſuppoſition. The New Town ſtands above the caſtle, and is nearly three miles to the weſt of Ferrybridge. Although it contains twenty thouſand inhabitants, not a ſingle coach or waggon paſſes through it; for there is no trade but that of licorice.

There is nothing picturesque about the town, except a garden, lately poſſeſſed by Mr. Wilſon, the reſpected recorder of the town; but, ſince his death, purchaſed by an eminent grocer.

"Theſe are your trophies! ignorance and trade."

The caſtle, now a venerable ruin, was built ſoon after the conqueſt. It continued one of the manſions of the Earls of Lancaſter, till the reign of Edward III. when it became the property of the crown. Here the unfortunate Richard II. was murdered in a dungeon, which is ſtill viſible, though half choked up with rubbiſh.

This ſad ſcene is well painted by that maſter of the heart, the immortal Shakeſpeare; but the whole is too long to tranſcribe.

After ſpending a day at Pontefract, eager for a few more ideas, for ſomething more wherewithal to ſtock our journals and our portfolios,

folios, we ſet out for Leeds, where we found a fair in the market-place; a horrible ſcene of tygers roaring, organs grinding, trumpets ſounding, blackguards bellowing and thronging, together with the effluvia of fiſh from the market, and every other combination of attack upon the ſenſes. Waited in a public room of the inn, till the horſes ſhould be put to, where we overhead, at the next table, a traveller jockeying over a Leeds merchant, to fall in with ſome plan or other. "You look very well, Sir,"—a ſmile of encouragement, from the old buck. "You are ten years younger ſince I ſaw you laſt, Sir,"—the old one looked aſkance in the glaſs, and ſet his wig to rights. "Come, Sir, fill your glaſs; here is health and long life to you, as for independence, I don't add it, for your have that already." —"Sir, Sir," was the reply, "I'll be happy to ſee you every time you come to Leeds."

We were diſappointed at not ſeeing the beautiful ruins of Kirkſtal Abbey. I had, however, viſited them before.

The country waves to Otley, which lies low, in a rich valley. The deſcent is very ſteep.

The ſhades of evening fell on, as we rode along the valley to Skipton, a poor town, where the quarter ſeſſions, when we arrived, had engroſſed every bed in the houſe but one, to which, inſtantly after ſupper, I repaired, leaving my companions to ſhift for themſelves, the beſt manner they could; for ſleep and ceremony are ſeldom compatible.

Settle, where we breakfaſted next morning, July 11th, lies under a hill, which a joke againſt the corporation accuſes them of having agreed to

prop up, leſt it ſhould tumble down, and overwhelm the town and their noble ſelves.

Near Settle is a place, called Sedborough, whither mathematical ſtudents from Cambridge retire, to ſpend the long vacation at a cheap rate, boarding with a poor man, who is maſter of the ſcience. The inns at Skipton and Settle are cheap, and the morals of the people purer than at Leeds; ſome one may aſk, how I can ſay ſo, on ſo ſhort a knowledge of them. I anſwer, becauſe they are cheap; for exorbitance always argues diſſipation.

A mile from Settle, we ſtopped the carriage to look at Giggleſwicke Well. It ebbed and flowed ſeveral times, at the rate of twice in five minutes.

The principle is the ſame as that near Buxton, but its reciprocations not ſo perceptible. At Ingleton we were invited to dine with a friend of one of the party, and to fill up the time, we procured a guide, an old ſoldier, in his ſeventieth year, and aſcended Ingleborough.

Ingleborough ſtands on a baſe of thirty miles in circumference. Our way was wet and tedious, but botany to me beguiled it. Milkwort, Hurtle Berry, Leaves of the Nout Berry, Red Pipe, a genus of Muſci, Fur Moſs, Bear Foot Moſs, Crow Ling, bearing black berries, eatable. White and Purple Saxifrage, Rhodiola, moſſes of various kinds, Heleborines, and various berries. Peat Moſs forms the ſoil of the banks, with a covering of Ling or Heath; but the chief circumſtance of which the guide informed me, was that there is here a ſpecies of graſs, which, when boiled, cures the rot in ſheep, cauſed, as he ſays,

by

by Butterwort, which they eat in ſpring, from a ſcantineſs of other herbage *.

We arrived at length at the top, after being deluded with various ſummits, that led to new heights. Here we ſaw a great extent of land and ſea on the weſt, and a chaos of mountains on the other three ſides, among which was Whernſide, to appearance towering above this, as it is ſaid to do in reality, in ſpite of that elegant diſtich, applicable to two other neighbouring hills,

"Pendal, Penengent, and Ingleborough,
There are not three ſuch hills all England thorough."

The top appears from a diſtance conical, although upon it there is a race ground, nearly a mile round. Here, behind a bleak rock, we ſaw a ſolitary, deſerted ſheep dying, but not having expired, although the crows had already deſtroyed one of its eyes.

A little way from the top is a well, and marks of Roman caſtrametations, as alſo a beacon at top. The perpendicular height of this hill is three thouſand nine hundred and eighty-ſeven feet. Having taken a full view of the landſcape, we now made the beſt of our way down, and paſſed a cleft in the ground, called Meer Gill. It is eighty yards long, but ſo very narrow and overgrown with ſhrubs, that in winter it muſt be a moſt dangerous cavity for the poor ſheep, or ſhelterleſs herd who may wander near it. Our way leads over a remarkable horizontal ſtratum, of flat rock, all rent from within, per-

* This is probably a miſtake. The rot in ſheep is generally ſuppoſed to ariſe from inſects, not from vegetables; though indeed ſome vegetables may be a more proper nidus for them than others.

pendicularly,

pendicularly, ſeemingly the effect of a volcano. The paſſages yawn, and ſhew, at the diviſions, twelve feet down the rock.

Weathercote, the next curioſity, uſed to lie open, though now the admittance is 1s. each.

After deſcending forty or fifty yards of rude ſteps, we enter under an arch, formed by a ponderous maſs of rock, lying acroſs the two crags, between which the paſſage is hewn; before, and on every ſide, is a wild ſcene of ſtern rocks, that are the guardians of the fall, which precipitates itſelf thirty-five yards, between the ſteeps of a headlong black crag. While S— took a ſketch, I deſcended to the bottom, whence I had the whole congregated effect of gloom and ſpray, and "ruſhing mighty noiſe." It collects its whole force at-firſt at a narrow oval hole, where the waters rally, prepared for the craſh of deſcent. After a few yards, however, their impetuous purpoſe is impeded by a triangular jutting of the rock, on which they beat with ſuch impatient fury, as will, in time, accompliſh their ſeeming deſign, to make the whole but one tremendous, miſty, deafening fall.

From the baſon, it rages beneath the rock, and immediately vaniſhes from the view. The whole is ſublime indeed, and only inferior to Foyers in Scotland. In our way home we digreſſed to Hurtle Pot, as it is called by the country people. "I could tear open my breaſt," ſays Werter, "and beat my head againſt the wall, that I might make the people feel as I do." A ſenſation ſimilar is mine, when I cannot find words to impreſs other people as deeply as myſelf. Such is the caſe here. Here, where ſilence and obſcurity guard the entrance to the ſeat of

contem-

contemplation, encompaſſed in majeſtic gloominefs, ſhrubs and plants interweave their boughs and their roots, together bending over the profound, and altogether forming one of the ſublimities of nature.

Spelunca alta fuit, vaſtoque immanis hiatu
Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorum que tenebris.

Such was the ſimiliarity to this circular gap in the earth, opening down forty feet to a black pool below, which has a communication with Weathercote.

Proceeding towards dinner, our guide pointed out a place in the ſide of Ingleborough, where the devil is ſaid to have fixed his hoof, and made a rent all the way down; it is probably the mark of a waterſpout.

God's Bridge is an arch of rock, under which a rivulet has hollowed its way. There are other appearances of the ſame kind and name, in the country. Paſs a ſpring, called the Light Water Well, which has its name from its waters having been found lighter, than any of the other ſprings in this vicinity, by an ingenious apothecary, of Ingleton, who made experiments on them.

Above this are ſeveral caves, or ſubterraneous paſſages, under rocks for miles; they have different names; one at our feet, called Story Cave, I was anxious to look into. I aſked the guide, if it was a remarkable cave; "Oh! a very remarkable one," replied he. "In what reſpect," ſaid I, "is it remarkable?" "Why, Sir," he ſubjoined, with the profoundeſt gravity, "in the reſpect of being a naſty, dirty *pleace*, with a mortal ſight of water."

We dined in company with two ſiſters of our hoſpitable

hoſpitable hoſt, who recount, as an epoch in their lives, the only time they left their father's houſe.

This incident took place in the year 1745, when they ran to the mountains, and hid among the caves, to eſcape the fate of the Sabine virgins. They are now, however, gliding down in a peaceful ſecurity, unbroken by the apprehenſion of being obliged to reviſit Ingleborough.

At table we alſo found a very civil gentleman, who gave me ſpecimens of the Dryas Octopetala.

The ſubſequent morning, July 12th, the old guide brought me ſpecimens of Fly Catch, Gentian, Moonwort, Frog and Fly, and Butterfly Orchis, and Ladies Bed Straw.

A wood in the vicinity, called Elks-wood, is the beſt place for botanizing in the kingdom.

We paſſed it in going to Thornton Force. A force, it ſhould be remarked, is here a fall, a tarn a lake, and a fell a mountain.

Thornton Force is a pictureſque caſcade, falling into a wooded dingle, where a fine vein of ſlate runs along the bank on one ſide. This would be an eligible ſpot on which to build a ſhooting box; as there is amazing capability of the moſt taſteful improvement. What would not ſome men of fortune give for ſuch a ready covered precipice, and ſuch an elegant plunge of water among rocks, whence it flies, prattling along its channel, till, at reſt from its agitation, it becomes the indolent, unſeen brook of Thomſon, that

"Was heard, and ſcarcely heard to flow."

We now leave Barton, famous for its pottery, to the left, and paſs through a ſweet romantic country, to Hornby, a neat town, with an old tower

tower and modern houſe, on the top of an eminence. Here we had a ſlight repaſt, and walked on to a hill three miles from Lancaſter, whence we looked down upon the celebrated valley, along the banks of the Lune. This extent of proſpect is guarded, to the right and left, by ſoft heavings in the boſom of the earth, tufted on one ſide by elegant groups of trees, and on the other ſpeckled up and down with cottages and hamlets. An exuberant flat expands in the middle, where the unmowed hay and ripening corn formed a delicate change of hues, and through which the mild tranſparent Lune, "like a wounded ſnake, drags his ſlow length along."

The town and tower of Hornby, which latter riſing exactly behind its manſion, gives it a princely look, bound the valley in front; half way up, two ſloping hills form diſtant ſide ſcenes to the ſtage; and at the back of the whole, Ingleborough fills up the ſkies, in bluiſh hazineſs, with the finely curved line of his top.

Approach Lancaſter, cloſe to an elegant aqueduct bridge, of four arches, which carries a canal from Kendal to Liverpool, acroſs the Lune, the town, ſwelling on a hill ſide, crowned by the church and caſtle above, preſents a grand object.

I was here going to begin with "Lancaſter, anciently called Longovicum, by the Romans;" but this has been ſaid and ſung, till repetition would be vapid; I ſhall therefore only briefly remark, that here are a good town hall, three or four good inns, and a caſtle, repaired in the Gothic ſtyle, by Wyatt, who has fitted up in it two fine halls.

The ſtreets are narrow, and were crowded with Quakers, who had been attending one of their meetings.

meetings. A terrace, round the caſtle and the church, commands a moſt magnificent and extenſive view. It was a mild, beautiful evening. A dead calm was ſpread over the ſea, which, like a mirror, reflected the tints of horizontal clouds, above whoſe fleecy ſtrata were painted, purple, brown, and golden.

Far off, the venerable caſtle of Peele-y-fouder roſe out of the deep, like an immenſe veſſel ſpreading all her ſails. To the north, a body of purpliſh miſt encompaſſed, and hung about the diſtant bold fells of Weſtmoreland; and walking round, we once more ſee the valley of Lonſdale, dreſt in the faint fluſhes of departing day, ſmiling ſerenity. The aqueduct and another bridge ſpanned the Lune, which in many places had a playful gleam of bright yellow diffuſed over its boſom. And Ingleborough, but for its well-known line, might have been miſtaken for a big cloud ſoaring above the horizon.

Early in the morning of the 13th, we left Lancaſter, and went over the ſands to Ulverſton, in a coach which paſſes every day, when the tide is out. Every time the ſea ebbs and flows, it alters the track of the coach, by carrying away or depoſiting ſands. Thus guides are neceſſary, of which there are two at different places, paid by government, though not ſufficiently to prevent them claiming perquiſites from the paſſengers. Other carriages, and people on horſeback, wait to follow the coach, and the whole proceed as in one caravan. We were particularly fortunate in a large body, from the circumſtance of the Quaker meeting the preceding day.

On, then, we went, "per ſyrtes iter æſtuoſas," attended by a cavalcade of chaiſes, ſingle horſes, double

double horſes, chairs, buggies, and taxed carts, the vehicles of the demure; although ſometimes beneath the ſtirrup, a ſilk ſtocking and ſmart ankle ſeemed ſlily to peep forth, and ſay, "the ſtirrup was not thus low accidentally."

Some weeks ago, three ſoldiers, croſſing theſe ſands, were overwhelmed by the water, two were drowned, and the third ſwam a mile and a quarter, quite exhauſted, before he reached the ſhore. The only houſe, within a mile or two, was a gentleman's, on whom capricious fortune had conferred a good eſtate, who, when the poor fellow was carried to him, ſhut his doors againſt him, refuſed him any thing to eat, any clothes to put on, even a fire to warm himſelf. The wretch was obliged to walk, feeble, cold, and wet, more than a mile to a village, where the poor people at an alehouſe ſhewed him, without retribution, all the kindneſs neceſſary in his condition. Who would envy riches, if accompanied with an unfeeling heart?

Acroſs the ſands is a fine drive; to the left is the great dead flat of ſand and ſea, with the hills gradually riſing, till, far back, they terminate in a confuſion of mountains. The inland view is bounded by Ingleborough, now an old friend, who ſhews various phaſes as we advance. On the coaſt, are bulging and ſinking, indented lands, rich in woods, and bold with rock, having fertile valleys in their hollows, one of which is finely pointed in the centre by Silverdale church tower.

Arnſide Fell and Silverdale Nab, a mountain of rock, whoſe colour is appropriated to its name, guard the channel, where the Kent diſcharges his waters into the ſea, at a bay, in whoſe mouth are ſeveral little verdant iſlets.

Paſs over a neck of land, on which ſtands Hookborough, the etymology of whoſe name is illuſtrated by the following anecdote:

Many of the curacies in this track, on account of the poverty of their ſtipends, were ſome time ago only an object for poor young men, whoſe learning was confined to reading, writing, and a ſmattering of the Greek Teſtament. Such a curate once had Hookborough, which has its name from abounding in hooks, a kind of ſole-fiſh, on which the poorer of the inhabitants chiefly ſubſiſt. A biſhop of Carliſle, viſiting his dioceſe, happened to ſtop here, and ſent for the curate. Among other queſtions, relating to the pariſh, one was, "And pray, Sir, what number of ſouls have you in your cure?" "Why, my Lord, very few ſoles, but a power of hooks."—There have been inſtances of ſome of thoſe candidates for orders getting the Greek of the four Goſpels by rote, and the appropriate Engliſh for each verſe, without underſtanding the language grammatically—a deſperate fag for 15l. a year! But the caſe is now altered: theſe curacies are almoſt univerſally filled up by young men, of ſome property, from the Univerſity, who, ſince friendly titles, as they uſed to be called, have been rejected, accept theſe cures as a legitimate ſtep to ordination. Living is ſo much dearer, that 15l. is not an object for indigent lads to labour ſo hard for, particularly when we regard the increaſe of the various branches of manufactures, and the diſrepute of literature, when compared with wealth, among the modern poor. Theſe circumſtances united, tend to make the church, in a greater degree, filled with men

of

of family and reſpectability, at preſent, than at any former period.

We now enter on Leven Sands, where is a fine circular proſpect. Deſcribers of views in general fail to impreſs a diſtinct idea on the ſenſes of the reader, from want of regularity. About to enter on the moſt beautiful ſcenery, I ſhall, hereafter, in deſcribing, fix one ſpot in a landſcape, whence the beſt bird's eye view of the whole is to be had, and beginning in front, ſhall go round to the right hand, and returning by the left, make a complete ſweep. Thus, in Leven Sands, we have in front Ulverſton hanging down the ſide of a well-wooded hill, patched with cottages, and gay with verdure. To the right lies the baſon of Ulverſton Bay, three miles in breadth. It runs up into the main land, and groups of fiſhermen, in various places dragging their nets, form good objects to cover the dead level of the ſands. A theatre of promontories, enriched with groves, extend in front of the inland ſcene; their valleys, opening to rich proſpects far up the country, till they are intercepted by ſome hill or rock. Once more in the diſtance are diſcerned the grey, alpine, tops of Weſtmoreland, wrapping their huge ſhoulders in mantles of miſt. Glancing farther round, the eye fixes on Holker Hall, the ſeat of Lord F. Cavendiſh; its grounds, in fine natural irregularities, taſſeled with groups of hanging trees, and begirt with unformal belts. Behind it, the country expands in valleys of paſturage and meadows, that vie with hanging woods, in riſing up the high ſides of the hills. From hence the land we paſſed juts out into the ſea, terminated by Hum-

phrey Point, covered with wood, and having Cartmel Wells, a watering-place, on the edge of the ſea. The eye is now permitted to wander, unchecked, over the vaſt expanſe of ocean. The caſtle and light-houſe of Peele appear above "the verge of the ſalt flood," the rock of ages, and towards this, ſhelve down the hills, from whence this circular deſcriptive ſketch ſet out, cultivated all along, and beautified by wood, incloſures, villages, and cots, coolly built on the water's margin.

Coniſhead, ſuperb in foliage, ſtands within a mile of Ulverſton, tapering to a white monument on the top.

The priory reſts at his baſe, ſcreened and ſunk in a grove of ſycamores. Before it, in the middle of the ſand, is Chapel Iſle, where the ſea has encroached. This is an elegant little ruin, airy with young trees, and conical, with one end alone pointing upward. In ſhort, in moſt places, wherever the eye turns, all is farther grandeur contraſting with approaching elegance, a front of beauty incloſed by a diſtance of magnificence.

Ulverſton* is a neat ſmall town, its chief inn civil, cheap, and commodious. After breakfaſt, we ſet out for Furneſs Abbey, ordering a late dinner. The redneſs of our ſhoes indicated a near approach to the iron-works, whether A—— went; but S—— and I, not being mineralogiſts, proceeded to Dalton, a neat village, the ancient capital of Furneſs.

* This was market-day in Ulverſton; and many of the farmer's daughters, in their attire, bore marks of taſte as well opulence, and, in their *toute enſemble*, elegance united with beauty.

We

We enter Furneſs Abbey through a Gothic arched gateway, with a thick drapery of ivy hanging gracefully down on one ſide. The afternoon was favourable for viewing it, as the ſun was overſpread with clouds, and a ſolemn calm reigned throughout the air, unbroken, but by the cawing of the rook, the drowſy hum of flies, or the complaining of a haunted ſtream.

> And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
> Or ſtockdoves plain, amid the foreſt deep,
> That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale,
> And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep;
> Yet all theſe ſounds yblent, inclined all to ſleep.
>
> THOMSON'S *Caſtle of Indolence.*

The approach is lined by venerable old trees, which envelop the ruin in their awful liſtening gloom. The way is ſtrewed with fragments of deſolation. Reached, through theſe, the ſilent contemplative remains of the tall pile; and a train of ideas of the moſt ſerious nature ruſh upon the mind; melancholy from remembrance, calm with ſtillneſs, breathing "love of peace and lonely muſing." We are ſtruck with an extenſive ruin exactly in a proper ſtate of decay, to ſhew the depredations of time, without effacing the grandeur of what it once was.

It affords a contraſt of the ſolid, maſſy, pillars of Saxon, with the elegant cluſters of Gothic architecture. From one point of view is a Saxon aiſle in the foreground, irregularly crumbled, and ſheltered immediately behind by a long range of round-topped windows, and arched vaults beneath them, begirt with ivy, and beſtrewed with wild ſhrubs and high waving graſs. Behind appear the loftier towers of the chapel, their figured

walls, moſtly open, with high and deep-wrought Gothic windows, through which a rook, flapping his black wings, afforded a melancholy proof of deſertion and deſolation. The eaſt window has been peculiarly noble. How grand muſt have been the deep-toned organ's ſwell, the loud anthem of a hundred voices, rolling through theſe roofs, and penetrating the hallowed grove! What devotion would not riſe upon enthuſiaſm's wings, when it heard the toll of a veſper bell, thrown with mournful ſound, through a dead calm of air, like this; or rarely filling up the intervals of winter's howling blaſts.

Even now, when all theſe heaven-inſpiring ſounds have ceaſed, even now does memory recur to them; and fancy peoples the gloom with all its former inhabitants. For every footſtep treads where ſouls, diſguſted with the world, retired to a refuge from its turmoils; or where the broken and moſs-covered ſtatue, extended among weeds, with its feet folded into the form of a croſs*, denotes to thoſe, to whom all the world is a pilgrimage, where their brethren have gone to reſt before them.

Walking round the abbey, at every turn the ruins take a different appearance, and new fragments appear. At one place, in particular, amid a weeded court of pieces of fallen arches, crowns of pillars and their baſes, intermixed with rubbiſh, all in one maſs of confuſion, crumbling together, are two ſeparate, ſolid, thick, ſides of a tower, the arch of which formed a lofty window, correſponding with the two oppoſite at the

* The thighs folded over each other, is a ſign that the perſon who lies below, made a pilgrimage to Jeruſalem.

eaſtern

eaſtern end. A piece of the arch ſtill diverges at each end, and aſh, and ivy, and long graſs, wildly cling around. Looking backward, we have, in perſpective, the entrance of many cloiſters or cells underneath, of a red ſtone, and round at the top, the pillars, as it were, cluſtering in links of chains. The whole is one grand group of venerable decay. Hither let the Athieſt come, the fool, who hath ſaid in his heart, there is no God; and, awed into ſolemn contemplation, recant the thoughtleſs principle, imbibed but with the bowl of riot, and profeſſed but in the crowd of mirth,

Such are theſe haunts of meditation, where ſaints of old held converſe with immortal forms, and ſtill

> "Where, oft at dawn, as one forgot behind,
> Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
> Some lonely ſhepherd, o'er his ſtaff reclines,
> Pores on the graves, and ſighs a broken prayer."

In the chapel, and without, are ſtill ſome frail memorials of the dead, which have loſt the recording inſcription, and the authenticating date; while a few preſent mutilated characters, which, even a profeſſed antiquary, in vain, endeavours to decypher.

It was not without regret that we left this place, nor without a ſenſation, undeſcribable to thoſe who have never felt it, and to be conceived without deſcription, by thoſe who have. Perhaps ſomewhat of the kind was experienced by a late traveller, when the following ſentence was penned:

"I cannot, without a thrill of rapture, recal views which I have ſeen, which are never to be forgotten,

forgotten, nor looks I have felt in every nerve, which I ſhall never meet again.

Friday the 14th, being a moſt delightful day, I ſeparated from S—— and A——, and walked alone to Coniſhead Priory, which, though four miles out of my way, held forth the temptation to a viſit.

The country was rich by the way, and the grateful breath of the new-mown hay was an antidote to the melting heat. Arrived there, I found the chief merit of it was the view from it. Determined to have that in perfection, I climbed a hill to the left of the houſe. To begin on the left hand and go round to the right, I had firſt an old black tower on the top of Coniſhead Point, which is weighed down with a gorgeous robe of wood.

On a bank, at the foot, ſtands the priory, its ſouth front in the modern, its north in the Gothic ſtyle. Before it a row of ſycamores wave gently to the cool breath of air that plays from the ſea among their tops. The tide is now out, and veſſels are ſeen through their boughs upon the ſands, whoſe uniformity is again broken by Chapel Iſle, with ſcanty wood and pointed ruin. The diſtance is filled up by a bold maſs of mountains, piled in diſorder, which extend in a chain, very near on the eaſt ſide, but receding, towards the Atlantic, in fainter and fainter hues; till, at laſt, they are ſcarcely diſcernible from the whitiſh vapour that floats along the horizon, or from a ſingle faint line of land ſeen over the expanſe of waters, perhaps the Iſle of Man. The whole, however, is inferior to the view from the ſands; repaying, and but merely repaying, the trouble of viſiting it.

The

The heat was intolerable; and I walked unfortunately a mile farther than was neceſſary, from a miſtake of High and Low Nibthwaite. When I returned, I found my companions in a neat alehouſe, with refreſhments before them, in which I was ready to partake. The walls were covered with rude paintings, by a ſelf-taught genius, who never had wandered beyond the precincts of the lake.

I have often remarked, that local circumſtances influence, in a great meaſure, our diſpoſitions and amuſements. Thus, on the borders of the lakes, the cottagers are rude maſters of the pencil. Among the mountains, the agreeable echoes from the rocks call forth the ſhepherd's pipe.

From what I have obſerved at college too, young men from the maritime parts are moſt given to ſpeculative and contemplative purſuits; while, in general, thoſe educated in a public ſchool, cannot live without inceſſant ſociability.

A—— amuſed himſelf in tracing the manners of pure untainted ſimplicity, which is the ſame every where, and was exemplified here in the newly-married daughter of our hoſteſs and her huſband.

He aſked the latter, where he had acquired his expertneſs in landſcape painting, and making of looking-glaſſes. "It is quite natural to him," replied his mother, "for he never ſlept out of this cottage in his life, except, indeed, one night, when he went a *courting*." A—— now being deſirous to diſcover the extent of his adventures, aſked the girl where ſhe lived. "Hard by, Sir." "Have you ever been on the lake?" "Never but one day, when I went to be *courted*; and then

I was

I was ſo afraid, that ſo far from thinking of any other perſon, I had enough to do to take care of myſelf." Thus courting, and being courted, ſeemed their ſole ſtimulus to action.

Sailed down the Lake of Coniſton, which is ſix miles in length, and about one in breadth.

We go from baſons to ſtraits, and thence into wider bays; ſome promontories are bold, rough and rocky, others elegantly wooded, and ſloping away into the water. Sequeſtered cottages are ſprinkled upon the banks, which form the baſe of craggy hills to the right and left. Below they are verdant with incloſures, and rich in wood, and the village of Coniſton hangs half way up, at the ſide of a little headlong torrent, the Black Beck of Torver.

On this ſide (the north) the lake has collected all its force of faſcination. After mooring the boat, we bathed, and aſcended a little eminence, whence we had a moſt enchanting view. The character of Coniſton is romantic; and this character gives ſuch ſcope for imagination, that, where it prevails, the beauty of the landſcape muſt be ſupreme. A ſmall iſland, covered with ſhrubs, riſes in the middle of this charming lake, and adds to its pictureſque effect.

Coniſton Hall lies near the Black Beck of Torver, a humble grey houſe, with four tall chimneys, inveloped in ivy. Farther down is another ſingle cottage, on the lake's brink, and ſcreened behind by a thick copſe, that riſes up the bank. Behind theſe ſweet ſcenes are a range of rugged rocks, in a dark ſemicircle; theſe are incloſed by the Coniſton Fells, and the rocks of Torver, huge, black, and ſtupendous; while the terrible and unexplored mountains of Cove,

Rydal

Rydal Head, and others without a ſhape and without a name, o'ertop and enfold the whole.

The day and the time of the day were ſuited exactly to the view. The fells, that were not illumined by the ſun's beams, were leadiſh in their hue. But a body of miſt, dipped in yellow by the ſun, which was now ſinking behind their tops, hung betwixt them and the rocks below. A very dark blue cloud, that capped one of the fartheſt ſummits, prevented a ſingle beam from falling on the ſublime parts. The lovely foreground glittered in delightful contraſt to the angry blackneſs of the diſtant alps.

Having completed our navigation of the lake, we now aſcended a ſteep hill, from the top of which we ſaw Windermere, winding his broad, ſullen channel, like a large river, round the feet of a heap of confuſed mountains.

It is fed chiefly by the Rothay and Brithway, two rivers, up one of which the trout, and up the other the char go to ſpawn. For many years, not a ſingle one of either has been found to encroach on the prerogative of the other.

Hawkeſhead is a neat, clean, little town, its houſes whitewaſhed, as is the church tower, which from a diſtance forms a fine image.

We put up here at the Red Lion, a cheap, and civil, and primitive-looking inn. Eating at dinner, tea, and breakfaſt, was only 3s. a head.

Saturday, July 15th, walk to Bowneſs Ferry, along Eſthwaite Lake, an ugly ſwamp. As you come down the hill, Windermere opens in all its majeſty. In this lake, which is the largeſt, there are four thouſand five hundred and thirty-four acres of water. Here it was that Mr. Gray, the

poet,

poet, who was remarkable for timidity, being told, that the beſt ſtation was on the oppoſite ſide to Bowneſs, where he was, ſuffered himſelf to be carried over the water blindfolded, that he might not ſee his danger.

When he had got over, he aſked the guide in the midſt of his fit of trepidation, if any perſons had ever been drowned there. The man told him, that a century ago, ſome perſons had been loſt by their own imprudence. This information determined him not to go by water; the only alternative was under impending rocks, as frightful as can be conceived. "Take me to Bowneſs any way," cried he to the guide. He never lifted up his eyes all the way thither.

We took a boat at the Ferry Houſe, and rowed about for a ſtation, to take in the whole at a view. The firſt object worthy of attention, is the Ferry Houſe itſelf, which is a ſweet cottage, at the extremity of a promontory, that, wooing an oppoſite cape, contracts the lake to a narrow ſtrait. A rich group of ſycamores ſwell round this hut, and behind it a neat dwelling houſe crowns a cultivated knoll, backed by more ſteril hills, variegated with rough ridges of rock.

Windermere is the king of the lakes. He is crowned by a large, well-wooded iſland, on which ſtands Mr. Curwen's ſeat, a rotunda pointed to a ſmall round chimney, and having a portico in front. He is gemmed by ſeveral other iſlets, called Holms, and robed ſuperbly round by every variety of nature. There are incloſures, green with corn, and waving with unmown hay, covered by the grey hanging rock, or the foreſts of dark firs. There are banks, verdant with a variety of wood, and ſpotted with cottages, ſome re-

flected from the water's edge, others more retired, and neſtling above half way up the neareſt hills. To the northward, promontories divert the channel of the lake, diverſified with cattle, browſing the ſhrubs, or biting the graſs, and one faint mountain riſing behind a blacker one, ſhuts in the ſcene.

We cannot forbear to notice the little fleet of Mr. Curwen, conſiſting of ſeventeen veſſels. Groups of his men, who man them, form fine objects, in ſcarlet uniform, on the iſland. Behind this are rocks, that riſe abruptly, patched with bunches of ſhrubs, and animated with the bleatings of ſheep, ſcarcely diſcerned, far up among their cliffs. Theſe form a grand contraſt to the fairy, artificial ſcene below, to the well-dreſſed iſland, the trim boats, the elegant villas. On the eaſt coaſt, Bowneſs, Lowood, Calgarth, are romantically ſeated on the bank.

The whole ſhore is beautiful, and incloſed at the ſouth end with the ſublimity of fells, the grey miſt of whoſe tops leaves the imagination to elevate their heads to heights "beyond the ken of mortals." Even here, however, it is not ſo intereſting as the head of Coniſton, we ſaw yeſterday. This excels in greater extent of water, and variety of proſpect; that, in whatever is elegant, romantic, ſublime.

And yet ſo much effect is indebted to cauſes, ſo fluctuating and uncertain, that the compariſon may not be fair. Had we waited a thouſand years, we could not have found a more favourable diſpoſition of atmoſphere, of ſun, and cloud, than when we ſaw Coniſton.

We ſtopped at Lowood, after having paſſed Calgarth, a ſeat of the Biſhop of Llandaff.

Here lived Hoggart, a labouring man, who made verſes, &c. He was of the ſame family with Hogarth the painter, who firſt ſoftened the name. Two ſkulls were left here, of which a popular ſuperſtition long held, that if removed, they would ſtill find their way back. One, however, has been carried to London, and there it remains.

Tempted by the delightful ſituation and appearance of Lowood, we put up for the night.

The lake is here like a baſon, various elegant ſeats are planted round its border. One of theſe belongs to Miſs P——, the adopted heireſs of two old ladies, who left her this beautiful place, on condition that ſhe never ſhould marry; with liberal annuities for the careful maintenance of ſeveral dogs and cats.

The oppoſite ſide of the lake from Lowood, is juſt diſtant enough to have all its beauties prominent, and its aſperities ſoftened or concealed. Roads, that in reality are ſtony and difficult, appear waving, whitiſh lines, oppoſed to the dark woods on either ſide. A villa that, when approached, is cold and unſheltered, tapers to an obeliſk, on a verdant knoll, a cottage damp with exhalations may ſit like a water-nymph on the brink, or a hamlet, the reſidence of poverty, be a fair ſpeckler of the mountain's brow. Such is hope, as youthful fancy pourtrays it; thus, as we draw near, are the bright deceptions detected, and all our golden dreams at an end.

Such too are characters exalted above the reach of minute examination; their little foibles are too little to be ſeen at ſuch a height; but it has been well remarked by Lord Cheſterfield,

that no great man was ever great in the eyes of his valet de chambre.

As to the complaints of painters, with reſpect to Curwen's Iſland having too much gardenage in it, I agree with Clarke on the abſurdity of his being obliged to ſend on ſhore for a potatoe or a cabbage, and with Swift's King of Laputa, who declared, that that man truly deſerved well of his country, who could make two ſtalks of corn grow where only one had been before. This applies to all grounds, which muſt not be laid out to pleaſe Gilpin, and other fanciful travellers through a country, but for the comfort of thoſe in it. Cottages, like Shenſtone's, with their ſcenery round, which form the boundaries of incloſures, are alone to be termed excellent.

Rowed out into the lake after dinner. A promontory excludes the ſouthern end, and we have only an immenſe, unruffled, circular pond. Lowood and Dovecot, a ſmall place above it, peeping from their groves, preſent a new variety of proſpect. The mountain line of the farther ſhores is a bold, broken curve.

Theſe have one brow, illumined by a pencil of rays burſting from behind a cloud, and the reſt one maſs of deep purple, with thin veils of miſt reſting on their ſhoulders, or moving forward, ſlow and ſilent, like immaterial beings. Langdale Pikes are two craggy excreſcences of a diſtant fell, they tower above the lower clouds, and ſhow their black heads, half enveloped among the higher. The water has various hues, according in darker reflection with thoſe of the upper firmament. Near the edge are ſilvery lines, in the water, ſeldom noticed; and which I conjectured at firſt to proceed from the ſurf, whoſe undula-

tions, ſeen horizontally, hide the intermediate ſpaces. The innkeeper, however, afterwards told us, they were owing to the draughts of air that come down through the valleys. This ſeems more probable, as theſe lines are not uniform either in breadth or exiſtence. All that lay around was ſoft, repoſing, delicate, and cool, chiefly the ſhelving hills, at the northern extremity, which, with their ſubaqueous images, were of a faint, grape-like hue, while reality was ſeparated from ſhadow, by one of the broadeſt ſilver beams.

It is in ſuch a ſcene as this, that liſtleſſneſs about the buſineſs of life is moſt apt to creep upon the mind, in which the poet's imaginary Caſtle of Indolence might have ſtood, when we wiſh to forget, that there are ſuch things in being, as a world, on whoſe ſtage we muſt bear a buſy part; a ſociety, to which we are bound to contribute.

Wiſhing to examine the effect at all hours, I walked down after ſupper to the water edge, to take another view of Windermere. All was huſhed and ſilent as the grave. Dark and heavy clouds opened to a broad gleam of tawny light, that made the objects barely viſible. The reflection of this on the lake was very grand indeed.

The water was covered with ſtill dimplings, and all around were delicate ſilver lines, of the breadth of a ſingle hair. The ſhadows of the united fells darkened one half of the deep; and through part of the firmament that was uncovered, a ſolitary ſtar was wandering. Unſubſtantial forms of vapours ſtalked along the mountain baſes afar off; they were Oſſian's miſt-robed ſpirits of the valley.

Of

Of all ſublimities, that of ſilence is the moſt awful. Circumſtances that, in repetition, would appear triflingly minute, contributed much to the general grandeur. The boats ſeem to partake of the univerſal reſt, and one huſhy wave, at the edge, appeared a lullaby, to rock all nature elſe aſleep.

Spirits of calmneſs were abroad, to ſmooth every ruffling of the heart. The level expanſe of waters imparted its properties to the breaſt, every aſperity was worn away. Reſentment, envy, diſlike, and every paſſion that agitates the world, were far from theſe ſcenes and from the mind; they encroached not on the unmoleſted reign of peace, ſolemn, calm, meditative, and ſerene.

Sunday, July 16th, after arriving at Ambleſide, we climed up the hill behind it, to ſee a caſcade, which at laſt proved not to be the one we intended to viſit. It is a pictureſque, though a ſcanty fall. Two ſeparate daſhes unite their ſheets, and tumble together ſome yards, between dark, broken rocks. The day is part admitted, and part excluded, by the boughs of oaks and other underwood, that bend to an arch acroſs the rugged channel.

Went on to Sir Michael Le Fleming's, a beautiful ſeat, at the head of Windermere, and commanding a magnificent proſpect of the whole lake. The road thither lies through copſes and meadows, over pictureſque bridges, with cottages and mills at their ſides.

The family of the Le Flemings is a very old one. In the reign of James II. Sir Daniel Fleming was elected member for Cockermouth, after a keenly-conteſted diſpute, which coſt him 20l.

A like conteſt there, in the year 1769, coſt each party at leaſt 50,000l.

Rydale Hall, the name of the ſeat, is embowered in tall oaks, that have braved the blaſts of centuries. They climb the ſides, and ſtraggle among the tops of mountains, which are backed by other fells, more aſpiring, dark and huge.

The firſt, or Large Caſcade, as it is called, only applicable by compariſon, is certainly a fine object; but inadequate to the deſcriptions that have puffed it, inadequate to thoſe we have already ſeen. The ſteep rocks, and old rugged arms of mountain-aſh and oak, ſtretching forth horizontally from their clefts, and their leaves quivering in the air, agitated by the fall, afford a pictureſque *toute enſemble*; but there is too much broad blaze admitted, to render it romantic, although we were amuſed with the priſmatic colours, formed into an arch, beneath our feet, by the ſun's rays upon the ſteam. This fall would receive much additional beauty, were the approach and ſtation at its foot, and not in the middle.

But the Small Caſcade, which is ſeen through the window of an old ſummer houſe, is truly, as Gray calls it, "Nature's moſt delightful work in miniature." A limpid and pebbled baſon receives, in its circular bed, a ſparkling body of froth, that leaps from a moſs-covered rock above. The officious hand of art has not meddled with its ſides; they are taſſeled with weeds and bunches of long graſs. Oaks fix their fangy roots in various chinks, and interweave their branches and foliage in ſuch a happy manner, as to throw a ſoft, greeniſh gloom over the ſpot. Green is the fairy colour, and no object is large enough to deſtroy the deluſion, that Oberon and

his

his tribes of elves, might here aſſemble, "by the glow-worm's topaz lamp," to lave and ſport about this their little lake. Above, the arch of a rude grey bridge is half ſeen, and to the left of it, part of an old hovel.

The whole are locked in a conſpiracy againſt the intruſive glare, and form an exquiſite group of diminutive enchantment.

Our guide hither was Jane Dawſon, one of the moſt beautiful and innocent little girls I ever ſaw; ſhe was only ten years old, clean in her Sunday dreſs, glowing as the roſe, and pure as the lily. She had never been from this, her place of happy birth, but twice, when ſhe was carried to Hawkeſhead, on account of illneſs.

Rydale Water, ſome miles beyond this, is a ſmall lake, three-quarters of a mile long, having a number of little iſlets ſprinkled over its ſurface, ſome of ſilvery or moſſy rock, ſome larger, with ancient oaks extending their dark, bare arms, in every direction, above their foliage, and others bearing groves of tall and conical firs.

That man would deſerve the thanks of the lovers of ſcenery, who would clear away the reeds from the head of this lake. They give it a marſhy appearance, otherwiſe the crag, that riſes perpendicularly from its edge, with trees growing thickly at its baſe, but more and more rare, as they climb the ſteep, (like the few that attain to the ſummit of fortune), and the other ſide richly ſwelling in the pride of oaks, aſh, ſycamore, and weeping birch, would rank it among the fineſt ſpots in this region of delightful ſcenery.

We aſcended a hill, from whence we ſhould look down on Graſmere. From Gray's account,

I expected

I expected my favourite Coniſton would be ſupplanted.—But I have ſeen it, and it is not.

In mildneſs of character, in ſecreted calmneſs, Graſmere is the ſweeteſt ſpot I have viewed.

The woods, of all kinds, that enrobe its ſurrounding hills; its graſſy iſland in the very centre, bearing a cottage and a fringe of ſhrubs; the white village ſteeple, and hamlet round it in the vale; theſe altogether, emboſomed in precipitous mountains, or boldly riſing hills, with now and then a hut peeping from their groves, or hanging on their banks, unmoleſted by a ſplendid manſion, or any appearance of the clippings of art, give Graſmere the air, as Gray expreſſes it, of a little, unſuſpected paradiſe of peace, ruſticity, and happy poverty, in their neateſt, moſt becoming attire. Helme Crag, which guards one end, may be diſcerned from its neighbouring fells, by its broken and pyramidical top, like, what Gray fancied, "ſome gigantic building demoliſhed."

We paſs Dunmail Raiſe, a cairn of ſtones, to perpetuate the defeat and death of Dunmail, the laſt king of Cumberland. The wall, which ſeparates the two counties, is built over it.

We now enter on a wild, ſtupendous, highland country. The road winds through a deep glen, among tremendous and barren mountains, their ſides covered with huge, looſe ſtones, that appear ready to roll down, and cruſh the traveller below them; or interſected by torrents, or their now dry channels.

Even now, ſome of them are daſhing from rock to rock, and only diſtinguiſhed from one fall, by appearing in different directions and zigzag lines. Culture and population are equally

ſtrangers

ſtrangers to this bleak ſcene, if we except a few ſtraggling hovels, and ſome ſheep, like white dots, ſo high as to be ſcarcely diſcerned from ſtones, cropping the ſcanty tuft of graſs, that they have dared the dangerous precipice to reach. Theſe hang in various, frightful ſpots, without an apparent reſting place for their feet. The range of mountains, on the right, were enumerated to us. Stell Fell, Stentkin Crags, Burkſide, Whelpſide, Helvellyn the Higheſt, Sentſaddle, Baven Crag, and Latrig. The left is alſo lined by a range of black and rugged crags. At the end is a peep of Leathes Water, and the tops of many unknown fells tower above one another, in a chaos of confuſion.

We here met a poor, unrefined ruſtic, whoſe ideas of gain and fitneſs, were prevalent over thoſe of the ſublime and beautiful. He informed us of a Mr. Olive, who has lately purchaſed a ſweet eſtate, and built a ſmall dwelling-houſe, in a moſt delightful ſite, on the banks of Graſmere. "He paid too dear for it, Sir; had I been in his place, I would have bought another eſtate among the mountains, at the ſame price, and twice the value; but Mr. Olive is a neat, nacky man like, and thinks it *fine diverſion* to look at the water coming down the fells, when there's a flood like, and that's all," with a ſneer, "that's all *he* has for his money *." Spignel root is found here.

We dined at a little inn, where we had excellent and cheap fare; and ſoon after S—— and myſelf took it into our heads to dare the perpen-

* This man called a ſketch, taking the dimenſions of the country.

dicular

dicular ſides of Helvellyn. We were already very much tired, but not diſmayed, and began to aſcend. Often did we think we ſaw the top, and that the next hundred yards would crown our labours; when we found another height to climb, ſtill higher than the former. Often did we reſt, perfectly exhauſted in ſtrength and ſpirits; but the pure oxygen of the upper regions lent us new life, and we came nearer and nearer to the top.

S——, however, in the aſcent, had nearly been loſt. He was climbing among looſe ſlates, which ſlid down, carrying him along with them, without the poſſibility of an effort to ſave himſelf. They came near a precipice at length, and he gave himſelf up as gone. Moſt providentially they ſtopped before this place, and he purſued a different courſe up the ſide. Graſs is mingled with moſs all the way up, ſo that there is paſturage for ſheep to the top. To ſome of theſe the face of a man ſeemed to be a new object. They ſtood ſtaring awhile at the unknown intruders on their aërial domains; then terrified, inſtinctively, as it were, at our approach, ſcampered down the dizzy brow, or bounded out of ſight from rock to rock. At length I attained the ſummit, but, after much waiting, could not find my companion. I hollowed and hollowed, till I was hoarſe, but heard no anſwer nor ſound, ſave the long, winding echoes of my own voice among the rocks. It was cold, and the breeze ſo ſtrong, that I could not ſtand upright on the top, although it had been a dead calm below.

There then I ſeated myſelf, on a ſmall cairn of ſtones, raiſed in the ſhape of a pillar, to mark the loftieſt ſummit. Wherever I turned, the proſpect

ſpect was vaſt, and grand, and wonderful. In front, the ſun was haſtening into the ſea; behind, a tumultuous ocean of mountain tops, among which, beſides the low lakes of Windermere, Keſwick, Baſſenthwaite, and Coniſton, I ſaw high tarns among the fells, inviſible to the travellers in the valleys. Immediately to the eaſt, again, which was very dark, for to its regions the ſun had long ſince ſet, were the moſt terrific precipices I ever ſaw, at which imagination ſhuddered and ſhrunk back, though reaſon told me I was out of danger. The rocks were perfect walls, their heads, in many places, overhanging their baſes. Juſt at my feet, they ſeemed ſcooped out, for many hundreds of yards, by nature, and an unviſited tarn lay at their baſe. At a diſtance I ſaw Ulls Water, which I knew, by its reſemblance to the little ſketch of it in maps.

Turning back from this frightful ſcene, which is ſublime far, far beyond any deſcription, I looked over Leathes Water, with the ſhadow of the oppoſite fell, Murky, on one half of it, and which has alſo a pictureſque, rural bridge thrown acroſs, from one jutting promontory's extremity to another, and a romantic cottage hanging beneath, and ready to be cruſhed by the crags on the nether ſide, amid ſweet incloſures, and groves, and beds of becks and torrents. Beyond theſe and the tops of the higheſt mountains, as from the foot they appeared to be, though now lowered by ſuperior elevation, I beheld, from Helvellyn, the ſun haſtening to the weſt, and lighting up the ſea in burniſhed gold. I waited till he ſhould ſet, and my patience was repaid. He ſunk glorioufly, amid a crimſoned ſky, himſelf in part

part imbrued in the blood; among clouds painted in every change of colour, from the blazing gold to the wheyiſh yellow, from the duſky brown to the delicate lilac, from the dark purple to the ſofteſt azure. The whole was inexpreſſibly fine.

After he diſappeared, the curling, ſtill flakes of clouds were dyed in alternate ſtreaks of red and purple. The ſides of the fells were of rich, hazy purple, while unſubſtantial bodies, of lighter miſt, floated and bulged among their cavities.

I now perceived the neceſſity of haſtening down, before night ſhould bewilder me. I ſaw, half way down, S——, to whom I now exerted my voice ſucceſsfully. We joined company, and proceeded together to Keſwick. Although the twilight had far advanced, we had a very fine walk; A—— had rode on before us.

In the lovely valley of St. John, through part of which we went, we ſaw the banks lighted up by the glow-worms.

While ſupper was preparing at the inn, I read part of Weſt's Tour in the Lakes, wherein he *promiſes* to prove, in a very ſingular etymology, that the work Keſwick is derived from Derwent Water; but in this he fails.

Monday, July 17th, we were awakened, at day-break, by a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, the moſt awful I ever witneſſed. The peals ſeemed to rend the mountains. The firſt burſt was, as it were, the tumbling down of immenſe rocks, ſhivered in ten thouſand pieces; oppoſite cavities then received the ſounds in their deep boſom, and rebellowed them to oppoſite cavities with added din. It was like the wreck of nature and the cruſh of worlds. What wonder that this

mighty engine of his power has been called, the voice of the Governor of the Univerſe, or appropriated to his communications with man?

"Thus ſpoke the Almighty, and three times the thunder rolled along the lofty arch of heaven."

"Doſt thou not hear his voice in the thunder, and is not the lightning the rapid paſſing of his ſpirit?"

After breakfaſt, our firſt lounge was to Croſsthwaite's Muſeum, which conſiſts more of gimcracks than antiquities. The moſt remarkable things are the following:

1. A number of little reeds, fixed to the foot of a window-ſaſh, through each of which, by applying your eye, you are directed to principal objects or ſtations on the lake.

2. A ſet of muſical ſtones, like a ſtaccado paſtorale, ſeveral of them found in the poſition in which they harmonize, and on which any tune may be played, by ſtriking with a hammer.

3. The ſtraw hat of one Peckover, who was born in Pontefract, and ſailed four times round the world. This hat was made in Otaheite. Peckover was in the Bounty, with Captain Bligh, and is now gunner of the Thunderer.

4. A Queen Anne's farthing, among other coins.

5. A copy of the death-warrant of Charles I. with fac-ſimiles of all the ſignatures.

6. Eleven different names for a rivulet, all in in uſe in Cumberland.—1. Brook. 2. Burn. 3. Beck. 4. Gutter. 5. Gill. 6. Race. 7. Runner. 8. Sike. 9. Sow. 10. Gole. 11. Rill. Alſo, I believe, nineteen different ways of ſpelling a common name, all in uſe.

7. A Roman Fibula, exactly like a Highland brotch.

8. A ſtone rolled perfectly round by a torrent in Borrowdale.

Keſwick has been elevated, in deſcriptive tours, as the fineſt of the lakes. I again trembled for Coniſton: but Coniſton ſtill triumphs over it. Yet each have their particular features; Windermere that of immenſity and variety of proſpect, and we may add of magnificence; Graſmere of mildneſs; Derwent Water of grandeur; but Coniſton is elegant, and romantic, and ſublime. We have ſince found the characters of the others, viz. wildneſs of Cromack and Buttermere, and a combination of the whole in Ulls Water. Why has not more been ſaid and written of Coniſton? —Why have all our travellers paſſed over it in ſilence?—Keſwick has leſs of the appearance of a river than any of the lakes. It is more like an immenſe pond, and ſpeckled, at more relieving diſtances, with elegant iſlets, green with wood, or grey with their rocks. It is incloſed on every ſide by hills of various dimenſions and character. To the north, Skiddaw and ſmaller ſubſidiary mountains fall backward in a gentle ſlope, their baſes on the water's edge, trimmed and tricked out in all the gawdy, diſcordant trumpery of flaring white houſes, ſquare incloſures, clumps, and hedge-rows.

The eaſtern ſhore is a threatening precipice. A legion of foreſt oaks throng to the ſummit, and the ſilver grey rock but rarely puſhes forward his inacceſſible brow before them. Here, down between two rifted rocks, with trees ſtretching out from their clefts, is heard the "tumbling tide of dread Lodoar," which in winter is ſwelled to ſublimity,

limity, but now is ſcanty in its waters. Its preſent character, that of ſ dneſs, is entirely ſtabbed in the vital parts by a ſpruce, white-waſhed houſe, raiſed by a gentleman, who may be characterized as an inveterate foe to beauty and to taſte. He has built this manſion at the baſe of the fall, where the imitation of an old caſtle, with ſtones black as the rock behind, might even have added to the effect. This gentleman has white-waſhed his houſes, white-waſhed the rocks adjoining, and even white-waſhed ſome of his trees. He inſcribed over one of theſe gingerbread palaces,

"De guſtibus non diſputandum eſt;"

to which a wag ſubjoined,

"As the man ſaid when he kiſſed his cow."

But let us look beyond, to Salvator ſcenes, to which his meddling interference has not dared to penetrate; to the ſouth boundary of the lake, which contains whatſoever is grand, and hideous, and ſublime.

A circular ſweep of mountains, dark and deep, form the gorge of Borrowdale: their abyſs is hid from the lake by Caſtle Crag, a pyramidical hill, where formerly ſtood a fortreſs, to guard the paſs, aided by the rude projections from the rocks and mountains of the lake. Fancy embodies them to giants, that ſtill keep watch over the regions behind; where imagination, ſeated on a pinnacle, recoils from the ſuppoſed unfathomed depth beneath, that, "threatening to devour, there opens wide."

Borrowdale Fells are an indeſcribable ſcene, where Nature reigns in primeval horror. We

only penetrated as far as Bowdar Stone, a prodigious rock, which has either been there, immoveable, ſince the deluge, or hurled down by ſome ſtorm, or convulſion of the earth. Looking from thence up the dell, we ſee nothing but rocks brooding over the path, ſome of them naked, and others having parcels of trees among their rents, and mountains bare and unſearched, croſſing each other, with their baſes alternately protruded. All along the way, and choking the courſe of the river, are rocks waſhed from above by mountain torrents, of which the dry, brown channels ſhew what new greatneſs accrues to the ſcene, when the mountains pour their waters down.

Farther up, larger piles, ſevered from the rocks by earthquakes, lie tumbled in confuſed heaps, and the whole incloſes a gloom, through which the Derwent haſtens, affrighted, rolling rapidly away, to mingle in ſcenes of more congenial gentleneſs. Among theſe mountains are black-lead mines, and at Keſwick they make it into excellent pencils.

We came back, down the other ſide of the lake, through woods depending from the oppoſite ſteep. Now and then we had a peep of the lake, in its ſweeteſt aſpect.

> Derwent's clear mirror charm'd the dazzled eye,
> With oſier iſles inverted on the wave.
>
> *Pleaſures of Memory.*

Turning back from the town and church of Croſsthwaite, which we ſaw near Keſwick, and all the ſweet cottages on the brink of the lake, the eye glanced back to Borrowdale, with its forward-nodding rocks. A ſhower paſſed over it: the cloud rolling down the ſides of the mountains,

and

and wrapping their heads in obſcurity, was a grand object.

We were ſheltered from the rain by the bowers of our way, where Lonicera, hanging over our heads in elegant, rich cluſters, ſhed her ſweeteſt fragrance through the glade.

July 18th, walked up to Armathwaite, at the foot of Skiddaw, the ſeat of Mr. Wilkinſon, to whom A—— introduced us, and who invited us to dine with him. In the way thither, we ſtopped at the Horſe Block, a celebrated, and the fineſt ſtation, for taking in the lake at a coup-d'œil.

We were here entertained by many paintings and prints, collected by Mr. Wilkinſon and his brother, an Oxford man, who both take ſketches well themſelves.

Went in the evening to ſee Hutton's Muſeum. There is a fine collection of moſſes and foſſils. The moſſes are beautifully preſerved in boxes, but the other plants are very ill laid down.

The principal plants were the following:

Alchemilla Alpina.
Adoxa Moſchetallina.
Athamanta.
Anemone Ranunculoides.
After Trefolium.
Aſphodel.
Arenaria Peploides.
Aſplenium Scolopendrium.
Convolvulus Soldanella.
Chelidonium Glaucum.
Convallaria Multiflora.
Cotyledon Umbellic.
Droſera Longifolia.
Eryngium Maritum.
Epimedium Alpinum.
New plant found on Skiddaw, by Hutton.
Empetrum Regium.
Fumaria Claviculata.
Geranium Sanguineum.
——— Pratenſe.
Gallium Boreale.
Hypericum Elodes.
Juncus Filiformis.

Iberis Nudicaulis.
Littorella Lacuſtris.
Lobelia Dortmanna.
Ophrys Ovata.
——— Bifolia.
——— Paludoſa.
Plantago Maritima.
Parietoria Officinalis.
Primula Farinoſa.
Rhodiola.
Saxifraga Autumnalis.
Saxifraga Granulata.
——— Stellaris.
——— Oeternifolium.
——— Nivalis.
Salix Herbacea.
Satyrium Album.
Serapis Latifolia.
Scandix Oderata.
Sanicula Europea.
Broad-leaved Ragwort.
Red Wortleberry.

Seven kinds of Fevas and nine of Polipodium, beſides various other plants.

The following day, their ride to Cromack was ſublime to the greateſt degree, amid all the grandeur of nature's ſimplicity. There are no diſturbing traces of cultivation on the way; none of the pretticiſms of incloſures; no regular hedge-row, hardly even a cottage breaks upon the rude enchantment. Rocks riſe in walls, down which the angry torrents of the mountains come. All Oſſian is ſuitable to the ſcene.

"I am alone; forlorn on the hill of ſtorms.—The wind is heard on the mountain.—The torrent pours down the rock.—No hut receives me from the blaſt; alone on the hill of ſtorms.—Ceaſe a little while, oh wind! ſtream, be thou ſilent awhile.—Let my voice be heard around.—Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy ſteep, ſpeak, ye ghoſts of the dead! ſpeak, I will not be afraid!—Whither are ye gone to reſt? In what cave ſhall I find the departed?—No feeble voice is on the gale! No anſwer, half drowned in the ſtorm!"

On all ſides is nothing but brows of mountains, the moſt remote by ſhepherds trod: they ſtand forth immediately on the view; concentrating the attention to what is awful, and to what is

awful

awful alone. Our road winded for ſeveral miles down their ſteep ſides, where all was barrenneſs and deſolation, except a handful of ſtraggling ſheep, and now and then a ſingle herd wandering over the waſte.

Some of the mountains have brown heath to the foot; others are black, their only ſtratum of heath, waſhed down by the floods from above. The winter torrents left the marks of their beds in many parts: they were melancholy to behold; like the dry cheek of age, whoſe furrows remain, but whoſe tears have ceaſed to flow. Clouds, lowering and breaking over their pinnacles, moved in ſlow and ſolemn bodies of miſt along their ſides.

As we drew nearer Cromack, a furious blaſt ſwept acroſs the little path, and almoſt tore up by the roots a few trees, the only vegetation of the ſcene. It ſeemed to drive with rage againſt any thing that encroached on nature's domain. It was very, very ſublime. The whirlwind carried off the ſoam of the waves it raiſed on Buttermere Lake, and daſhed the ſpray in large bodies impetuouſly over the rocks, and on the mountain's ſides.

We were detained at the inn, at Buttermere, ſome time by a heavy ſtorm; and we were miniſtered unto by the celebrated beauty of the lakes, Mary Robinſon. She is certainly handſome, but did not ſtrike us as ſingularly beautiful. The contour and expreſſion of her face is much like that of Mrs. Siddons, only the features more delicate. She wears black ſtockings. A—— watched an opportunity, when he was laſt here, of ſlipping a pair of ſilk ſtockings into her empty ſhoes. He had the curioſity to enquire after them

them now, and found that the poor girl had never worn them, thinking they might be claimed by ſomebody.

We had conſiderable difficulty in climbing to Scale Force, a waterfal in a hill near Cromack. It ſlides down a narrow paſs between two rocks, but its waters are too ſcanty for ſublimity, and its rocks too wild for elegance. Cromack and Buttermere are two little lakes, ſimilar and adjacent to one another; their characteriſtic is wildneſs, and they are emboſomed among rugged rocks and murky mountains, the tops of which are enveloped in impenetrable miſts. The various ſhapes that theſe aſſume in flitting along, ſet Fancy at work to embody them. The ſcowling of the winds among the caves and hollows of the rocks, and the uncertainty how far theſe regions, dark and dolorous, extend, give an air of reality to any ideas, however extravagant, that ſhe may form.

In returning, we rode through the Vale of Lorton, through lanes that lay among arches of trees, feſtooned with woodbine and wild roſes, luxuriant in colour and in perfume. Neat cottages ſtart in ſeveral places, the abode of innocence and hoſpitality.

But the mountainous appearance recurs in the ride over Winlatter to Keſwick, till within four miles of the latter, when we had a very noble view from the hill indeed. Keſwick, with its very rich environs, the white churches, houſes, and turrets, in the neighbourhood and on the lake, were in a fine diſpoſition of light, as was Baſſenthwaite Lake, of which we had a ſide view, and which appeared an extended, angry arm of the ſea; wanting wood for pictureſqueneſs, in-

cloſures for beauty, or mountains for ſublimity. This light appearance from the front clouds was happily contraſted with the black firs and dark green oaks, the rocks and ſullen mountains behind, which were thrown into a very opake and ſurly ſhade. The miſtineſs adds much to the ſublime, for it leaves much for imagination to do.

This day I have a pleaſure in reflecting on. I ſhall have ſuch a pleaſure while I live. Let pomp enjoy and hug itſelf in the groſſneſs of taſte. Let it caſt the ſmile of contempt on thoſe who love unſtudied, untainted ſimplicity. For my own part, I would rather reviſit this day's excurſion, than be witneſs of the moſt magnificent ſpectacles of triumphs or rejoicings.

A mile or two from Keſwick, and a hundred yards from the road, is a druidical circle, twenty-ſix yards in diameter. It is moſt aptly ſituated on an eminence, amid an amphitheatre of mountains, that ſhelve away, and leave their only opening to an extenſive plain, towards the eaſt, where the king of day might come, in all his glory, to adorn and receive the ſacrifices that were ſlain to him; the rites

> That their brown oaks would never dare
> E'en whiſper to the idle air.

The 20th was a dreary day, and diſmal journey over the bleak mountain. The rain fell, as if the windows of heaven had been opened; yet, although we were wet to the ſkin, all could not prevent us from remarking the ſuperb ſcenes in Patterdale. Gowbarrow Hall, the Duke of Norfolk's, is well ſuited, in its grey and caſtellated appearance, to the character of the lake. Not ſo an ugly, glaring, white houſe, with which

ſome

ſome taſteleſs being is deforming the farther end. Not ſo the various card-buildings, of ſnowy hue, tricked out and dizened, on Derwent Water, by a man whoſe money is in the converſe ratio to his taſte, of which latter he is not bleſſed with one ſcruple. He ſupplies the want of it, indeed, by children's batteries on the lake, by regattas, as he calls them, mock ſieges, and various other rattles from the toy-ſhop of his brain.

After encountering the moſt dreadful ſtorm, that ever poured from Helvellyn's brow, for many hours, we reached Nellhouſe, where, though perhaps there are no gentlemen waiters to eſcort you into princely parlours, there is purity of manners, and kindneſs of heart.

Friday, July 21ſt, the weather was pretty favourable, and we ſet out from our cheap inn. The lake forms itſelf into ſeveral baſons, which conſtitute ſeparate groups of pictures. The firſt is unintereſting; at the ſecond, which a promontory forms, that contracts itſelf to a ſpan, is a fine view of dark fells, elbowing one another. Iſlands beautifully ſpot the lake, which is not like the map of it, though Clarke's ſurvey is accurate. At the weſt ſide are woods of weeping birch, mountain aſh, and old oak, whoſe extremities bend into the wave from their moſſy banks. Theſe riſe ſteeply up, and the ſilvery rock rarely peeps from their luxuriance. Helvellyn backs them, "ſcowling over all,"

"Upheaving his broad, bare back into the clouds."

The ſhore here is ſo deeply indented, as to merit well the ſimilitude of a lion's claw; it might have been called a ſhaggy claw, for it is pendent with rough foliage to the water's edge.

A craggy

A craggy promontory, riſing immediately from the water to the clouds, makes a third, bold, ſweeping bay; and the grey turrets of Gowbarrow, on a fertile knoll, with its deer-park at the foot of a wild hill, terminate the view there, when the water takes a different turn.

From thence to the end, various projections ſtem and ſport with the lake, forbidding too near an approach, to undermine their parent mountains. At Gowbarrow, a cape, gorgeous in wood, ſtretches forth, to court the ſtout breaſt of the crag oppoſite, that bears forward to his bride againſt all the aſſailing waters of the lake together, and ſeems to beat them back. Such, among theſe happy, happy ſcenes, is the force of perſonification.

The glade, through which we paſſed along the lake, was romantic in the extreme. It was cool with the green ſhade of maſted foliage, and cheered with the ſong of the linnet, while rills, filtering from the upper rock, and croſſing the pathway, ſtole away through glooms to feed the lake. It was

> "Round a holy calm diffuſing,
> Love of peace, and lonely muſing."

All along this bower, rich, broad tufts of golden woodbine adorn, and are adorned by the beeches that encircle them. In one part is a peep upwards to a cottage, ſheltered by a very grand plumage of trees.

The bottom of the lake is the moſt beautiful part; for the merit of Ulls Water is its variety of character: in different places it has ſeverally the properties of all the other lakes, wildneſs, grandeur, ſublimity, picturesqueneſs, beauty, all except

cept the *romantic*, which is a diſtinct feature of itſelf, and in which Coniſton reigns without a rival. There, at the foot, its banks are more cultivated and flat; corn-fields, hedges, and incloſures, prepared us for a ſeparation from thoſe fairy ſcenes—perhaps for ever.

After a ſlight repaſt at Pooley Bridge, we ſet out for Penrith. We caſt a longing, lingering look behind, and paid no regard to a country, that, at another time, might have appeared beautiful. We were going from the country of purity and peace, of morals as yet untainted, and of ſituation unparalleled in enchantment, back to a world of ſelfiſhneſs and dull formality, where ſentiment is ſynonymous with weakneſs, or is nipt in the bud by the cold touch of intereſt. —But, we muſt go—and yet--one look more—Happy ſcenes, farewel!

Penrith is a neat, clean, and well-built town; the houſes of a reddiſh-coloured ſtone, as is the caſtle, a ruin that overlooks it. Put up at the George. After dinner, walked out to ſee Brougham Caſtle. Paſs Arthur's Round Table, a raiſed mound, where tournaments were performed of old. Carleton Hall is a ſtately villa, and there are other elegant villas, much enclaſped in wood. The road to Brougham Caſtle lies through two rows of venerable oaks. The caſtle is nobly ſituated amid tall, nodding aſh and oak trees. It is an elegant ruin, and we ſaw a ſight that firſt called away our thoughts from the lakes. The ſun was gilding its weſtern turrets, and dropping from a curtain, of various tints of purple, into a ſea of blazing gold. The gold that overſpread the weſtern ſky, tipped the trees, beamed on the ſides of the hills, and was reflected in a neighbouring

bouring brook; till, at length, the king of day departed in the glory of mildneſs, and left the mind to enter into the feelings of an author, who, lately viewing ſuch a ſcene, ſays of it: "It was to the eye, what the fineſt ſtrains of Paiſiello are to the heart, or the poetry of Collins to the fancy; all tender, ſweet, elegant, and glowing." The clouds, which had dipped their lower ſkirts in his beams, immediately became deep crimſon and very light purple; while a long ſtream of bright yellow lay on the horizon, and harmonized with the ſummits of the hills it touched. The colouring was ſo exquiſite, that I reſolved to watch its changes. The yellow ſoon became paler and paler; the crimſon ſoftened into delicate ſtreaks of vermilion, and the purple aſſumed a ſoft, velvety appearance, edged with brown. —Here it was that Sidney wrote his Arcadia; and here it is realized.

At length, on our re-entrance into Penrith, the heavy maſſes of murky clouds cloſed the twilight, and night's ſable robe obſcured the "few faint fluſhes of departing day."

The few ſcenes we viſited after this, till we ſeparated, are not worthy of deſcription, or appeared inſipid, after what we had beheld. Here we ſhall therefore bid adieu to our readers, as we ſoon after did to each other.

2 JY 58

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TO THE

TOWNS, CASTLES, ABBEYS, GENTLEMEN's SEATS, MOUNTAINS, VIEWS, &c. &c.

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